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VOLUME V

Comprising

Numbers Thirteen, Fourteen and Fifteen

of

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PART FIRST

BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 13.

PUBLIC SPEECH.

BACON says, "Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, speaking a ready man," and if there is any one who says that extempore utterance is the careless, unthinking utterance of a mind not filled with reading, and not exact by writing, he discounts the argument. He who would speak well from the moment, from the utterance of the lip, unaided either by the memory or by the manuscript, must be a man who has acquired the art of putting his thoughts by skilled writing into that process and exact shape which shall ultimately become so much the habit of his mind, so much, I may say, the spontaneous gift of his lips, that when he comes to speak, even in the most hasty manner, he will have something of the exactness, elegance, and finish of the written word.

The pen is the great educator. There is nothing in the world so magical in its power to discriminate, to shape into form, to define, and ultimately to give forth what is in one's heart to say, as the pen. Therefore, be diligent in its use, but do not carry your manuscripts either to the bar, the pulpit, or the forum if you wish to move your fellow-creatures. And first, of speech considered only as an element of delivery by the voice, I

have noticed that professional men who are not trained to the platform, or who have not had experience in addressing crowds, have very little conception of the carrying power of human tones, and, therefore, some who have a great deal to say do not know how to get their voices out of their throats, do not know how to load the air and saturate the atmosphere so that it comes to every ear. Voice should be propelled from the lungs and carried by the power of the muscles of the throat through the deepest recesses of the hearer's ear, for who can listen with any pleasure to a speaker, no matter what he has to say or how rich his illustrations may be, except he can listen with an unstrained ear and forget he is listening, and so drink in the delights of eloquence and the moving powers of thought without effort on his part, all the effort being concentrated in the powers of the throat, in the lungs, in the skill of the orator?

And I would say of the propelling power of public speakers that it is the most exquisite, most difficult, and most effective of all arts, the emitting of human tones, the articulating of syllables, with such an elegant precision that they drop like new coins from the mint; drop from the lips each perfect, and yet without effort. For if you hear the click of the machinery and suspect your speaker is making great effort to be heard and to make each syllable articulate, then the pleasure disappears, you have the feeling of artifice and no longer the full power. Art has become artifice, but art is only art when it conceals and hides this artifice.

There is much truth in the oft-repeated statement that art destroys nature, but it is because the art is false.

True art can muster no principles out of nature that

nature has lost, and those who think nature has not left something for art to do have misapprehended the design of the Creator, who chose not to make a finished world, but rather to allow His creatures to supply the art-needs, thus carrying out His plans in their own education and development. Art is not a perversion, but a developing and perfecting of nature, and when thus perfected, it gives you something better than nature. When nature is thus enriched by art; when passion and power and feeling and thought have been culled and trimmed and aimed; when the arrow is selected and feathered and guided as no log of wood thrown by a giant's hand could go, then art has learned to throw the shafts of speech in a way that nature never taught, except, perhaps, in those desperate ways when life is at stake, and when, with a concentration of passionate power, the dumbest become eloquent, and the weakest mighty in speech.

H. W. BELLOWS, D. D.

MARIT AND I.

MARIT at the brookside sitting, rosy, dimpled, merry-eyed,

Saw her lovely visage trembling in the mirror of the tide,
While between her pretty teeth a golden coil of hair
she held;

Like a shining snake it quivered in the tide, and shrunk
and swelled.

And she dipped her dainty fingers deftly in the chilly
brook;

Scarce she minded how her image with the ripples
curved and shook;

Stooping with a tiny shudder, dashed the water in her
face ;
O'er her brow and cheeks the dew-drops glistening rolled
and fell apace.

Breathless sat I, safely hidden in the tree-top dense and
green ;
For a maid is ne'er so sweet as when she thinks herself
unseen ;
And I saw her with a scarlet ribbon tie her braid of
hair,
And it seemed to me that moment I had ne'er seen
aught so fair.

Now, if you will never breathe it, I will tell you some-
thing queer—
Only step a little nearer ; let me whisper in your ear :
If you think it was the first time that in this seques-
tered dell
I beheld the little Marit—well, 'tis scarcely fair to tell.

There within my leafy bower sat I, happy as a king,
And two anxious wrens were flitting round about me
twittering,
While I gazed at Marit's image framed in heaven's
eternal blue,
While the clouds were drifting past it, and the birds
across it flew.

But anon the smile that hovered in the water stole
away,
Though the sunshine through the birch leaves flung of
light its shimmering spray,

And a breath came floating upward as if some one gently
sighed,

And at just the self-same moment sighed the image in
the tide.

Then I heard a mournful whisper : "O thou poor, thou
pretty face !

Without gold what will avail thee, bloom of beauty,
youth, and grace ?

For a maid who has no dower—" and her curly head
she shook :

It was little Marit speaking to her image in the brook.

More I heard not, for the whisper in a shivering sigh
expired,

And the image in the water looked so sad and sweet and
tired.

Full of love and full of pity, down I stooped her plaint
to hear :

I could almost touch the ringlets curling archly round
her ear.

Nearer, still a little nearer, forth I crept along the
bough.

Tremblingly her lips were moving, and a cloud rose on
her brow.

"Precious darling," thought I, "grieve not that thou hast
no lover found—"

Crash the branch went, and, bewildered, down I tum-
bled on the ground.

Up then sprang the little Marit with a cry of wild
alarm,

And she gazed as if she dreaded I had come to do her
harm.

Swift she darted through the bushes, and with stupid
wonder mute
Stood I staring blankly after ere I started in pursuit.

And a merry chase I gave her through the underbrush
and copse ;
Over fallen trunks and bowlders on she fled with skips
and hops,
Glancing sharply o'er her shoulder when she heard my
footsteps sound,
Dashing on with reckless terror like a deer before the
hound.

Hot with zeal I broke my pathway where the clustered
boughs were dense,
For I wanted to assure her I intended no offense ;
And at last, exhausted, fell she on the greensward
quivering,
Sobbing, panting, pleading, weeping, like a wild, un-
reasoning thing.

"Marit," said I, stooping down, "I hardly see why you
should cry :
There is scarce in all the parish such a harmless lad as
I ;
And you know I always liked you"—here my voice
was soft and low.
"No, indeed," she sobbed, in answer—"no, indeed, I do
not know."

But methought that in her voice there was a touch of
petulance ;
Through the glistening tears I caught a little shy and
furtive glance.

Growing bolder then, I clasped her dainty hand full
tenderly,
Though it made a mock exertion, struggling faintly to
be free.

"Little Marit," said I, gently, "tell me what has grieved
you so,
For I heard you sighing sorely at the brook a while
ago."

"O," she said, her sobs subduing, with an air demure
and meek—

"O, it was that naughty kitten; he had scratched me
on the cheek."

"Nothing worse?" I answered, gayly, while I strove her
glance to catch.

"Let me look; my kiss is healing. May I cure the
kitten's scratch?"

And I kissed the burning blushes on her cheeks in
heedless glee,

Though the marks of Pussy's scratches were invisible to
me.

"O thou poor, thou pretty darling!" cried I, frantic
with delight,

While she gazed upon me smiling, yet with eyes that
tears made bright,

"Let thy beauty be thy dower, and be mine to have and
hold;

For a face as sweet as thou hast needs, in sooth, no
frame of gold."

ARISTARCHUS STUDIES ELOCUTION.

Adapted.

NOT long after we were settled in our new abode I began to notice some peculiarities in my husband which had never before manifested themselves. Whenever he was alone in his study he spent much of his time in talking to himself, sometimes in low, angry mutterings, sometimes breaking out into fierce denunciation, at other times in airy, fantastic tones. But if I or either of the children entered at such times, he invariably stopped abruptly, with a peculiar and confused expression on his face. On more than one occasion I ventured to ask him the meaning of such peculiar conduct, but he only grumbled, "I'm all right; can't a fellow spout a little to himself without being asked all sorts of questions about it?"

But Leander gave voice to my fears when he asked me one day in his father's absence, "Don't you think Pa acts as if he is going crazy? He talks to himself half the time lately when he is alone."

One day shortly after this, Aristarchus was the worst I had ever known him, but I was afraid to speak to him about it, and I didn't know what to do. But when evening came he seemed as calm as ever, until the children had gone to bed, and I mentioned that my throat was quite sore and I feared I had taken a severe cold. Then he came round behind me, and taking hold of my neck on each side, said:

"Let me knead your throat; it is one of the best remedies in the world."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed in alarm; but his

fingers were already pressing on my jugular vein in a way that soon rendered me speechless. I gasped and gurgled, but could not get out a word, and was too thoroughly frightened to struggle; after a minute he relaxed his hold so that I could speak, and I gasped out—

“You are killing me!”

“Why, does this hurt?” he exclaimed, in a tone of cheerful surprise. “Did I choke you?” and again the pressure of his knuckles against my jugular nearly strangled me. I tore his hands from my throat by a violent effort and sprang to my feet, but terror must have looked out of my staring eyes and white face, for my husband exclaimed, “Why, Cordelia! this is no common sore throat. You must be really sick—you are white as a ghost. Lie down on the sofa, and I will go for a doctor at once.”

No other suggestion could have brought such relief to my heart.

“Do,” I murmured, sinking on the sofa. “Don’t come back without one.”

In fifteen minutes Aristarchus returned with the doctor, a stranger of whose skill I knew nothing, but whose size rejoiced me, for he looked as if he might eat Aristarchus at two mouthfuls, if necessary. I was no longer afraid, and told the doctor at once that I had no need of his services for myself, but for my poor husband. At this Aristarchus dropped into a chair, and I went on and told the doctor about his ravings and my fears, and his final attempt to choke me to death. Aristarchus did not interrupt me, but his eyes seemed to grow bigger and bigger, and his face turned all colors. When I had finished, he burst forth without waiting for the doctor to speak.

"Cordelia! why didn't you tell me you were afraid, instead of getting a doctor here and publishing it? Doctor, the whole explanation is this: I have a chronic throat trouble. An elocutionist says he can cure me; I go to him twice a week for lessons, and of course practice much of the time when in my study. His treatment includes some simple gymnastic exercises, of which one is to knead the throat. I didn't tell Cordelia about it, because—well, I was afraid she would think—in short, I was afraid she might not have much faith in it."

That miserable doctor burst out laughing and laughed until he shook in his chair, and Aristarchus joined in and laughed till he shook, and I felt like shaking them both. Aristarchus would not let the doctor go until he had promised to regard the affair as a professional secret. But I don't think he was offended, for whenever I meet him he always looks very pleasantly at me.

This was only the beginning. Now that it was no longer a secret, elocution ceased to confine itself to the study, but spread all over the house, and the first result was that Aristarchus no longer held the monopoly, for the children, thinking it the best of fun, soon joined in. But it was no fun for me. If I asked Aristarchus what he would like for dinner, he would most likely answer:

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers."

"O Aristarchus!" I would say, "do be serious."
And he would answer:

"Certainly, my love!

"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,
"Twill keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.'"

Perhaps you think Aristarchus had his favorite dinner after that!

Miranda Dorothea would be out at play for a long time, and when she reappeared I would ask where she had been, and she would recite in her shrill treble:

“‘I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sal'y,
And sparkle out among the Fern,
To bicker down a valley.’”

Or I ask Leander to do an errand for me, and he answers:

“‘Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?’”

And he used to be such a good, respectful boy! I say, “Leander, you should now answer your mother so: remember who you are.” And in slow, sepulchral tones that make my flesh creep, he replies:

“‘I am thy Father’s spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away.’”

In short, I could scarcely address any member of my family without having ancient poets and modern poets, dead-and-gone philosophers and living Concord aspirants for immortality, hurled metaphorically at my head, until I was so bewildered that I knew not whether I was a high-strung Roman matron, a respectable American lady, or an inmate of some lunatic asylum.

One day Aristarchus was raking off the lawn in front of the house, and I noticed that he had hung his coat on the fence. I was busy and did not see him when he came in but I heard him at the study window calling,

"Stop, thief! stop, thief!" and I stepped to the front door and, looking out, saw that his coat was no longer on the fence, but a man with a coat on his arm was running down the street in the direction of the railroad station.

The wretch has stolen Aristarchus' coat and means to take the next train and leave town with his booty, I thought; and I rushed out and ran down the street after him as fast as I could go. As I ran, I saw faces appear at the windows of houses, and small boys sprang up by the roadside as if by magic; and I heard, as if in a dream, one of them call out, "Go it, Old Fatty!"

And another yelled, "You're all right, ma'am; it's leap year!"

As I came up behind the man I snatched the coat quickly from his arm, saying as I did so, "I'll take this coat, and you may think yourself lucky to escape arrest and punishment."

The man turned, lifted his hat, and said courteously, "If my summer overcoat will be of any use to you, madam, it is quite at your service."

It was Judge Leland, the richest and most influential man in town.

My face was all ablaze as I gave back the coat and stammered forth: "I beg your pardon. My husband left his coat on the fence. I heard him calling 'stop thief' while you were running down the street with a coat on your arm, and I thought—I—" I could not tell him I took him for a thief, but he helped me out.

"So you thought I had taken your husband's coat. Ha! ha! Very natural mistake, very. Your husband is something of an elocutionist, I believe?"

Nothing could have been more courteous and civil

than were the Judge's words and manner; yet I felt as if I had been asked if my husband was an ex-convict. When I got back to the house Aristarchus stood at the front door with his coat on, and asked me why I had been running down the street after Judge Leland. I didn't tell him.

Not long after this adventure a worse one happened.

Aristarchus had occasion to go down into the basement, and as he went was loudly declaiming:

"Come out, you old speckled hypocrite, from that deep, dark den, overhung with alders, on the evil deeds of which no sunbeam ever shone. Nay, I have thee fast. Plunge not, wriggle not, jump not. It is all in vain. There—now I stretch thee on the stones!"

Meanwhile, I noticed a couple of laboring men standing at our gate evidently listening, and I ran to the cellar door to beg Aristarchus not to rave so loudly, but just as I reached the door his voice ceased, a loud noise, as of a falling body, succeeded, followed by an ominous silence.

"What is the trouble, Aristarchus?" I cried, in a fright.

"Mur-r-der, most foul and unnatural mur-r-der," replied my husband, in tones of deepest tragedy.

"Oh dear! Why will you carry on so!" I exclaimed, impatiently.

"I assure you I was not at all to blame," he replied, apologetically. "It was a mouse; he ran directly under my boot; my boot is heavy, the mouse was small; therefore the mouse is dead and my boot is entirely unharmed."

There was no use in expostulating with him, and I went back to my sewing. Presently I was startled

by a loud and violent ringing of the bell. Going to the door, I was confronted by a policeman and the two laboring men whom I had seen at our gate during Aristarchus' harangue. The three were puffing like so many locomotives, having evidently been running.

"We must come in, madam," announced the policeman, "and investigate the murder that has just been committed here."

"There has been none," said I, stiffly, and not moving aside to give them entrance.

But at that movement the voice of Aristarchus behind me said, solemnly :

"Do not attempt to deny it, Cordelia. Walk this way, gentlemen, and view the body."

I fell into a chair, nearly convulsed with laughter at this unlooked-for turn of events, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, exclaimed, in smothered tones, "Oh! you will kill me, Aristarchus!"

"Don't be frightened, madam, he shall not harm you," said the policeman, reassuringly, while he grasped his billy firmly, and, holding it alarmingly near Aristarchus' head, followed that eccentric person to the cellar, accompanied also by Leander, who had just come in from play.

"Behold the remains," said Aristarchus, solemnly, as they entered the wash-room.

"Where? There's nobody here," said the policeman. "Here he is," said Aristarchus, touching with a stick the small, furry body of a dead mouse that lay on the floor, "and this is the weapon that did the bloody deed," he added, turning up to view the sole of his right boot.

"Good land! what a sell!" exclaimed the deluded policeman.

Leander picked the mouse up gently by the tip of its tail and held it up before the three men for their closer inspection, saying,

"Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

And Aristarchus added,

"Nothing in his life
Became him like leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle."

and you would agree with me, gentlemen, if you had seen how recklessly he ran under my boot."

"Are you a couple of lunatics?" exclaimed the policeman, looking wrathfully at father and son.

"You might ask my wife about that," suggested Aristarchus, serenely.

Three disgusted-looking men left our premises by the basement door and the rear gate. Aristarchus joined me in the sitting-room looking as innocent as a lamb. I hoped however, that the occurrence would be a lesson to him. And it was. Moreover, he dropped elocution—so did Leander and Dorothea. I never picked it up.

SUSAN A. BISBEE.

IN THE SIGNAL BOX : A STATION MASTER'S STORY.

YES, it's a quiet station, but it suits me well enough ;
I want a bit of the smooth now, for I've had my
share o' rough.

This berth that the company gave me, they gave as the
work was light ;

I was never fit for the signals after one awful night.

I'd been in the box from a youngster, and I never felt
the strain

Of the lives at my right hand's mercy in every passing
train.

One day there was something happened, and it made my
nerves go queer,

And it's all through that as you find me the station
master here.

I was on the box down yonder—that's where we turn
the mails,

And specials, and fast expresses on to the centre rails ;
The side's for the other traffic—the luggage and local
slows ;

It was rare hard work at Christmas when double the
traffic grows.

I've been in the box down yonder nigh sixteen hours a
day,

Till my eyes grew dim and heavy, and my thoughts
were all astray ;

But I've worked the points half-sleeping—and once I
slept outright,

Till the roar of the Limited woke me, and I nearly died
with fright.

Then I thought of the lives in peril and what might
have been their fate
Had I sprung to the points that evening a tenth of a
tick too late;
And a cold and ghastly shiver ran icily through my
frame
As I fancied the public clamor, the trial and bitter
shame.
I could see the bloody wreckage—I could see the man-
gled slain—
And the picture was seared forever, blood-red, on my
heated brain.
That moment my nerve was shattered, for I couldn't
shut out the thought
Of the lives I held in my keeping and the ruin that
might be wrought.

That night in our little cottage, as I kissed our sleeping
child,
My wife looked up from her sewing and told me, as she
smiled,
That Johnny had made his mind up—he'd be a points-
man, too.
“He says when he's big like father, he'll work in the box
with you.”
I frowned, for my heart was heavy, and my wife she saw
the look;
Why, bless you, my little Alice could read me like a
book.
I'd to tell her of what had happened, and I said that I
must leave,
For a pointsman's arm ain't trusty when terror lurks in
his sleeve.

But she cheered me up in a minute, and that night, ere
we went to sleep, -

She made me give her a promise, which I vowed I'd
always keep—

It was ever to do my duty. “Do that, and then, come
what will,

You'll have no worry,” said Alice, “if things go well
or ill.”

Now the very next day the missus had to go to the
market town,

She'd the Christmas things to see to, and she wanted to
buy a gown ;

She'd be gone for a spell, for the Parley didn't come back
till eight,

And I knew on a Christmas Eve, too, the trains would
be extra late.

So she settled to leave me Johnny, and then she could
turn the key—

For she'd have some parcels to carry, and the boy would
be safe with me.

He was five, was our little Johnny, and quiet and nice
and good—

He was mad to go with father, and I'd often promised
he should.

It was noon when the missus started—her train went by
my box—

She could see, as she passed my window, her darling's
sunny locks.

I lifted him up to see mother, and he kissed his little
hand,

Then sat like a mouse in the corner, and thought it was
fairyland.

But somehow I fell a-thinking of a scene that would
not fade,
Of how I had slept on duty, until I grew afraid ;
For the thought would weigh upon me, one day I might
come to lie
In a felon's cell for the slaughter of those I had doomed to
die.

The fit that had come upon me like a hideous night-
mare seemed,
Till I rubbed my eyes and started like a sleeper who has
dreamed.
For a time the box had vanished—I'd worked like a
mere machine—
My mind had been on the wander, and I'd neither heard
nor seen.
With a start I thought of Johnny, and I turned the boy
to seek,
Then I uttered a groan of anguish, for my lips refused
to speak ;
There had flashed such a scene of horror swift on my
startled sight
That it curdled my blood in terror and sent my red lips
white.

It was all in one awful minute—I saw that the boy was
lost ;
He had gone for a toy, I fancied, some child from a
train had tossed ;
The local was easing slowly to stop at the station
here,
And the limited mail was coming, and I had the line to
clear.

I could hear the roar of the engine, I could almost feel
its breath,
And right on the centre metals stood my boy in the
jaws of death;
On came the fierce fiend, tearing straight for the centre line,
And the hand that must wreck or save it, O merciful
God! was mine.

'Twas a hundred lives or Johnny's. 'Twas that! what
could I do?

Up to God's ear that moment a wild, fierce question flew—
"What shall I do, O heaven?" and sudden and loud
and clear

On the wind came the words, "Your duty," borne to my
listening ear.

Then I set my teeth, and my breathing was fierce and
short and quick.

"My boy!" I cried, but he heard not, and then I went
blind and sick;

The hot black smoke of the engine came with a rush
before,

I turned the mail to the centre and by it flew with a roar.

Then I sank on my knees in horror, and hid my ashen
face—

I had given my child to heaven; his life was a hun-
dred's grace.

Had I held my hand a moment, I had hurled the flying
mail

To shatter the creeping lozel that stood on the other rail!
Where is my boy, my darling? My boy! let me hide
my eyes.

How can I look—his father—on that which there man-
gled lies?

That voice! O merciful heaven! 'tis the child's, and he
calls my name!

I hear but I cannot see him, for my eyes are filled with
flame.

I knew no more that night, sir, for I fell as I heard the
boy;

The place reeled round, and I fainted—swooned with
the sudden joy.

But I heard on the Christmas morning, when I woke in
my own warm bed,

With Alice's arms around me, and a strange, wild dream
in my head,

That she'd come by the early local, being anxious about
the lad,

And had seen him there on the metals, and the sight
nigh drove her mad—

She had seen him just as the engine of the Limited
closed my view,

And she leaped on the line and saved him, just as the
mail dashed through.

She was back in the train in a second, and both were
safe and sound—

The moment they stopped at the station she ran here,
and I was found

With my eyes like a madman's glaring, and my face a
ghastly white;

I heard the boy, and I fainted, and I hadn't my wits
that night.

Who told me to do my duty? What voice was that on
the wind?

Was it fancy that brought it to me? or were there
God's lips behind?

If I hadn't a done my duty—had I ventured to disobey—

My bonny boy, and his mother, might have died by my hand that day.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE NEW YEAR; OR, WHICH WAY?

AGAIN you stand at the parting of the ways, and again you must choose which road you will take. You cannot stay where you are; nothing stands still in the whole range of God's universe. Sun, moon, and stars move onward; earth, with its winds and tides, moves; the days, years, centuries move on; the generations are carried irresistibly forward, and every individual life is borne on by the mighty impulsion which guides all to some supreme consummation. In this universal sweep your life is bound up, and, struggle as you may, you cannot escape from it; indeed, to escape from it would be to separate yourself from God and to become solitary in a darkness which no sun would ever lighten again. It is only for you to choose which path you will take; you may be borne onward to larger, nobler, diviner life, or you may be swept onward to ever-increasing weakness, failure, and decline. In every experience there is a twofold possibility: it must leave you stronger or weaker; it cannot leave you as it found you. God forces no man to become good or evil, wise or foolish, strong or weak. He presents to every man, in every hour, the choice between the two. A moral purpose is cut into the very heart of the universe, and written ineffaceably on every minute of time; every day

is charged with power to make or to destroy character, and you can no more escape the hourly test than you can resist the ravages of time or hide yourself from the search of death. If you refuse opportunity, neglect duty, waste the gifts of life, you must grow weaker, smaller, more and more unhappy, by the operation of a law as inexorable as that which holds the planets in their spheres; if, on the other hand, you take hold of life resolutely, spring to its tasks with strenuous and joyous energy, pour yourself into its opportunities, meet its duties valiantly, match your strength and purpose against its trials, temptations, and losses, then the same irresistible power that laid the foundations of the universe will build you up into strength, beauty, and usefulness. You will be borne onward into an unfolding life of peace, rest, and joy. The door stands open again; which way will you take?

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

From St. Nicholas.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,

Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her from within.

She wore a gown of sober gray, a cape demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim.

Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of grace

Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!

I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!

The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;

The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,

I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,

Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,

Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.

All their prudent, humble teaching willfully she cast aside,

And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,

She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,

And this little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown!

* Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day meeting time has come,

Merey Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."

'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—

Gliding down the dark old stairway—hoped their notice to evade,

Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,

Ah! never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;

And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.

But "tuck—tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;

And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,

Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,

Was to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!"
"a tuck!"

In meeting, Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.

How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,

And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.

O, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,

Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,

And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms—

Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find :

All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.

So, repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,

And this little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown !

LUCY L. MONTGOMERY

A METHODIST CLASS-MEETING.

Adapted from Nestleton Magna by M. Ella Dillon.

IN the early days of Methodism, in the village of Nestleton, Yorkshire, England, the little band of Methodists held their meetings at the residences of the respective members. On this occasion they meet at the house of Adam Oliver, a venerable patriarch upon whom devolves the duty of filling the office of leader.

As the clock strikes seven, eight or nine members have arrived, and each, having bent the knee in silent prayer, sits silent until the patriarchal leader dons his glasses, opens at a favorite hymn, and says :

“Let us commence t’ worship ov God be’ singin’ t’ hym on t’ fottid paygc, common measure.

“Jesus the neeame ’igh ower all,
I’ hell or ’arth or sky ;
Aingels an’ men befoore it fall,
An’ devvils fear an’ fly.”

The first two lines are then given out again. and Jabez Hepton starts the tune. A few verses are thus

disposed of, two lines at a time, and then the old man leads them at the Throne of Grace, in a quaintly earnest prayer. Adam always had "a good time" on these occasions, and two or three of the more enthusiastic members interpolate their "amens" and "halleluias." Adam pulls off his glasses as the members resume their seats, and folding his hands on the open book, says:

"Ah's still gannin' on i' t' aud rooad, an' ah bless the Lord 'at ah's nearer salvation noo then when fost ah beleaved. Ah finnd 'at t' way dizn't get 'arder bud easier as ah gan' on. Ah used te hev monny a tussle wi' me' neeamsake, t' 'Aud Adam,' an' he's 'offens throan ma', but t' Strangger then he's aboot tonnd him oot, an' ah feel 'at the Lord's will's mah will mair then ivver it was afoore. Ah's cummin' fast te d' end o' my jonna, an' ah's just waitin' at t' Beautiful Gayt o' t' temple, till the Lord cums an' lifts ma' up, then ah sail gan in as t' lecam man did, loupin' an' singin' an' praisin' God.—Noo, Brother Hepton, hoo is it wi' your sowl te-neet?"

Jabez Hepton is the village carpenter. He is rather a reticent and thoughtful man, troubled now and then with mental doubts—a kind of Nicodemus, who is given to asking, "How can these things be?"

"Well," he says, "I'm not quite up to the mark, somehow. I have no trust but in Jesus, an' I don't want to have. But I've a good many doubts an' fears,—why, not fears exactly, but questionings an' uncertainties, an' they disturb me at times a good bit. I pray for grace to overcome 'em. May the Lord help me!"

"Help yo'," said Adam, "te be seear He will. But

you mun 'help yersen. If a fellow cums into my hoose o' purpose te mak' ma' miserable, an' begins to pull t' winder eottain doon, an' rake t' fire oot, tellin' ma' 'at darkness an' gloom 's best fo' ma'; ah sudn't begin to arguy wiv him. Ah sud say, 'Cum, hod thee noise an' bundle oot. Ah knoa better then that, an' ah'll hev as mitch dayleet as ah ean get.' Noo, theese doots o' yours, they cum for neea good, and they shutt t' sunleet o' fait^h oot o' yer heart. Noo, deean't ax 'em te sit doon an' hev a eraek o' talk about it, an' lissen tiv 'em till you're hoaf oot o' yer wits. Say 'Get oot, ah deean't want yo', an' ah wecan't hae yo'!' an' oppen t' deear an' expeet 'em te gan. Meeastly you'll finnd 'at they'll tak t' hint an' vanish like a dreeam. Brother Hepton, doots is neea trubble, if yo' weean't giv 'em hooseroom. Questionin's weean't bother yo' if yo' deean't give 'em a answer. An' whativver yo' deea, fill your heead wi' t' Wod ov God. 'It's written!' 'It's written!' that's the way te settle 'em.—Sister Petch, hoo are you gettin' on?"

Sister Petch is an aged widow, poor amongst the poorest, an infirm and weakly woman, living a solitary life, but ever upborne by a cheerful Christian content which is beautiful to see.

"Why, I've nothing but what's good to say of my graecious Lord and Saviour. Sometimes ah gets a bit low-spirited an' dowly, espeeially when my rheumatism keeps me from sleeping. But I go straight to the cross, and when I ery, 'Lord, help me!' I get abundant strength. The Lord won't lay on me more than ah'm able to bear, an' sometimes He makes my peace to flow like a river. My Saviour's love makes up for all my sorrows."

"Hey, mah deear sister, ah'll warrant it diz. You an' me's gettin' aud an' creaky, an' the Lord's lowsins t' pins o' wer tabernacle riddy for t' flittin'. Bud if t' hoose o' this tabernacle be dissolved, we knoa 'at we've a buildin' ov God. Till that day cums, 'Lord, help me!' is a stoot crutch te walk wi', an' a sharp swoord te fight wi', an' a soft pillo' te lig wer heeads on, an' a capital glass te get a leak at heaven through. The Lord knoas all aboot it, Peggy, an' He says te yo', 'ah knoa thi patience an' thi povvaty,' but thoo's rich, an' bless His neecame you'll be a good deal richer yit. Halleluia! Peggy. You're seear ov all yo' want for tahme an' for etarnity.—Brother Laybourn, tell us o' the Lord's deeadlin's wi' you."

Brother Laybourn is the village barber, and, like many others of his fraternity, is much given to politics, an irrepressible talker, great at gossip, and being of a mercurial temperament befitting his lithe little frame, he is a little deficient in that steadfastness of character which is requisite for spiritual health and progress. In answer to Adam's invitation, he runs down like a clock when the pendulum's off—

"Why, I hev to confess that I isn't what I owt to be, an' I isn't altogether what I might be, but I is what I is, an' seein' things is no better, I'm thankful that they're no worse. I've a good monny ups and doons, and inns and oots, but by the grace of God I continny to this day, an'"—

"Ah'll tell you what it is, Brother Laybourn," said Adam, cutting him short in his career, "fooaks 'at ez sae monny ups and doons is varry apt to gan doon altogether; an' them 'at ez so monny ins an' oots mun take care they deean't get clean oot, till they can't get in na

mair. 'Unsteeable as watter thoo sall nut exeel.' It's varry weel to be thenkful, bud when wa' hae to confine wer thenks te nut bein' warse than we are, it didn't seem as though we were takkin' mitch pains te be better. 'T' kingdom o' heaven suffers violence, an' t' violent tak' it be foorce,' Leonard. Ah pre' yo' te give all diligence te mak' your callin' an' election sure: an' if yo'll nobbut pray mair, yo'll hev a good deal mair te thenk God for then ye seem te hev te-neet.

"Noo, Sister Houston, hoo is it wi' you te-day?"

Mrs. Houston is an energetic and bustling woman, of strong will, naturally quick temper, and given to a good deal of needless anxiety as to the management of her dairy and other domestic affairs, but is a good woman, candid as the day, and often a good deal troubled over certain constitutional tendencies in which nature is apt to triumph over grace.

"Well," says she, "I find that the Christian life is a warfare, and I often have hard work to stand my ground. Family anxieties and household cares often put a heavy strain on me, and I get so busy and so taken up with things, that religion seems to fall into the second plae; and then I get into trouble over faults and failings that I ought to cure. I do mean to try, and I pray for grace to be more faithful to the Saviour who has done so much for me."

"Hey," says Adam, with a sigh, "this wolld's sadly apt to get inte d' rooad o' t'other, isn't it? Like yer neeamseeak, Martha, yo' get trubbled aboot monny things. 'Be careful for nowt,' said Jesus; that is, deean't be anxious an' worrit aboot 'em. Seek fost the kingdom ov heaven, and keep it fost. Iverything else'll prosper an' nowt'll suffer if yo' deea that. As for t'

trials o' temper an' other faults an' failin's, and lahtle frettin's an' bothers o' life, tak' 'em bodily te t' Cross, an' ax on t' spot for graee te maister 'em. Deean't be dispirited wi' yer failur's; leeak back at t' way God's offens helped yo' through. When David killed Goliath, he said, 'The Lord 'at delivered ma' frae t' lion an' t' beear 'll deliver thoo inte me' hands te-day.' That's it, arguy frae t' lion te t' giant an' he's bun te fall. When ah was a lad an' wanted to jump a beck, ah went back-wa'd a bit te get a good spring; an' seca when yo' want te loup ower a diffieulty, step back a bit te t' last victory God gav yo', an' then i' faith 'at He'll deca it ageean, jump, an' you'll elear it, as seear as mah neeam's Adam Olliver."

"Judy, mah dear aud wife," continues Adam, "tell us hoo yer gettin' on i' t' rooad te t' New Jerusalem."

Judith's words were always few, but they were always fit. She sits by the side of her grand old man, in her clean white eap, and smoothing down the folds of her apron, answers.—

"Why, thoo knoas, Adam, 'at ah's growin' old, an' feelin' more an' more the infirmities of age, but it doesn't trubble ma'. The Lord fills me wi' joy an' peace, through believin'. Ah've only one unsatisfied desire, an' that is te know that me three bairns hev giv'n their hearts te God. Jake's a good lad, an' Hannah's a steady lass, but ah feels te fret a bit now and then aboot Pete. He's in a forren country away ower t' sea, an' I do long to see his faee agen. But ah could deny myself o' that, if I knew that he loved his Saviour, and was sure to meet me i' heaven. This is my prayer ivvery day, 'at we may meet an unbroken family at God's right hand."

'There is a very perceptible tremor in Old Adam Olliver's voice, and a couple of tear-drops on his cheeks, as he takes Judith by the hand, and says:

"God bless tha', mah dear aud wife. A muther's luv hugs her bairns varry near her heart; bud thoo knoas 'at God's luv's eaven bigger still; an' He's promised thoo an' me lang since 'at He'll give us all wa' ax Him. Decan't be frightened, Judy, my lass, all thi' bairns hae been gi'n te God, and nut a hoof on us'll be left behint. The Lord's in America as weel as here, an' t' prayers o' Pete's muther mak's t' sea nae bigger then a fishpond, an' ah's expectin' sum day te see wer lad, sittin' by wer hearthstun'. Bud whither or no, be seear o' this, 'at thoo an' me 'll stand i' t' prizenice o' wer Saviour we' wer bairns wiv 'us, sayin', 'Here we are an' t' children Thoo ez given us.'" Here Adam's voice fails him, and Jabez Hepton strikes up,—

"O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head!"

At this moment there rose up just behind Judith a tall, fine-looking man, about thirty years of age, with brown and weather-beaten face.

"I'm glad to be here to-day," said he; "I have only just arrived in your beautiful little village, but as I know something of this religion, I cannot resist the opportunity of telling you what God has done for my soul. I was a wild, harum-scarum lad when I left my home to seek my fortunes in a foreign land. My parents were two as godly Christians as were to be found out of heaven; but the restraints of a Christian home, and the bum-drum life of a country village were more than my

willful spirit and roaming tendencies could bear, so I left home somewhat suddenly and much against my parents' will. A long, rough, and tedious voyage across the sea partly cured me of my roving desires, and I felt half inclined to come home again, especially as I had left my mother in tears and my father sad at heart. When I landed, however, I made up my mind not to go home until I had earned what it was worth my while to carry back. For a long time I led a wandering life, not bettering my condition, and I'm sorry to say not much better myself. At last the tide turned; I settled down and made money very fast. I could never forget, however, that the dear old folks at home were praying for me. One night I was away on business, and found my way to a Methodist chapel, for there's plenty of them yonder as well as here. It was only a prayer-meeting, but I heard them sing the old hymns to the old tunes, so familiar to my boyhood, and when a plain-spoken old man began to pray it reminded me so much of my father's voice that I burst into tears. My wild and careless life condemned me all at once, and I could not help crying out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' They gathered round me and prayed with me. I was in an agony of trouble, and cried loudly for mercy, and at last the Lord spoke peace to my soul."

During the last two sentences the speaker's voice had faltered, and under the influence of deep feeling he spoke in tones such as can never be mistaken by a mother's ear. They fell like a revelation on Judith Olliver; rising from her seat she turned fully round, looked the speaker in the face, and crying, "It's mah Pete! mah bairn!" flung her arms around her boy, and

buried her gray head upon his shoulder, murmuring the endearing words she used long years ago when she held him on her knee.

"Adam! thoo said he would come, an' here he is!"

The old hedger took the hand of his stalwart son, and shook it a long while in an eloquent silence, his face working, his lips quivering in his earnest efforts to keep back the gush of feeling, but all in vain, it would come; throwing himself upon his boy's brawny breast, he burst into tears of joy. Recovering himself, he said:

"God bless tha', mah lad! God bless tha'!" Then lifting up his hands, he said, amid the hush which waited on his words, "'Noo, Lord, lettest Thou Thi' sarvant depayt i' peeacee, for me ees hae seen Thi' salvaytion!"

Some one gave out the "Doxology," which was sung as only they can sing who feel every word of it, an earnest thanksgiving was offered for the wanderer's safe return, and so ended a meeting which is remembered and spoken of in Nestleton to this day.

J. JACKSON WRAY.

"OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S."

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
 In those old days of the lost sunshine
 Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
 And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
 And we went visiting, "I and you,
 Out to old Aunt Mary's?"

It all comes back so clear to-day,
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering red-heads hopped away,
And the buzzard raised in the open sky,
And lolled and circled as we went by,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway with the sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
And our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clap-board roof. And her face—oh, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

And, oh! my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come." And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

MEMORIAL DAY.

I.

JUST after the Wilderness battle, when the bugles had
blown retreat,
And shouts and the rifles' rattle still echoed the conflict's heat,
Where the murmurous wind was straying through a torn
and tangled wood,
And anemone blooms were swaying, pure white o'er a
pool of blood,
We camped by the sobbing water of a cool and limpid
stream,
And forgot the charge and the slaughter in a slumber
devoid of dream.

We had been in the swift, mad rushing on the guns,
alive with flame;
We had felt the wind and the crushing, when the iron
tempest came;
Three years we had been together, three years of battle
and tramp
We had shared the wind and the weather, in march and
fortress and camp;
And still, when the night was falling, and the shadows
grew dark and cold,
We had heard the sentinels calling when the drums their
summons rolled.

We had seen the bright home faces grow misty through
trembling tears,
We had heard the land's wide spaces ring loud with a
people's cheers;

And out from the fragrance clinging to the orchards of
the North,
From the bloom of spring and the singing, in our youth
and strength marched forth,
And the strife was wild before us, and our young hearts
grew like stone,
When amid the cannons' chorus rose death's fierce, de-
spairing moan.

We had seen, like the foam of morning, the bayonets
glitter and glow,
When the black mouths belched their warning, and we
fronted the waiting foe,
And up through the storm that met us, the wind and
the rain of lead,
We sprang to the hard task set us, and our gleaming
steel grew red ;
And then, where the dead were lying, in the blue and
sulphurous cloud,
We saw our torn flag flying, and our cheers rang far and
loud.

Slowly the gloom grew deeper, and the song of the
leaves sank low,
And each silent and weary sleeper forgot the clash and
the blow,—
When out from their ambush springing, the muskets
withering breath
Foretold the swift, keen stinging of the bullet whose
kiss was death,—
Forgot in a restful slumber the strife and the fierce
command,
Where the slain were a countless number, and graves
were rich in the land.

II.

Low the narrow morn was gleaming in the white east,
 when a call
Through the dim light round us streaming, like a chal-
 lenge seemed to fall,
And we grasped our sabers, gory with the crimson foam
 of fight,
And the cold stars flashed their glory far along the
 heights of night ;
But no foeman's blade was shining in the flush that told
 of morn,
Where the branches, in'erwining, swayed above the
 trodden corn.
Then, bright as the light that flashes from the clouds
 when storms are high,
And the long wave rolls and dashes, where the reefs like
 giants lie,
To our wonderment replying, a strange radiance filled
 the wood,
And the south wind ceased its sighing, as all still and
 dazed we stood,
And a gladness deep and tender seemed our hard souls
 to enfold,
As the clear ethereal splendor deepened to a sea of gold.
And a weird song's deep intoning from the distance
 seemed to come,
Full of wild, discordant moanings, scream of life and
 roll of drum ;
Then a swift and massive column swept before the radi-
 ant blaze,
And a dead march, sad and solemn, filled the wood-
 land's shaded ways ;

Sound of strife and bugles blowing, mingled, as the
ghastly host,
Onward rushed like storm-waves flowing up a barren,
sandy coast.

Trampled were the flowers and grasses, blasted were the
fields and bare,
As the struggling, frantic masses with their clamor
filled the air ;
Then the smoke, the cries and clashing, faded, faded
slow away,
And triumphant notes came crashing through the por-
tals of the day ;
And where once the red, infernal battle clouds lay like
a fleece,
Grain-fields shone in the eternal, glorious light that
heralds peace.

And toward a far height burning like a beacon for the
world,
Every foe and hindrance spurning, with torn banners
closely furled,
Marched two forms, whose strong endeavor won at last
the end they sought,
Freedom that would rule forever, and with joy for all
be fraught ;
And amid the glory, foaming like a sea of golden spray
Over war's wild, lurid gloaming shone a blended blue
and gray.

III.

The day and the night are ended when the land was full
of gloom,
With the memory of strife is blended spring's song and
raissant bloom ;

Where we saw the hot shells burrow and the struggling
armies close,
Now the plowshare cuts its furrow, and the bee sings
in the rose;
And the pink and white of the clover, and the daisies
yellow-eyed,
Are tossing the low graves over, that grew round war's
crimson tide.

We have drunk from the bitter fountains of hatred and
death and war;
We have planted our flag on the mountains, where
traitors can smite no more;
Yes, our dead in their graves are sleeping, but their
deeds, their deeds remain,
And we hold them safe in our keeping, made sacred by
tears and pain;
Their blood was a fierce libation poured out to the kiss
of the sword,
But the end was a mighty nation, and the light and
love of the Lord.

The past grows somber and ashen, the future is warm
with light—
Why cling to the woe and the passion, and the blades
that were swift to smite?
The trumpets of fate have spoken, and the law must
forever stand,
The chains of the slave are broken, the land is a free-
man's land,—
Who clings to the shadows olden, and sinister-barred
with wrong?
Lo! the sky is alight and golden, and the world is
brave with song.

O brothers! the days grow longer, and the nights like a
 glory shine,
 And the love of our souls is stronger than the heat and
 the fire of wine!
 We were foes when the guns were frowning from the
 walls that were grim and steep,
 Now the grass and the blossoms are crowning the graves
 where our heroes sleep;
 And the years with purpose are pregnant, though our
 swords are red with rust,
 And right in the world is regnant, and wrong lies prone
 in the dust.

Peace has no use for the saber, the once loud bugles are
 still,
 And the songs and the sounds of labor are loud in the
 mart and the mill;
 And the dew on the blossoms lying, where our comrades
 sleep, is a sign
 That they passed from the pain of dying to the light of
 a joy divine;
 And they cry from the shining portal of the fortress of
 God above,
 "Lo! forgiveness of wrong is immortal, and immortal,
 too, is love!"

THOS. S. COLLIER.

EGO ET ECHO.

I ASKED of Echo, 'tother day
 (Whose words are few and often funny),
 What to a novice she could say
 Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
 Quoth Echo, plainly: "Matter-o'-money!"

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,—
A pattern of inconstancy;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply: “Nary flirt!”

What if aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promised to amend her life,
And sin no more, can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: “Leave her!”

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision: “Go it!”

Suppose a billet-doux (in rhyme),
As warm as if Catullus penned it,
Declare her beauty so sublime
That Cytherea’s can’t transcend it,
Quoth Echo, very clearly: “Send it!”

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen’s fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid,—
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: “Let her!”

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid’s dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can’t get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: “Get out!”

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (sotto voce): "Take her!"

JOHN G. Saxe.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world. They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window.

Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves not there before, and when the star made long rays down-toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down

avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither :

“Is my brother come?”

And he said, “No!”

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, “Oh! sister, I am here! Take me!” And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader :

“Is my brother come?”

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised."

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once

smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MARRY ME, DARLINT, TO-NIGHT.

ME darlint, it's axin' they are
That I goes to the wars to be kilt,
An' come baek wid an illigant skhar,
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those
Who die in defense of the right.
I'll be off in the mornin'—suppose
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man
In the eyes of the wurld as to fall
Ferninst the ould flag, in the van,
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye ean wear
Some illigant erape on yir bonnet.
Jist think how the women will shtare
Wid invy whiniver ye don it!

Oh! fvat a proud viddy ye'll be
Whin thy bring me carps home—not to mintion
The fact we can live (don't you see?)
All the rest of our lives on me piusion!

W. W. FINK.

REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS.

“YE doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

“I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered Senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

“The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I

have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales,—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled Senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

“Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: ‘Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.’ And then he vanished.

“And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman Senators!

thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall liek the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea.”

E. KELLOGG.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls by fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains ;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning-star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
 In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer !

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banners unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist air was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die :
For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

THE HUMBLEST OF THE EARTH-CHILDREN.

LICHEN and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live)—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, eorn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are

the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal, tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver liehen spots rest, star-like, on the stone, and the gathering orange-stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE CHOPPER'S CHILD.

A THANKSGIVING-DAY STORY

THE smoke of the Indian Summer
Darkened and doubled the rills,
And the ripe corn, like a sunset,
Shimmered along the hills;
Like a gracious, glowing sunset,
Interlaced with rainbow light,
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight;

As with the brier-buds gleaming
In her darling dimpled hands.
Toddling slow adown the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble lands—

Her sweet eyes full of shadows
Of the woodland darkly brown—
Came the Chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown.

Behind her streamed the splendors
Of the oaks and elms so grand,
Before her gleamed the gardens
Of the rich man of the land,
Gardens about whose gateways
The glowing ivy swayed,
Setting all her heart a-tremble
As she struck within their shade.

Now the Chopper's lowly cabin
It lay nestled in the wood,
And the dwelling of the rich man
By the open highway stood,
With its pleasant porches facing
All against the morning hills,
And each separate window shining
Like a bed of daffodils.

Up above the tallest poplars
In its stateliness it rose,
With its carved and curious gables,
And its marble porticoes;
But she did not see the grandeur,
And she thought her father's oaks
Were finer than the cedars
Clipped so close along the walks.

So in that full confiding
The unworldly only know,
Through the gateway, down the garden,
Up the marble portico.

Her bare feet brown as bees' wings,
And her hands of brier-buds full,
Along the fleecy crimson
Of carpets of dyed wool,

With a modest glance uplifted
Through the lashes drooping down,
Came the Chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown ;
Still and steady, like a shadow
Sliding inward from the wood,
Till before the lady mistress
Of the house at last she stood.

Oh, as sweet as summer sunshine
Was that lady dame to see,
With the Chopper's little daughter
Like a shadow at her knee !
Oh, green as the leaves of clover
Were the broideries on her train,
And her hand it shone with jewels
Like a lily in the rain.

And the priest before the altar,
As she swam along the aisle,
Reading out the sacred lesson,
Read it consciously the while ;
The long roll of the organ
Drew across a silken stir,
And when he named a saint, it was
As if he named but her.

But the Chopper's child, undazzled,
In her lady presence stood,
She was born amid the splendors
Of the glorious autumn woods,

And so sweetly and serenely
Met the cold and careless face,
Her own alive with blushes,
E'en as one who gives a grace.

As she said, the accents falling
In a pretty, childish way,
"To-morrow, then to-morrow
Will have brought Thanksgiving Day;
And my mother will be happy
And be honored, so she said,
To have the landlord's lady
Taste her honey and her bread."

Then slowly spake the lady,
As disdainfully she smiled—
"Live you not in yonder cabin?
Are you not the Chopper's child?
And your foolish mother bids me
To Thanksgiving, do you say?
What is it, little starveling,
That you give thanks for, pray?"

One bashful moment's silence—
Then, hushing up her pain,
And sweetness growing out of it
As the rose out of the rain,
She stripped the woolen kerchief
From off her shining head,
As one might strip the outer husk
From the golden ear, and said:

"What have we to give thanks for?
Why, just for daily bread!"
And then, with all her little pride
A blushing out so red—

“ Perhaps too, that the sunshine
Can come and lie on our floor,
With none of your icy columns
To shut it from the door !”

“ What have we to give thanks for ?”
And a smile illumined her tears,
As a star the broken vapors,
When it suddenly appears ;
And she answered, all her bosom
Throbbing up and down so fast,
“ Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep at last, at last.

“ Asleep beneath the daisies ;
But when the drenching rain
Has put them out, we know the dew
Will light them up again.
And we make and keep Thanksgiving
With the best the house affords,
Since if we live, or if we die,
We know we are the Lord’s.

“ That out of His hands of mercy
Not the least of us can fall ;
But we have ten thousand blessings,
And I cannot name them all !
Oh, see them for yourself, madame—
I will come and show the way—
After the morrow, the morrow again
Will be the great glad day.”

And tucking up her tresses
In a kerchief of gray wool,
Where they gleamed like golden wood-light,
In the autumn mist so dull,

She crossed the crimson carpets,
With her brier-buds in her hands,
And climbing up the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble land,

Passed the marsh wherein the starlings
Shut so close their honey bills,
And lighted with her loveliness
The gateway of the hills.
Oh, the eagle has the sunshine,
And his way is grand and still;
But the lark can turn the cloud into
A temple if she will!

That evening when the cornfields
Had lost the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight,
Apart from her great possessions
And from all the world apart,
Knelt the lady-wife and mistress
Of the rich-man's house and heart.

Knelt she all her spirit broken,
And the shame she could not speak,
Burning out upon the darkness
From the fires upon her cheek;
And prayed the Lord of the harvest
To make her meek and mild,
And as faithful in Thanksgiving
As the Chopper's little child.

ALICE CARY.

AUNT POLLY'S "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"GEORGE WASHIN'TON!"

From down the hill the answer floated up, muffled by the distance—"Ma'm?"

"Come heah, sah!"

Aunt Polly folded her arms and leaned against the doorway and waited for the appearance of her son and heir above the edge of the hill on which her cabin stood.

The crown of a ragged straw hat surmounting a dusky face first appeared, followed by a pair of shoulders covered with a nondescript shirt; then as he climbed the incline, there rose gradually to his mother's view a pair of large and heavy trousers in an advanced state of dilapidation, and dragging slowly along, as if unwilling to follow the body, two bare black feet; and thus, fully revealed from top to toe, came a solemn and dirty little darkey.

His mother's eyes rested on him with a sparkle of indignation in them.

"George Washin'ton," she said, "you sartainly is de taziest nigger I eber see. How long, sah, does you a'pose you was a-comin' up dat hill? You don' no? I don' nether; 'twas so long I los' all count. You'll bring yore mudder's gray har in sorrer to de grave yet, wid yore pokin' and slowness, see if you don'. Heah I is waitin' and a'waitin' on you for to go down to ole Mass' Cunningham's wid dose tings. Take 'em to de young city man boardin' dar, and tell him dese is his clean close dat yore old mudder washed, and dat dey comes to fifty cents. And if you let de grass grow under yore

feet, George Washin'ton, or spiles dese eloes, or loses dat fifty eents, I'll break yore bones, ehile, when you comes home. You heah dat?"

George Washington nodded. He never exhausted himself in unnecessary speech. He was a strange, silent ehild, with a long, solemn faee and chronie tooth-aehe, or jawaehe, for he never appeared without a white rag tied up over his ears, and terminating in two flop-ping ends of equal length on the top of his head—an adornment that gave him the look of an aged rabbit, blaek in the faee and gray in the ears.

On the present oeeasion, his mother freshened up his toilet by tying another rag around his jaws, and giving him the basket containing the "young eity man's" beautifully laundried linen, and a final injunetion to be eareful, started him safely off.

George Washington rested his basket on his hip and jogged along. Meditations as to what his mother might have for supper on the strength of the fifty eents brightened his visage and aeeelerated his steps. His faney revelled in visions of white biseuit and erisp baeon floating in its own grease. He was gravely weighing the relative merits of spring chicken fried and more elderly ehicken stewed, when—

There was only one muddy plaece on George Washington's route to town; that was down at the foot of the hill, by the railroad track. Why should his feet slip from under him, and he go sliding into the mud right there? It was too bad. It did not hurt him, but those shirts and shining eollars, alas! Some of them tumbled out, and he lifted them up all spattered and soiled.

He sat down and contemplated the situation with an expression of speechless solemnity. He was afraid to go

back, and he was afraid to go on, but he would rather face the "city man" than his mother; and with a sigh that nearly burst the twine string that did duty as a suspender, he lifted the linen into its place and trudged on.

The young folks at "Mass' Cunningham's" sent him to the boarder's room, with many a jest on his slowness, and he shook in his ragged clothes when the young man lifted the things from the basket to put them away.

He exclaimed in anger at their soiled appearance, and, of course, immediately bundled them back into the basket.

"Here, George," he said, "take these back to your mother to wash, and don't you dare, you little vagabond! ever bring such looking things to me again!"

Slowly the namesake of our illustrious countryman climbed the hill toward home; slowly he entered and set down his basket. The rapidity with which he emerged from the door, about three minutes later, might have led a stranger to believe that it was a different boy.

But it was not. It was the same George.

The next afternoon came around, and George Washington again departed on his errand. No thoughts of supper or good things ran rife in his brain to-day. He attended strictly to business. His mother, standing in the door-way, called after him: "Be keerful, George Washin'ton, 'bout de train. I heer'd it at de upper junction jess now. It'll be long trectly."

George Washington nodded and disappeared. He crossed the muddy place in safety, and breathed more freely. He was turning toward town, when something on the railroad track caught his eye. There lay the big rock that had been on the hill above ever since he could remember; it was right in the middle of the track. He wondered how the coming train would get over it.

Across on the other side, the hill sloped down to a deep ravine. What if the big rock pushed the train off! His heart gave a great jump. He had heard them talk of an accident once, where many people were killed. He thought of running to tell somebody, but it was a good way to the next house, and just then he heard the train faintly; it was too late for that. Just above, in the direction that the train was coming, was a sharp curve. It could not stop if it came tearing round that, and on the other side of the bend was a very high trestle that made him sick to look at.

The slow, dull boy stood and trembled.

In a moment more he had set his basket carefully in the bush, and ran around the curve. At the edge of the trestle he paused, and then dropping on his hands and knees, crept as fast as he could over the dizzy height to the other side. He staggered to his feet, and ran on.

When the train dashed in sight, the engineer spied a small object on the track, pointing frantically behind him. The child ran away from the track, but continued to wave and point and shout "Stop!"

The train whistled and slackened. George Washington, hatless and breathless, was jerked into the engine, where he gasped, "Big rock on de track round de curve." The train was moved slowly over the trestle and stopped in the curve, and there, indeed, was the rock that might have hurled them all down to death, but for that ridiculous-looking little boy.

Meanwhile in the cabin, Aunt Polly was restless, and concluded to go down to the foot of the hill, and wait for George Washington. Behold, then, as she appeared down the path, the sight that met her gaze.

"What's dis boy bin a-doin'! I'se his mother. I is What's dis mean!"

On this identical train was the president of the road.

"Why, auntie," he said, "you have a boy to be proud of. He crept over the high trestle and warn'd the train, and maybe saved all our lives. He is a hero."

Aunt Polly was dazed.

"A hearo," she said; "dat's a big t'ing for a little black nigger. George Washin'ton, whar's dat basket?"

"In de bushes, mammy; I'se gwine for to get it."

The train was nearly ready to be off. The president called Aunt Polly aside, and she came back with a beaming face, and five ten-dollar bills clutched in her hands.

Aunt Polly caught George in her arms.

"Dey sed you was a hearo, George Washin'ton, but you is yore mammy's own boy, and you shall hab chicken for yore supper dis berry night, and a whole poun' cake to-morrow, yes, you shall!"

And when George Washington returned the gentleman his washing, he, like his namesake, was a hero.—
Abridged from Youth's Companion.

ONLY.

IT was "only" a match, a splinter of pine;—
Harmless enough in itself if you please;
A handful of shavings cut thinly and fine,

But where could be harm in such trifles as these?

It was "only" a drunkard that lighted the match,
And the shavings, that kindled a city to flame!
It was "only" a bolt, but it shackled the wretch,
And held him for life to a prison of shame.

It was "only" a leaf in the stream, as it flowed,
That turned it from peace to the turbulent way;
It was "only" a step at the fork of the road,
And youth was a wreck in the darkness astray.

It was "only" a drop from the lethean spring,
That sparkled and gleamed in the depths of the
bowl;—
A sweet little drop, but it covered a sting
That pierced to the depths of an innocent soul.

A drop, boys, a drop! and a seed hath been sown—
Like the upas, ere long that shall spring upon high!
A drop, boys, a drop! and the curse is thine own;
Drink, drink, if you will, till the goblet be dry.

But charge not the folly to God, or to "fate!"
No child ever took as a gift from His hand,—
The loving All Father—this besom of hate,
That burns and consumes, and destroys in the land!

Shake up the glass, till the demon within,
Is white with the venom that comes to the top;
A drop, boy, a drop! it will do to begin;
But remember, the gallows hath also a "drop."

JOHN W. STORRS.

ZARAFI.

THE sultry day has closed at night on Syria's glowing plain,

The stars are gleaming pure and bright, the moon in beauty reigns.

Far o'er the waste of drifting sand the fiery coursers speed,

Free as the air the Arab bands, the men of daring deed.
The white tents glimmer in the light by Acre's storied fane,

When erst streamed out the banners bright on Syria's hoary plain—

And where the cross was held on high by Europe's knights of old,

Their lances pointing to the sky, their arms of burnished gold.

Beside the tent at midnight hour is heard a stifled moan,
A murmuring to Allah's power, to Allah's dazzling throne;

And suffering, weak, and wounded sore, the fainting captive lay,

His mem'ries with the battles were, his dread the coming day,

And home and wife and children dear came thronging through his brain.

Unmanned at last, the silent tear wets his dark cheek like rain—

But hark! he hears a gentle sound, it floats along the plain,

It makes his fainting pulses bound, it stills his maddening pain.

Zarafi calls—a friend in need—his master knows full well ;

Oh, could he mount that gallant steed—then, Acre's tents, farewell!

His captor's eyes are closed in sleep, he groans with racking pain—

The cruel cords are cutting still in quiver'ng muscles bare ;

But naught can curb his iron will—no wailing of despair—

One purpose firm the Arab chief now nerves his utmost power—

Then welcome all the pangs of death and slav'ry's darkest hour.

“Poor friend,” he said, in accents low, as at his feet he lay—

Zarafi bends his crest of snow and licks his tears away—

“Go forth across the burning sands where Jordan's infant stream

Descends to Zion's holy lands, the prophet's ancient dream—

To Zeenab's tent—oh, speed thee well—my courser swift and strong,

Where fair Arabia's mountains swell the land of love and song.

Oh, put thy head within the door—oh, speak with loving eyes!

Tell her El Marc returns no more, in slavery's bonds he dies.

But thou art free! no Turk shall ride my proud Zarafi's form,

Free as the air, my Arab pride. swift as the rushing storm—

Go forth ! go forth ! with stately grace across the burn-
ing sands,
And look once more in Zcenab's face and lick my chil-
dren's hands."

His bleeding mouth untied the knot that held the good
steed there,
His blinding tears bedewed the spot upon the glossy
hair;
Thy turn, Zarafi ! bend thy crest, and lift thy master
now,
Thy limbs must know no laggard rest, thy breath is on
his brow.
He lifts him to his back. As breaks the opening day—
Swift as an arrow from the bow Zarafi speeds away.
Beneath thy sun, oh, storied land, with energies un-
spent,
The good steed spurns the burning sand, his goal is
Zeenab's tent,
Each bubbling spring that marks the way Zarafi knows
full well ;
Each tree that screens from burning ray, he knows each
shaded dell,
Nor stays he by the grassy run, nor in the shade's cool
breath,
Though strained is now each aching limb, though every
stride is death.
His master faints unconscious now, nor thought of child
or wife
Throbs through his pale and haggard brow as ebbs his
fleeting life.
The night's cold dews are falling o'er Zarafi's drooping
crest,

And Zeenab mourns her Arab mate, her face to Mecca's
shrine,
She prays to him who guides her fate, to Allah all divine.
Her little ones are gathering round—as to her form they
cling,
They hear the distant beating sound; is it an angel's
wing?
They hear a faintly uttered neigh, it is his latest breath.
At Zeenab's door his master lay—the horse lay still in
death,
The death sweat lay upon his skin erst smooth and
glossy fair,
His faithful heart was still within, and wet his matted
hair.
El Marc yet lived, and loving hands brought back his
flecting life,
He led again the Arab bands in war's remorseless strife.
In tents of wandering Ishmael, as in the days of old,
Is heard the proud rehearsal now—Zarafi's deeds are
told,
And sweetly flows the story, and glows each swarthy
face,
And ever bright the glory of Zarafi's dying race.

LAMARTINE.

ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

AND it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that
Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth
Israel?

And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou,
and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the

commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.

Now therefore send, and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table.

So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto Mount Carmel.

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.

Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men.

Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under:

And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord: and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken.

And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first; for ye are many; and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under.

And they took the bullock, which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made.

And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.

And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.

And it came to pass, when midday was past, and they prophesied until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.

And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came, saying, Israel shall be thy name:

And with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord: and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed.

And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood.

And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time.

And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water.

And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it

be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word.

Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou has turned their heart back again.

Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God.

BIBLE.

THE YOSEMITE.

WAITING to-night for the moon to rise
O'er the cliffs that narrow Yosemite's skies;
Waiting for darkness to melt away
In the silver light of a midnight day;
Waiting, like one in a waiting dream,
I stand alone by the rushing stream.

Alone in a Temple vast and grand,
With spire and turret on every hand;
A world's Cathedral, with walls sublime,
Chiseled and carved by the hand of Time;
And over all heaven's crowning dome,
Whence gleam the beacon lights of home.

The spectral shadows dissolve, and now
The moonlight halos El Capitan's brow.
And the lesser stars grow pale and dim
Along the sheer-cut mountain rim;

And, touched with magic, the gray walls stand
Like phantom mountains on either hand.

Yet I know they are real, for I see the spray
Of Yosemite Fall in the moonlight play
Swaying and trembling, a radiant glow,
From the sky above to the vale below ;
Like the ladder of old to Jacob given,
A line of light from earth to heaven.

And there comes to my soul a vision dear,
As of shining spirits hovering near ;
And I feel the sweet and wondrous power
Of a presence that fills the midnight hour ;
And I know that Bethel is everywhere,
For prayer is the foot of the Angel stair.

A light divine, a holy rest,
Floods all the valley and fills my breast ;
The very mountains are hushed in sleep
From Eagle Point to Sentinel Keep ;
And a life-long lesson is taught me to-night,
When shrouded in shadow, to wait for the light.

Waiting at dawn for the morn to break,
By the crystal waters of Mirror Lake ;
Waiting to see the mountains gray
Clearly defined in the light of day,
Reflected and throned in glory here,
A lakelet that seems but the valley's tear.

Waiting, but look ! The South Dome bright
Is floating now in the sea of light ;
And Cloud's Rest, glistening with caps of snow,
Inverted stands in the vale below,

With tow'ring peaks and cliffs on high
Hanging to meet another sky.

O crystal gem in setting rare!
O soul-like mirror in middle air!
O forest heart of eternal love,
Earth-born, but pure as heaven above!
This Sabbath morn we find in thee
The poet's dream of purity.

The hours pass by; I am waiting now
On Glacier Point's o'erhanging brow;
Waiting to see the picture pass,
Like the fleeting show of a wizard-glass;
Waiting—and still the vision seems
Woven of light and colored with dreams.

But the cloud-capped towers, and pillars gray,
Securely stand in the light of day;
The Temple wall is firm and sure,
The worshipers pass, but it shall endure,
And will while loud Yosemite calls
To bright Nevada and Vernal Falls.

O grand and majestic organ-choir
With deep-toned voices that never tire!
O anthem written in notes that glow
On the rainbow bars of Po-ho-no!
O sweet "Te Deum" forever sung,
With spray, like incense, heavenward swung!

Thy music my soul with rapture thrills,
And there comes to my lips "the templed hills,
Thy rocks and rills"—a nation's song,
From valley to mountain borne along;

My country's Temple, built for thee!
Crowned with the Cap of Liberty!

O country reaching from shore to shore!
O fairest land the wide world o'er!
Columbia dear, whose mountains rise
From fertile valleys to sunny skies,
Stand firm and sure, and bold and free,
As thy granite-walled Yosemite.

WALLACE BRUCE.

THE SPRING POET.

WHEN the sun has thawed the snow,
When once more the flowers blow,
When the birds begin to sing,
Blythe at the return of spring,
Then the poet in his den,
Seizing on a brand-new pen,
Inks it gayly, murmuring,
“Let me, too, begin to sing.”

Hours doth the poet toil,
Wasting quarts of midnight oil,
Till his work complete he sees,
Full of blossoms, lambs, and trees,
Birds and brooks and April skies—
Joyously the poet cries:
“I must do but one thing more,
Send it to the editor!”

Waits the poet anxiously
For the editor's reply.
Smiles the poet, full of hope,
As he breaks the envelope.
It contains a printed slip—
Dies the laughter from his lip
As it dawns upon his mind
That his poem is declined!

THE LADY ROHESIA.

THE Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed! So said the doctor, and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician.

“Is there no hope, docter?” said Beatrice Grey.

“Is there no hope?” said Everard Ingoldsby.

“Is there no hope?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband; he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower in posse, then at the hour-glass; its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man.

“*Ars longa, vita brevis!*” said Dr. Butts.

“I am very sorry to hear it,” quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall, but he was no scholar.

“Alas! my poor sister!” sighed Ingoldsby.

“Alas! my poor mistress!” sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor——?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer—the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the Church," suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket, pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic; "in the pantry, I warrant me."

The bower woman was not wont to be in the wrong, in the pantry was the holy man discovered—at his devotions.

"Pax vobiscum!" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"Vita brevis!" retorted Dr. Butts.

He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a bishop, indeed, or even a mitred abbot—but a miserable Franciscan!

"Benedicite!" said the friar.

"Ars longa!" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short, sad-colored cloak closer around him,

and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment. Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the Church. To all appearance he had little time to lose. As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia; she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, “A thousand marks to the Priory of St. Mary Rounceval.”

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

“Pious soul!” ejaculated Father Francis. “A thousand marks, she said——”

“If she did, I’ll be shot,” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

“A thousand marks,” continued the confessor, fixing his cold gray eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption; “a thousand marks, and as many aves and paters shall be duly said, as soon as the money is paid down.”

Sir Guy shrank from the monk’s gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, “Don’t you wish you may get it?”

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted

the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

"A thousand thanks," said the latter.

"A thousand marks," said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing place.

But his accents fell unheeded. His brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. The knight groaned audibly. Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines; there was a moment's pause, a moment of intense affliction; she let it fall, all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud. "So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. "So excellent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!" "So capital a manager!" "So punctual at matins!" "Dinner dished to a moment!" "So devout!" said Beatrice.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye—ye—yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her," said the knight.

"No-o-o-o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?"

"Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey—"that is, not just

such another." Her voice still faltered, but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate. She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word, "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell.

"Beatrice Grey," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery? and the servants? And what—what's to become of me, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself," said Sir Guy.

"Monk!" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian," repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured.

The knight seemed undecided. His eye roamed gloomily around the apartment; it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance. It rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round, he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hands beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is,

poor, miserable, middle-aged—man that I am! No one to comfort, no one to care for me!”

Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she did not speak.

“'Pon my life,” continued he, “I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!”

“Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!” sighed Beatrice; “you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—Father Francis—”

“Pish!” cried Sir Guy, testily.

Another pause ensued; the knight had released her chin and taken her hand.

“Sit down, my dear Beatrice; you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child.” Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand, but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bedpost.

“Another!” repeated Sir Guy, musing—“if, indeed, I could find such another!” He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him—

“There's Madame Fitzfoozle.”

“A frump!” said Sir Guy.

“Or the Lady Bumbarton.”

“With her hump!” muttered he.

“There's the Dowager—”

“Stop—stop!” said the knight; “stop one moment.” He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. “Beatrice,” said he, “what think you of”—his voice sank into a seductive softness—“what think you of—Beatrice Grey?”

The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables—“Oh, Sir Guy!” The words might be somewhat

indefinite, but there was no mistaking the loving look. But at this very interesting moment a blow descended upon the bald pate of Sir Guy which started him upon his feet; Beatriee Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position; she fell upon her knees and screamed. The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone. It was she—the all but defunct Rohesia. There she sat bolt upright! her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but seintillating, like flint and steel; in her hand she grasped the bed-staff, a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could well testify. Words were wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. “A husband oftentimes makes the best physieian,” says the proverb: he was a living personification of its truth. Still, it was whispered, he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years, though the improvement of her temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the porte-eochere of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat-full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Kem-
yess, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

"UNCLE BEN."

From St. Nicholas.

"OF all the disagreeable people, of all the horrible,
cross old men

That ever lived,"—said my angry Dolly,—“the very
meanest is ‘Uncle Ben’!

You needn’t look at me, I’m in earnest; just wait till I
tell you what he said,

And what he did to poor Rip Van Winkle; and see,
then, whether you’ll shake your head!

Horrid, hateful”—the naughty speeches came tumbling
over each other so fast,

That instead of shaking my head at Dolly, it was Dolly
herself I shook at last!

“Don’t you know, oh, you little tempest! that ‘Uncle
Ben’ has work to do,

And is bound himself by regulations which he has no
right to break for you?

He’s employed to keep the park in order, and dogs are
never allowed, you know;

So what can the poor man do, I wonder, when naughty
children bother him so?

You shouldn’t have taken Rip Van Winkle, and you
are the one that is to blame.”

“But he shouldn’t have kicked him!” spluttered Dolly.
“He shouldn’t have called him a horrid name.”

All in the heat of her indignation, flushed and defiant
Dolly stood,

And Dolly’s mother was morally certain that scolding
would do no sort of good.

But Adam, the gardener gray and wrinkled, Adam the
man whose words are wise,
Looked up from the grape-vine he was pruning, with
grave rebuke in his honest eyes.
"We're all poor creturs," said he, "poor creturs!
Accordin' to Scriptor we're prone to err;
And Ben Bogardus is no exception. So mebbe Miss
Dolly is right—so fur.
But we oughtn't to be too quick in judgement until we
know what a man's been through:—
You wouldn't be quite so ready, I reckon, to rail at Ben,
if you only knew."

"Knew what?" cried Dolly. "It's no use, Adam"
(tossing her curls with a stubborn air),
"To talk like that, for it doesn't matter. Whatever it
is, I shouldn't care.
I think 'Uncle Ben' is perfectly horrid. I always
shall, whatever you say;
So you needn't tell me!"
But Adam, regardless, kept right on in his quiet way:
"You never heard tell of 'The Swallow,' did you?
It's nigh upon forty years ago,
That she struck on a rock in the further channel, one
night when the sky was thick with snow.
There wasn't a chance to reach or help her, though the
town-folk swarmed up here in the park,
And we heard the screams, and the splitting timbers . . .
awful sounds to hear in the dark!
'I'll never forget 'em," said Adam, slowly, shaking his
head with a look of pain.
"Sometimes in the night, when I wake up sudden, it
seems as if I heard 'em again."

An' often enough I've dreamed about it—the pitiful
sight I saw next day,
When the poor drowned creatures drifting shoreward, in
an' out o' the water lay.
Men an' women an' little children! I counted 'em up
to thirty-five,
When we laid 'em out in the town-hall yonder; and
there wasn't a single soul alive.
Mostly strangers they were, an' traders, bound for York,
an' come from the West;
But one was a neighbor—a little woman, with a bit of a
baby hugged to her breast.
I can see her still," said the old man, gently (he glanced
at Dolly and gravely smiled);
"And I'll never forget how I felt when I saw it was
Ben Bogardus's wife and child."

"Oh, Adam! it wasn't! I can't believe it!" My Dolly's
checks with her blushes flamed,
And her quick tears sprang. "You want to tease me,
and I think you ought to be ashamed!"
But stern was the old man's face, and solemn the look
and tone with which he spoke.
"It isn't the sort of thing, Miss Dolly, that I'd be likely
to say in joke.
No, no—it was poor Ben's wife and baby, just as I told
you, that lay there dead.
Poor little things!—you can't much wonder the shock
and the trouble turned Ben's head.
I'm not denying he's cross and cranky; but he's lived a
desolate sort of life,
And folks do say he's been kind o' crazy, more or less,
since he lost his wife."

Mebbe it's true, an' mebbe it isn't; but this is the p'int
I'm comin' to—

We oughtn't to be too harsh in jedgin', until we know
what a man's been through."

He turned him about, this wise old Adam, and clipped
at the vines, and said no more.

My Dolly watched him, her bosom swelling with mingled
feelings unknown before.

She pleated the ruffle of her apron with restless hands
for a minute's space,

Then softly whispered, "I'm sorry, Adam!" and ran
away with a crimson face.

A little later I saw her plucking out of her own small
garden-bed

Pink and pansies and ragged-robins, and tying them up
with a ribbon red.

I never ask, and she never told me, who was to wear this
posy sweet,

But I took a turn in the park that evening, and there
"Uncle Ben" I chanced to meet.

A festive something in his appearance—a spicy odor that
toward me stole—

Made me aware of Dolly's posy carefully pinned
in his button-hole;

And from that time forth, I'm glad to tell you before
my true little story ends,

My Dolly—(forgive her naughty tempers!)—and
"Uncle Ben" were the best of friends.

MARY BRADLEY.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

I BUILD my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest,
Where the lightnings flash and the thunders crash,
And the foaming torrents roar and dash ;
For my spirit free henceforth shall be
A type for the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly from my eyrie high,
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky,
On a sunbeam bright take my airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light ;
For I love to play in the noon-tide ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

Away I spring with a tireless wing,
On a feathery cloud I poise and swing,
I dart down the steep where the lightnings leap,
And the clear blue canopy slowly sweep ;
For dear to me is the revelry
Of a free and fearless liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand,
Like the watch towers high of a patriot band,
For I may not bide in my glory and pride,
Though the land be never so fair and wide,
Where luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains,
And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

Then give to me in my flights to see
The land of the Pilgrims ever free !
And I never will rove from the haunts I love,
But watch, from my sentinel track above,

Your banner free, o'er land and sea,
 And exult in your glorious liberty.
 O guard ye well the land where I dwell,
 Lest to future times the tale I tell,
 When slow expires in smoldering fires
 The goodly heritage of your sires,
 How Freedom's light rose clear and bright
 O'er Fair Columbia's beacon height,
 Till ye quenched the flame in a starless night.

Then will I tear from your pennon fair
 The stars ye have set in triumph there;
 My olive branch on the blast I'll launch,
 The fluttering stripes from the flag-staff wrench,
 And away I'll flee, for I scorn to see
 A craven race in the land of the free!

THE V-A-S-E.

FAR from the crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the works of art;
 And none might tell from sight alone
 In which had culture ripest grown.
 The Gotham million, fair to see,
 The Philadelphia pedigree,
 The Boston mind of azure blue
 And the soulful soul from Kalamazoo.
 For all loved Art in a seemly way
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.
 Long they worshiped, but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
 Whe, blushing, said, "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's mighty soul was stirred,
 To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise.
 She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph, when
 The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two Grandpapas,
 Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely vahz,"

And glanced around with anxious thrill
 Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
 And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark because
 I was so entranced with that charming vawz."

OUR RELATIONS TO ENGLAND.

WHO does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived by this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British Empire beat

warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, —stars, Garters, and blue ribbons,—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles; though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birth-place of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is

these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

EDWARD EVERETT.

LET THE ANGELS RING THE BELLS.

LET the angels ring the bells,
Christmas bells!
They first brought the news from glory,
First proclaimed on earth the story:
Let the angels ring the bells,
Brimming o'er with mirth and gladness,
Tumbling, turning round in madness:
Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
Telling that, to shepherds told,
In their midnight hymns of old—
That sweet tale once sung by them;
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Let the angels ring the bells,
Christmas bells!
Let them ring, on tiptoe standing:
Let them pause, the bells high landing;
Let the angels ring the bells,

With their deep peals and sonorous,
Blending in metallie chorus :

Christmas bells ! Christmas bells !
Now to soft notes gently dwindling,
Then again to rapture kindling ;
Ne'er before such joy to them :
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Let the children hear the bells,
Christmas bells !
With their romping shouts and laughter,
Each the other running after ;
Let the children hear the bells !
Do not dwell upon their foibles,
Let them be to them as joy-bells !
Christmas bells ! Christmas bells !
As they catch them, and glad listen,
See the light in their eyes glisten ;
Give them gifts of toy or gem :
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Let the aged hear the bells,
Christmas bells !
Deaf and palsied, downward stooping,
Sad and lone, round fireside grouping,
Let the aged hear the bells !
They right well discern their meaning,
Mem'ries of their childhood gleaming :
Christmas bells ! Christmas bells !
They have heard them yearly ringing,
Nearer their translation bringing :
Sadly sweet the tale to them :
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Let creation hear the bells,
 Christmas bells!
 Cease her sighing and her moaning,
 Cease her travail and her groaning :
 Let creation hear the bells!
 Christ has bought her man's redemption,
 Christ has brought her sin's exemption :
 Christmas bells! Christmas bells!
 Let her join them in their ringing ;
 Let her break forth into singing.
 He her tide of woe shall stem :
 Christ, once born in Bethlehem !

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECH BY A FRENCH- MAN.

“Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, ‘Make de toast.’ Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. ‘De brevete is de sole of de feet,’ as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moeh to de point.

“Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of your Lor’ Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same

food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis, and who is also, I for to suppose, a haltermán and de chief of you eommon seoundrel. Milors and gentlemen, I feel dat I ean perspire to no greatare honneur dan to be von eommon scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast.

“Milors and Gentlemen! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, ‘De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.’ It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de yinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de eares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, ‘De Ladies! Heaven bless dem all!’”

THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN.

WELL, wife, I’ve been to ’Friseo, an’ I ealled to see the boys,—

I’m tired, an’ more’n half deafened with the travel and the noise;

So I’ll sit down by the ehimbley and rest my weary bones,

And tell how I was treated by our ’ristocratic sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our Dan—
Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale business man.
I walked down from the depo'—but Dan keeps a coun-
try seat—

An' I thought to go home with him an' rest my weary
feet.

All the way I kep' a thinkin' how famous it 'ud be
To go 'round the town together—my grown-up boy an'
me—

An' remember the old times, when my little "curly
head"

Used to ery out, "Good-night, papa!" from his little
trundle-bed.

I never thought a minit that he wouldn't want to see
His gray an' worn old father, or would be ashamed of me;
So when I seen his offee, with a sign writ out in gold,
I walked in without knockin'—but the old man was too
bold.

Dan was sittin' by a table, an' a-writin' in a book;
He knowed me in a second, but he gave me such a
look;

He never said a word o' you, but axed about the grain,
An' ef I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after Rob;
Dan said he lived upon the hill—I think they eall it
Nob;

An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me
down,

Said, "Call an' see me, won't ye, whenever you're in
town?"

It was rather late that evenin' when I found our Robert's
house ;

There was musie, lights and dancin', and a mighty big
earouse.

At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned from ear
to ear,

Sayin', Keerds ob invitation, or you nebber get in here."

I said I was Rob's father ; an', with another grin,

The nigger left me standin' and disappeared within.

Rob came out on the poreh—he didn't order me away ;

But said he hoped to see me at his offee the next day.

Then I started fur a tavern, fur I knowed there, any-
way,

They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money fur to
pay ;

An' Rob and Dan had left me about the streets to roam,

An' neither of them axed me if I'd money to get home.

It may be the way o' rich folks—I don't say that it's
not—

But we remember some things Dan and Rob have quite
forgot.

We didn't quite expect this, wife, when, twenty years
ago,

We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob and Dan
a show.

I didn't look for Charley, but I happened just to meet
Him with a lot o' friends o' his'n a-comin' down the
street,

I thought I'd pass on by him for fear our youngest son
Would show he was ashamed of me, as Rob and Dan
had done.

But soon as Charley seen me, he, right before 'em all,
Said: "Why, bless me, there's my father!" as loud as
he could call!

Then he introduced me to his friends, an' sent 'em all
away,

'Tellin' them he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that
day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed about the
house,

About you an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens, pigs, and
cows;

He axed about his brothers, addin' that 'twas rather
queer,

But he hadn't seen one uv' em fur mighty nigh a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin', in an attic four stairs
high—

He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer to the sky
An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed is very
wide,"

An' so we slept together,—me an' Charley side by side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics'
Fair,

An' some o' Charley's picters was on exhibition there;
He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped to pretty
soon,

He'd make us all a visit, an' be "richer than Mul-
doon."

An' so two days an' nights we passed, an', when I come
away,

Poor Charley said the time was short, and begged me
fur to stay, -

Then he took me in a buggy and druv me to the train,
An' said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we thought our Charley would never come to
much ;

He was always readin' novels an' poetry an' such ;
There was nothin' on the farm he ever seemed to want
to do,
An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted me clear
through !

So we gave to Rob an' Dan all we had to call our own,
An' left poor Charley penniless to make his way alone.
He's only a poor painter—Rob and Dan are rich as
sin ;
But Charley's worth the pair of 'em with all their gold
thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our prattling
babes—an' yet
It seems as if a mighty gulf 'twixt them an' us is set ;
An' they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled
journey's past,
An' rich an' poor are equal underneath the sod at last.

An', maybe, when we all meet on the resurrection
morn,
With our earthly glories fallen, like the husks from the
ripe corn,
When the righteous Son of Man the awful sentence
shall have said,
The brightest crown that's shinin' there may be on
Charley's head.

J. G. SWINERTON.

A NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read a paragraph copied from a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he had been stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib, was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two hundred-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to-wit: six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or, in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bed-room, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up—"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness:

"Hush up! You don't smell anything."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Mid-

ddlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretenses, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to eighty-six all over, and to one hundred and ninety-seven on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the

honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste, "where in the world are those confounded bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then alighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared :

“Take him off! Oh, land of Seott, somebody take him off!”

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib’s foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib and the servants, were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird jig by the dim light of the night-lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety and to keep the menagerie stirred up, and who had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room ; and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

R. J. BURDETTE.

JEHOSHAPHAT'S DELIVERANCE.

II Chronicles xx.

JEHOSHAPHAT reigned over Judah in peace ;
The land lay in quiet and teemed with increase ;
For righteousness ruled from the cot to the throne,
And Judah rejoiced in Jehovah alone.

For, Baal's base worship once hurled from God's land,
Prosperity poured from His liberal hand ;
The law was revered and the Temple restored,
And Salem shone bright in the smile of her Lord.

Then came a swift message of terror and fear :
Lo, Moab, and Ammon, and Edom from Seir,
Have swarmed from the desert, a numberless host,
To pillage our cities and plunder our coast !

A black cloud of evil, a whirlwind of fate,
One day's rapid march from Jerusalem's gate ;
Like locusts they light upon Judah's fair realm !
Like demons descend to devour and o'erwhelm !

Then trembling Jehoshaphat feared and proclaimed
A fast for all Judah ; and sacrifice flamed,
And Judah's strong warriors, with children, and wives
In the house of Jehovah, implored for their lives.

“ Lord God of our fathers, in Heaven adored,
Thou rulest on earth, our Omnipotent Lord ;
Fierce kingdoms of heathen obey Thy command !
The might of Thy majesty none can withstand !

“Art Thou not our God, who has sworn to defend
Forever the children of Abrah’m Thy friend?
Who gave us this land, and forbade us to slay
These children of Lot, who would make us their prey?

“Behold in Thy presence our little ones stand,
Like lambs in the fold when the wolf is at hand!
O wilt Thou not judge them? Thy terror we know;
Thy might to o’erwhelm our implacable foe!”

Then swift on the singer Jahaziel came
The spirit of God, like a baptism of flame.
From the midst of the people, who prostrate adored,
He leapt, as on fire with the word of the Lord.

“Ho! Hearken all Judah! Jerusalem sad,
And thou, King Jehoshaphat, hear and be glad.
For thus saith Jehovah, your champion divine:
Ye bring me your battle—I take it as mine!

“To-morrow go down; yet ye go not to fight,
But to stand and behold my salvation and might;
To shout, while Jehovah shall charge on the foe,
With nameless and awful and utter o’erthrow.”

Then prostrate, adoring, fell monarch and throng;
Then thundered, exultant, the Kohathite song;
And cymbal and psaltry, timbrel and lyre,
Awoke at the rapture and wafted it higher.

Then bold on the morrow, unawed, undismayed,
Marched forth to God’s battle that weird cavalcade;
Unarmed and unarmored, no shield and no sword,
But trusting the terrible word of the Lord.

Tekoa's wild echoes their anthems rebound,
And Jeruel's wilderness wakes at the sound ;
Not war songs of slaughter, not wrath at the foe,
But the Beauty of Holiness swells as they go.

The mercies of God that forever endure,
His judgments tremendous, His righteousness sure,
His kindness unchanging, His goodness untold,
With song and with trumpet the grand pæan rolled.

Then lo ! as unconsciously onward they trod,
Leapt forth on their foe the dread ambush of God !
The Power that breathes order, and star-clusters burn,
Bade chaos and madness one moment return !

For Moab and Ammon and Maon and Seir,
In anger and jealousy, frenzy and fear,
Have rent the fierce compact which now they abhor,
And charged on each other, like whirlwinds at war.

And Moab and Ammon on Edom now wheel ;
And Maon is swept with their tempest of steel ;
Then, frantic, they rush on each other in ire,
And all in whirlpool of slaughter expire !

What wizard his wand of enchantment has waved ?
What demon his dire malediction has raved ?
What magic infernal, more awful than name,
Has hurled on whole armies its mind-scorching flame ?

'Tis the arm of Jehovah, for Zion made bare !
'Tis His banner of wrath blazing out on the air !
'Tis the scath of His vengeance, the blast of His breath,
Sweeping hot as the fire-wind o'er harvests of death !

'Tis a heaven-sent fury God's foes to confound!
 'Tis His meteor sword dealing madness around!
 Till the last fierce invader lies pale and o'erthrown
 Where red heaps of havoc and slaughter are strewn!

Then, from her high watchtower, afar o'er the plain
 Gazed Judah in awe over myriads slain,
 And heaped a new harvest from blood-watered soil,
 Of jewels and riches and raiment and spoil.

Then blessings untold from Berachah ascend;
 Then trumpet and eornet and cithara blend
 With tabret and dulcimer, saekbut and shalm,
 In Zion's Hosanna, her rapturous psalm.

And nations are awed at Jehovah's dread might,
 Whose arm overwhelming fought Israel's fight;
 And ages his honor and rest shall record,
 Who dared leave his battle alone to the Lord.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

CANADA.

ON our border, looking westward,
 Rolls the great Pacific Deep,
 Countless sails while going seaward
 O'er its azure bosom creep.
 While the Rocky Mountains, westward,
 Glorious floods of noon-tide steep.
 On our sea-coast looking eastward
 Sunset shadows gently creep.

On our eastside, the Atlantic,
Deeply rolling, noble, free,
Bursts in surges wildly dashing
In its maddening ecstasy.
Ports are gay with many a pennon,
Hamlets white with sails of ships,
While afar the groaning steamer
In the ocean gently dips.

On our southern border, westward,
Rule a mighty people keep,
Thence the waters of the great lakes
Down the broad St. Lawrence sweep.
All our border, looking northward,
Stretches where the North Seas roll,
Where the ice in blocks of crystal
Floats about the distant pole.

Land of city, mine, and homestead,
Land of river, mountain, dale,
Long reign peace within our border,
But if war should e'er prevail,
And the foot of hostile stranger,
Stand within our long-drawn shore,
What a troop of hardy soldiers
To defend us then would pour.

Stalwart citizen and yeoman,
Dusky worker of the mine,
From the plains the swarthy Indian
And the seaman from the brine—
All would raise our glorious banner,
All would fight to keep us free,
Till the mingled songs of triumph
Clear would ring from sea to sea.

THE SMOKE OF SACRIFICE.

LORD, I have laid my heart upon Thy altar,
 But cannot get the wood to burn;
 It hardly flames ere it begins to falter,
 And to the dark return.

Old sap, or night-fallen dew, has damped the fuel;
 In vain my breath would flame provoke:
 Yet see! at every poor attempt's renewal
 To Thee ascends the smoke.

'Tis all I have—smoke, failure, foiled endeavor,
 Coldness and doubt and palsied lack;
 Such as I have I send Thee. Perfect Giver,
 Send Thou Thy lightning back!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LORD DUNDREARY IN THE COUNTRY.

DIWECTLY after the season is over in town, I always go into the countwy. To tell you the twuth, I hate the countwy—it's so awful dull—there's such a howid noise of nothing all day; and there is nothing to see but gween twees and cows and buttercups and wabbits and all that sort of cattle—I don't mean exactly cattle either, but animals, you know.

And then the earwigs get into your hair-bwushes if you leave the bed-woom window open; and if you lie down on the gwass, those howid gwasshoppers, all legs, play at leap-frog over your nose, which is howible tor-

ture, and makes you weady to faint, you know, if it is not too far to call for assistance.

And the howid sky is always blue, and everything bores you; and they talk about the sunshine, as if there was more sunshine in the eountwy than in the city—which is abthurd, you know—only the eountwy sun is hotter, and bwings you all out in those howid fweekles, and turns you to a fwiteful bwicky color, which the wetches call healthy.

As if a healthy man must lose his complexion, and become of a bwicky wed color—ha, ha!—bwicky—howid—bwicky wed eolor—eawoty wed color!

THE ABBESS'S STORY.

From the Golden Legend.

THE night is silent, the wind is still,
 The moon is looking from yonder hill
 Down upon eenvent, and grove, and garden;
 The clouds have passed away from her face,
 Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,
 Only the tender and quiet grace
 Of one whose heart has been healed with pardon!

And such am I. My soul within
 Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.
 But now its wounds are healed again;
 Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain;
 For across that desolate land of woe,
 O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,
 A wind from heaven began to blow;
 And all my being trembled and shook,
 As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field

And I was healed, as the sick are healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book!

I am the Lady Irmingard,
Born of a noble race and name!
Many a wandering Suabian bard,
Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and hard,
Has found through me the way to fame.
Brief and bright were those days, and the night
Which followed was full of a lurid light.
Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a part,
That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and young,
Just from the convent's cloistered school,
And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride!
His song was of the summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were there;
And I grew restless as I heard,
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, ærial currents sailing,

O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,
And through the momentary gloom
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing.
Yielding and borne I know not where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and day.
One night—it was a night in May—
Within the garden, unawares,
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name
With protestations and wild prayers;
And it rang through me, and became
Like the archangel's trump of doom
Which the soul hears, and must obey;
And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to me
Such as hereafter death may be,
When in the great Eternity
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay;
A dream, that in a single night
Faded and vanished out of sight.
My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage
It may increase, but not assuage.
And he exclaimed: "No wandering bard
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard!

For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied:

"Henry of Hoheneck I discard!

Never the hand of Irmingard

Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride!"

This said I, Walter, for thy sake;

This said I, for I could not choose.

After a pause, my father spake

In that cold and deliberate tone

Which turns the hearer into stone,

And seems itself the act to be

That follows with such dread certainty:

"This, or the cloister and the veil!"

No other words than these he said,

But they were like a funeral wail;

My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,

Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads

Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,

One could not distinguish form nor face,

Only a bulk without a shape,

A darker shadow in the shade;

One scarce could say it moved or stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape!

A foaming brook, with many a bound,

Followed us like a playful hound;

Then leaped before us, and in the hollow

Paused, and waited for us to follow.

And seemed impatient, and afraid
That our tardy flight should be betrayed
By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.
And when we reached the plain below,
We paused a moment and drew rein
To look back at the castle again ;
And we saw the windows all a-glow
With lights, that were passing to and fro ;
Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;
The brook crept silent to our feet ;
We knew what most we feared to know.
Then suddenly horns began to blow ;
And we heard a shout and a heavy tramp,
And our horses snorted in the damp
Night-air of the meadows green and wide,
And in a moment, side by side,
So close, they must have seemed but one,
The shadows across the moonlight run,
And another came, and swept behind,
Like the shadow of clouds before the wind !

How I remember that breathless flight
Across the moors, in the summer night !
How under our feet the long, white road,
Backward like a river flowed,
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,
Whilst farther away, and overhead,
Paler than I, with fear and dread,
The moon fled with us, as we fled
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;
But of what afterwards befell

I nothing further can recall
Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall :
The rest is a blank and darkness all.
When I awoke out of this swoon,
The sun was shining, not the moon,
Making a cross upon the wall
With the bars of my windows narrow and tall ;
And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,
From early childhood, day by day,
Each morning, as in bed I lay !
I was lying again in my own room !
And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,
That those shadows on the midnight plain
Were gone, and could not come again !
I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago.
I left my father's home to come,
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
For blindly I esteemed it so.
And when I heard the convent door
Behind me close, to ope no more,
I felt it smite me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,
And on my bruised spirit fell
The dampness of my narrow cell,
As night-air on a wounded man,
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.
I felt the agony decrease
By slow degrees, then wholly cease,
Ending in perfect rest and peace !
It was not apathy, nor dullness,

That weighed and pressed upon my brain,
But the same passion I had given
To earth before, now turned to heaven
With all its overflowing fullness.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CHASE.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lords pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake,
While, answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep, the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble lord !
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase afford ?"

" Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth with silver voice ;
" And for Devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude, unhallowed noise.

" To-day, the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane ;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."

" Away, and sweep the glades along !"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies ;
" To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
" Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound ?

" Hence, if our manly sport offend !
With pious fools go chant and pray :
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend ;
Halloo, halloo ! and, hark away !"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill;
And on the left and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark, forward, forward, holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;—
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" On they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman; with toil embrowned

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
"Hark, forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound
Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused the timorous prey
Scours moss, and moor, and holt, and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss, and moor, and holt, and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

“Unmannered dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!”

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
“Hark, forward, forward, holla, ho!”
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near,
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts, new nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, “Hark away; and, holla, ho!”

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer:
“Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere His altar, and forbear!

The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:
Be warned at length, and turn aside.”

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads :
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey :
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

“Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
Not God Himself, shall make me turn !”

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
“Hark, forward, forward, holla, ho !”—
But off, on whirlwind’s pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamour of the chase was gone ;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;
He strove in vain to wake his horn ;
In vain to call ; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reached his ears :
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke:

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the wood,
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child."

'Twas hushed. One flash, of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call: her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
 With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
 Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
 And "Hark away, and holla, ho !"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
 Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
 With bloody fangs and eager cry—
 In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
 Till time itself shall have an end :
 By day, they scour earth's caverned space,
 At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, the hound, and horse,
 That oft the 'lated peasant hears ;
 Appalled, he signs the frequent cross,
 When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human woe,
 When, at his midnight mass, he hears
 The awful cry of "Holla, ho !"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A RHYMELET.

WHEN you're speaking of a leaflet
 Why, you mean a little leat ;
 Would you call a man a "thieflet"
 If a lowly statured thief? .

In alluding to a streamlet
 You would mean a little stream ;
 Would you call your wife a "screamlet"
 If she screamed a little scream ?

Though a little hen's a pullet,
 It would be an awful bull
 If you said that you were "fullet"
 When you meant a little "full."

And, in speaking of a ramlet,
 You should mean a little ram ;
 Would you ask a slice of Hamlet
 If you meant a little ham ?

LEAD THE WAY.

A CANNON-BALL rolling loosely in the cannon's mouth is simply a piece of harmless metal, but with a charge of powder behind it has the breathless speed and irresistible power of the thunderbolt. Truth and character are not enough in life; both must have back of them the force of a concentrated personality, a will on fire with zeal and energy. Any study of the men and women we know brings out not so much the differences of gifts among them as the differences of impulse and motivity. Some of the most richly endowed effect little because their capital is largely unused; some of the most ordinary in natural ability do wonders because of the concentration and intensity of purpose and zeal which dominate them. Many lives are true

but hidden because their fires have never been lighted; others are luminous, even resplendent, because the flame of purpose turns everything into heat and light.

St. Paul was one of these torch-bearers, and the light that was in him was the dawn of a new day for half a world. Doubtless other men of his time saw the truth clearly, and accepted it frankly, but none of them put behind it such a magnificent force of personality, none of them gave it such an irresistible impulse. Wherever he moved, the stagnant air of a dying civilization was stirred by a current that was the breath of the morning after the close and murky night. It was nothing to him that Asia and Europe lay in darkness; he needed no light from them on his long and painful path; it was his joy to let the truth aflame in his own soul stream out along the coasts of the Mediterranean, a solitary traveler, and yet more powerful than emperors. Such a life reveals the irresistible might of truth when it has set a soul on fire with purpose and enthusiasm.

The world to-day is full of good men and women who are missing this sublime possibility of giving themselves in light, heat, and force; they have the truth, and they are anxious to do their duty by it, but they are not luminous; they set no new currents of earnest living in motion through the sluggish air of the world. Instead of impressing themselves upon society, they are impressed by it; instead of leading the march, they follow in the ranks. They need to let the truth take possession of them, to lose themselves and all consciousness of their own limitations and weaknesses in devotion to the great ideal of noble living. The world is not so much antagonistic to truth as indifferent to it: it protests against being disturbed, but once aroused it is

ready to follow. The fire of a strong soul, deeply moved and in dead earnest, is contagious; it has more than once set a whole race aflame, and sent its influences to the very ends of the earth.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

MARY'S NIGHT RIDE.

[From Dr. Sevier, by permission of the Author.]

MARY RICHLING, the heroine of the story, was the wife of John Richling, a resident of New Orleans. At the breaking out of the Civil War, she went to visit her parents in Milwaukee. About the time of the bombardment of New Orleans she received news of the dangerous illness of her husband, and she decided at once to reach his bedside, if possible. Taking with her, her baby daughter, a child of three years, she proceeded southward, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to secure a pass she finally determined to break through the lines.

About the middle of the night Mary Richling was sitting very still and upright on a large, dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side, and divided into a main right fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction

of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left, and without a word took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd of gone three hundred yards further," he whispered, falling back and smiling broadly, "we'd 'a' run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the videttes settin' on their hosses in the main road. This here aint no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary; but before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest, and followed the long, rapid, swinging stride of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle, with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with arms outstretched above the flood; then Mary, and then the white man,—or, let us say plainly, the spy—with the unawakened

ehild on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet, save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuek-will's-widow, and once Mary's blood turned, for an instant, to ice at the unearthly shriek of the hoot owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

"Dess keep dish yeh road fo' 'bout half mile, an' you strak 'pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an' you go whah yo' faney tek you."

"Good-bye," whispered Mary.

"Good-bye, Miss," said the negro, in the same low voice; "good-bye, boss; don't you fo'git you promise tek me thoo to de Yankee' when you eome baek. I 'feered you gwine fo'git it, boss."

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half-mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly:

"There's the road," pointing at its broad, pale line with his six-shooter.

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alee again in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position, when a man sprang up from the ground on the

farther side of the highway, snatched a carbine from the earth and cried : " Halt !"

The dark recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eyes of her companion.

" Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As she promptly did so she heard him answer the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

" Don't stop us, my friend ; we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

" Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out ; and as Mary glanced back three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw also her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry :

" Go !"

" She smote the horse and flew. Alice woke and screamed.

" Hush, my darling," said the mother, laying on the withe ; " mamma's here. Hush, darling, mamma's here. Don't be frightened, darling baby. O God, spare my child !" and away she sped.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same moment she recognized, once,—twice,—thrice,—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering—the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

" Go !" he cried again. " Lay low ! lay low ! cover

the child!" But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying, clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sun-bonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bedside.

"O mamma, mamma," wailed the terrified little one.

"Go on! Go on!" cried the voice behind; "they're—saddling up! Go! go! We're goin' to make it! We're going to make it! Go-o-o!"

And they made it!

GEO. W. CABLE.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals.
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of
the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of
the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires ;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires ;
 As the roar
 On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded
 acres
 Of the plain ;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-
 powder,
 Cracked amain !

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoniers ;
And the villainous "saltpeter"
Rang a fierce, discordant meter
 Round their ears ;
 As the swift
 Storm drift,
With hot, sweeping anger, came the horse-guards'
 clangor
 On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned
 fire
 Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud ;

And his broadsword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet-loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the
 leaden
 Rifle-breath.
 And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-
 pounder,
 Hurling death!

McMASTERS.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
 And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
 Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
 O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
 Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting
 The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
 Nor street of shining gold;

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place :

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
 And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
 The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

J. G. WHITTIER.

MINE SHILDREN.

OH, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey bodder mine
 life!

Vhy don'd dey keep quiet, like Gretchen, mine vife?
 Vot makes dem so shoek fool off mischief, I vunder,
 A shumping der room roundt mit noises like dunder?
 Hear dot! Vas der anyding make sooch a noise
 As Herman and Otto mine two leetle poys?

Ven I dake oup mine pipe for a goot quiet shmoke,
 Dey crawl me all ofer, und dink it a shoke,
 To go droo mine boekets to see vat dey find,
 Und if mit der latch-key my vatch dey can vind,
 It dakes someding more as dheir fader und mudder
 To quiet dot Otto und his leetle broder.

Dey shtub oudt dheir boots, und vear holes in der knees
Off dheir drouzers, und shtockings, und sooch dings as
dese.

I dink if dot Crœsus vas lifing to-tay,
Does poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay;
I find me quick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a tays I must buy dem new dings.

I pring dose two shafers some toys efry tay
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dey
say,

"Und Shonny Schwartz's barents vas poorer as ve"—
Dot's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot oldt Santa Klaus mit a shleigh fool off toys
Don'd gif sadisfactions to dose greedy poys.

Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dheir ped,
Und get so mooch croup dot dey almosdt vas dead;
Budt id don'd make no tifferent; before id vas light
Dey vas oup in der morning mit billows to fight;
I dink id vas beddher you don'd got some ears
Ven dey play "Hold der Fort," und den gif dree
cheers.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey bodder mine life!
Bodt shtop shust a leetle. If Gretchen, mine vife,
Und dose leetle shildren dey don'd been around,
Und all dro der house dere vas nefer a sound,
Vell, poys, vy you look oup dot vay mit surprise?
I guess dey see tears in dheir oldt fader's eyes.

C. F. ADAMS.

THE LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER.

DAY by day the Organ-builder in his lonely chamber wrought;

Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought;

Till at last the work was ended; and no organ-voice so grand

Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride,

Who, in God's sight were well-pleasing, in the church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play,

And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and o'er all the land his fame

Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame.

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled,

By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding-day was set:

Happy day—the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely
bride—

Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled
high with pride.

“Ah!” thought he; “how great a master am I! When
the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral-arches will re-echo with my
praise!”

Up the aisle the gay procession moved. The altar shone
afar,
With every candle gleaming through soft shadows like
a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of
love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ stand-
ing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low
monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of
fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was
pleased with him
Who had built the wondrous organ for His temple vast
and dim!

Whose the fault, then? Hers—the maiden standing
meekly at his side!
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to
him—his bride.

Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and
truth ;

On that very night he left her to her anguish and her
ruth.

* * * * *

Far he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his
name ;

For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his
wrath and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by
night and day

Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to
pray ;

Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and
good ;

Thought of his relentless anger, that had cursed her
womanhood ;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all
complete,

And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall down at
her feet.

Ah ! how throbbed his heart when, after many a weary
day and night,

Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow
alight !

Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager
tread ;

There he met a long procession—mourners following the
dead.

“Now why weep ye so, good people? and whom bury ye
to-day?

Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along
the way?

“Has some saint gone up to heaven?” “Yes,” they
answered, weeping sore;

“For the Organ-builder’s saintly wife our eyes shall see
no more;

“And because her days were given to the service of
God’s poor,

From His church we mean to bury her. See! yonder
is the door.”

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out,
white with pain;

No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he poured his
tears like rain.

“’Tis some one whom she has comforted, who mourns
with us,” they said,

As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the coffin’s
head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing
aisle,

Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned
clear the while:

When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to
play

Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until
that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and
clear;

All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering
near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's
head,

With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it—
dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him
by his bride;

Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried,
side by side;

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard
before,

And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for ever-
more.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

BANFORD'S BURGLAR-ALARM.

"**A**NOTHER Daring Burglary!" read Mrs. Banford, as she picked up the morning paper. "Lucullus," she said, turning to her husband, "this is the fourth outrage of the kind in this town within a week, and if you don't procure a burglar-alarm, or adopt some other means of security, I shall not remain in this house another night. Some morning we'll get up and find ourselves murdered and the house robbed if we have to depend on the police for protection."

Banford assured his wife that he would have the matter attended to at once. Then he left the house and

didn't return until evening. When Mrs. B. asked him if he had given a second thought to the subject which she had broached in the morning, he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and said: "See here, Mirandy! There's no use o' foolin' away money on one o' those new-fangled burglar-alarms. Economy is wealth. Here's a capital idea suggested in this paper—cheap, simple, and effective."

And then he read the suggestion about hanging a tin pan on the chamber-door.

"I tell you, Mirandy! the man who conceived that brilliant notion is a heaven-born genius—a boon to mankind; and his name should go ringing down the corridors of time with those of such brilliant intellect as Watts, Morse, Edison, and other successful scientific investigators. You see, the least jar of the door will dislodge the pan, and the noise occasioned thereby will not only awaken the occupants of the room, but will also sear the burglar half to death, and perhaps the pan will strike him on the head and fracture his skull. It is a glorious scheme, and the fact that it was not utilized years ago is the most remarkable thing about it."

"Well," assented Mrs. B., in less sanguine tones, "it may be better than nothing, and it won't cost anything; and as Susan has gone out to spend the night with her sick sister, and we'll be all alone, I'll hunt up the pans now."

Accordingly, each inside door was crowned with a tin pan and left slightly ajar. Banford also thoughtfully placed a six-shooter under his pillow and stood a baseball bat within easy reach.

"Now, Mirandy," he courageously observed, as they were preparing to retire, "if you are awakened by a

noise during the night, don't scream and jump out of bed. Just lie still, or some o' the bullets I fire at the burglar may go through you and kill you. Let me wrestle with the intruder, and I'll soon make him regret that he had not postponed being born for a few centuries!"

Then they turned down the gas with a feeling of increased security, and were soon asleep. About half-past midnight they were awakened by a noise that sounded like a sharp clap of thunder, followed by a wail that almost chilled the marrow in their bones.

"Goodness!" screamed Mrs. B., in a voice swollen with terror, as she dived under the bed-clothes. "We'll be murdered in a minute. Shoot him, Lucullus! Quick—shoot him!"

Banford, after considerable nervous fumbling under the pillow, grasped his revolver with an unsteady hand and discharged its six barrels in rapid succession, but not with very gratifying results. One bullet shattered the mirror in the bureau; another plowed a furrow along the ceiling; another splintered the bed-post; a fourth perforated a portrait of his wife's mother; and the other two left their imprint on the walls.

"D-d-don't be fuf-fuf-frightened, M-mirandy," said Banford, encouragingly, his articulation sounding as if it had "collided" with an Arctic wave: "I gug-guess I've kik-kik-killed him. He'll not kik-kik-come here—"

At this juncture there was a noise in an adjoining room, as if a two-ton meteorite had crashed through a boiler-foundry, and Mrs. B. uttered a series of ear-piercing shrieks that would have scared the life out of any burglar.

"M-mirandy," stammered the frightened and demoral-

ized Banford, grasping the base-ball bat and swinging it around with such reckless promiscuousness that he struck his terror-stricken wife on the head, "Mum-mirandy, the house is fuf-full of midnight mum-marauders, and we'll be bub-bub-butchered in cold bub-bub-blood! Save yourself and don't mum-mind about me!" And leaping out of bed, he sprang through a window on to the roof of a back building, and accidentally rolled off into the yard, fifteen feet below, just as another burglar-alarm went off with a clamor almost as deafening and harrowing as an amateur orchestra. Mrs. B., thinking she had been hit by the burglar, emitted a fresh outburst of shrieks, while her husband lay groaning in the back yard, with a sprained ankle and a frightful gash in his head.

A policeman had now been awakened by the uproar, and boldly mounting the front stoop, he pulled the door-bell out by the roots without evoking a response. Then he hesitated.

"If a foul murder has been committed," he mused, "the assassin has already made good his escape."

This thought gave him courage, and he forced an entrance. In the entry he collided with a hat-rack, which he mistook for the outlaw, and almost demolished it with several whacks of his club. Then he made a careful reconnaissance, and dislodged one of the burglar-alarms.

"Spare my life," he yelled, to his imaginary assailant, "and I'll let you escape!"

He thought he had been stabbed with a frying-pan. He rushed out of the house and secured the assistance of four of his fellow-officers, and a search of the building was resumed. Mrs. Banford was found in bed un-

conscious. Her husband was found in the yard in nearly a similar condition, and the burglar was found under the sofa, shivering with fear, and with his tail clasped tightly between his legs.

The cause of the panic was soon explained. Mrs. Banford had overlooked the presence of her pet dog in the house, and this innocent animal, in running from one room to another, had dislodged the 'cheap and effective' burglar-alarms.

A TRIBUTE TO LONGFELLOW.

FROM college and from chapel spires
 The bells of Cambridge tolled;
 And through the world on trembling wires
 The saddening message rolled.
 They spake of one whose "*Psalm of life*"
 Had reached its rounded close,
 And in sublime doxology
 Before the Throne arose.
 "The wayside inn" no longer holds
 The guest whose coming east
 A "gleam of sunshine" o'er the world —
 "The golden milestone" 's passed!
 Within that "haunted chamber" now
 We miss the good gray hairs,
 And beats with heavy heart and slow
 The "old clock on the stairs."
 "The Reaper Death" has gathered in
 The ripest of the sheaves,
 The "woods in winter" moan for him
 More than their vanished leaves.

Nor "night of stars" nor "village lights"
His breast with sadness fills,
The earth-gleam and its gloom are gone—
'Tis "sunrise on the hills!"
He o'er "the bridge at midnight" passed
Toward the "daybreak" grand,
Swifter than "birds of passage," on
"Into the silent land."
"Sandalphon's" hands have turned to flowers
His prayers and alms above,
"The children's hour" it is to deck
His grave with wreaths of love.
Broke is "life's goblet;" but the well
Outlasts the crystal urn;
For us the "rainy day"—for him
No more the clouds return:
No more "the building of the ship,"
But the celestial main:
The "village blacksmith's" arm has wrought
The last link of the chain;
The scholar, who to English speech
So deftly knew to turn
The songs of many lands and men,
Had one more tongue to learn;
"Translated" is the poet's self,
His life-song evermore
"The happiest land" 's vernacular,
The last "Excelsior!"
"The River Charles" the message bears
Out to the sobbing sea;
"The birds of Killingworth" are mute
And wander aimlessly;

By icy capes and southern bays,
Alps and New England hills,
By "seaside and by fireside,"
The tender sorrow thrills.
Let "Church bells heard at evening" waft
Their softest, sweetest tone,
"The curfew" tolls the embers out,
Of one whose "day is done."
Ring out once more, O bells of Lynn!
O'er land and water eall;
"Belfry of Bruges," bid the shades
Throng to his funeral!
"Two angels," named of Life and Death,
Float o'er the graveyard dim,
Where the Moravian Nuns again
Chant their triumphant hymn.
"The children of the supper" stand,
And lisp their reverent psalms,
And "blind Bartimeus" stretches forth
Once more his piteous palms,
And Minnesingers, Vikings old,
Baron, and Spanish knight,
And cobbler bards, and haloed saints,
Gleam on my startled sight.
"Balder the beautiful," in turn,
This silent voice doth rue;
And with an added anguish there,
"Prometheus" moans anew.
King Olaf and King Robert march
As mourners side by side;
Miles Standish cheeks his martial step,
Walking with Vogelweid;

Manrique and Scanderbeg pass by,
 Heroes of arms and faith,
 And with a mystic bugle-note
 Brave "Victor Galbraith's" wraith.
 While all along the British coast,
 From all the bristling forts
 The frequent minute guns obey
 "The Lord of the Cinque-Ports."

And Dante walks in stately grief,
 With many a bard sublime,
 "Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of time."

* * * *

To that "God's-acre" gentle forms
 Will come at even-tide,—
 "Evangeline" with drooping head,
 And "Hiawatha's" bride.
 And often 'neath the evening star
 A crouching form will creep,
 And vigil at the poet's grave
 "The quadron girl" will keep.
 "Endymion," when the moon is hid,
 Adown the sky will slide;
 The phantom form of "Paul Revere"
 Will through the darkness ride;
 "Hyperion" with clouded brow
 Will wander there alone;
 The Baron of St. Castine sit
 And mourn as for his own.
 Mount Auburn sees a pilgrim-world
 Ascend her well-worn path,
 And garners 'mid her precious dead
 A richer "aftermath."

The "resignation" that he taught,
Be ours the grace to gain;
And his own "Consolation" soothe
His own beloved's pain!

F. N. ZABRISKIE.

THE ANCIENT MINER'S STORY.

OH yes, I'm fixed as solid, sir, as most of folks you see;

At least the coyote Poverty has ceased to sniff at me;
That mine is worth a million down—that is, it is to-day:
What it might cost to-morrow, though, I couldn't exactly say.

A boy in old Connecticut—this dream I used to hold:
What if the cellar of our house should spring a leak
with gold,

And I from there at any time a shining lump could
bring?—

I've got a cellar in this rock that's just that sort o'
thing.

The sum my father slaved himself for twenty years to
pay

I've taken out of that there hole in less than half a day;
If I could lead him up yon path, I'd make him smile,
at least;

But his old labor-hardened hands are moldering in the
East.

I'd pack my mother up this hill, and open to her view
Enough to give a benefit to all the poor she knew;

I'd pan a heap o' happiness out of her dear old face ;
But mother's struck a lead of gold in quite a different
place.

My girl? Well, maybe this is soft ; but since the
question's put
(I wouldn't tell this to any one except "a tenderfoot"),
We used to climb those Eastern hills (she was a charm-
ing witch),
And prospect on what we would do when I had "struck
it rich."

But her old father hadn't the heart to let us marry
poor,
And so I shook off Yankee dust and took a Western
tour.
My trip it lasted several years. The old man grieved,
no doubt.
I swore I never would come back till I could buy him
out.

You don't know what it is to hunt and dig from day to
day,
To strike a vein that almost shows, then dodges clean
away.
You do? Well, yes ; but have you starved, and begged,
and almost died,
With treasures that you couldn't find heaped up on
every side?

And then her letters wandered, like ; then tapered to an
end ;
I wondered on it for awhile, then wrote a school-boy
friend ;

And just as I had struck this mine, and my old heart
beat high,
There came a letter up the gulch—it was my friend's
reply.

“She’s been a-wandering in her mind: the other after-
noon

She went within the asylum walls, as crazy as a loon.”

* * * * *

A rush across the barren plains, a snailish railroad ride,
And I was in the asylum too, a-kneeling at her side.

I thought she knew me, just at first; but soon she
shrank away,

And never looked at me again, whatever I might say.
She wanders round, or crouches in a western window
niche,

And says, “My love will come to me when he has
‘struck it rich.’”

No word or look for me. Oh, but the Eastern hills
were cold!

And something seemed to always say, “Go back and
love your gold!”

And I came back; and in this hut my purpose is to
stay—

A miser with his treasure bright already stowed away.

I’m President, Cashier, and Board of quite a wealthy
Bank,

With none except myself to please—and no one else to
thank;

But nothing makes my heart beat fast—and I am grow-
 ing old,
 With not a thing to love or leave except this pile of
 gold.

But I have learned a thing or two: I know, as sure as
 fate,
 When we lock up our lives for wealth, the gold key
 comes too late;
 And that I'm poorer now than through those happy
 days in which
 I owned a heart, and did not know that I had struck it
 rich!

WILL CARLETON.

GRIFFITH HAMMERTON.

Abridged from *Youth's Companion*.

“GRIFFITH, dinna ye ken I canna be troubled wi’
 ye? What hauds the mune up? Why, the mon in
 ’t, o’ course! Ye dinna believe ’t? Weel, then, dinna
 trouble wi’ yer questions. Ilka mon knows it’s the Lord
 as hauds the airth i’ its place fra the beginnin’ o’ crea-
 tion to the end o’ time, an’ o’ course, He hauds the stars
 an’ the mune. Dinna ye ask the road ye ken; but if ye
 think ye dinna ken then gang till ’t skule-maister an’
 he’ll drill t’ intil yer young brains, if so be ye hev ony,
 whik same I sometimes doot. Ga yer lang, noo! Won-
 ner what ye cam intil t’ warld for, ye ill-faur’d wean. I
 wonner if the Lord ca’s that thing a body!”

Griffith quivered from head to foot, and shuffled along
 on his knee-cushion out of the room. He made what

haste he could until the barn hid him from view. Then he stopped perfectly motionless, in an agony of soul too great for even a wringing of the hands or an uttered moan.

Suddenly he threw himself prone on his face. Time passed and he lay like one dead, his heavy, black hair fallen forward and so hiding his face; his poor feet turned up helplessly to the sky as if they would beseech its pity.

"Griffith! Griffith Hammerton!" A strong, yet gentle pair of hands lifted the boy to his natural position, on his knees.

"Griffith, what is it?" stroking the thin hands which gradually relaxed their tension.

The boy threw up his arms with a gurgling, smothered cry, then turned his head to the shoulder of his one friend. He wept as if but death could end his tears.

John Rone, kneeling there on the cobble-stones, with his arms about the "wean," let him weep on. At last,—

"She said she didna ken if the Lord ea'd this distorted thing a body."

Griffith laughed a little wildly as he looked down at himself, then up at the sky and added,—

"I ken He maun hae meant me for a prayin' thing, sin He put me on my knees for a' my life. An' I'd need till pray, for I'm a laithing i' the sight o' the airth. The people winna e'en leuk at me when they meet me i' the road, though weel I ken they turn an' stare as sune's my back's to them."

"I dinna ken aboot these things, laddie, why they suld be. but I ken the Lord's as sorry as ye be. He didna order this, I feel sure, but He disna alter the laws

o' nature if oor forefaithers transgress them ; an' it seems to me, laddie, that yer suffering for the sins o' yer faithers, for they went a hard gaet, as we a' ken. But then, Griffith, shall the body maister ye ? In this deformed elay ye hae a heart an' brains an' soul. Laddie, ye may hae in ye the speerit o' yer forefaithers, but ye need na boo doon afore that speerit. Tak heed, laddie, an' remember that a strong soul an' earnest reaching after guid ean owereome inherited tendencies. The greater the conquest the grander the life—i' the Lord's sight. Remember this, my laddie, if I suld na be here to eomfort ye i' the days that air to eome.

“I am sorry to tell ye that I eame to bring ye anither grief. Can ye bear it ? My brither Alexander, who is professor in the Edinbro' Üniversity, is vera ill, an' I must needs gang till him. He's i' consumption, an' I sall be gang for months.”

Griffith uttered an inarticulate ery. At sound of it John Rone stooped down and lifted the boy in his strong arms and laid his cheek against his own.

“Griffith, my laddie, I knew yer mither weel afore she wedded till yer faither an' I lo'ed her. Remember, for her sake, that the body need na owereome ye. Dinna let her see a deformed soul. Keep clear o' the drink, hooever it may entiee. Do noble deeds. Train yersel' to gran' thoughts an' aets. An' some day ye'll find oot what ye were made for. Heeh, laddie, but I'm laith to leave ye ! But dinna let these fits o' despair owereome ye. They'll unfit ye for the fight o' life. They'll tak the vera marrow oot o' yer banes. My crippled lambie, crippled i' baith body an' soul, I wis I could stay by to gi' ye the helpin' hand ! But there's Ane stranger than I. Reach up thy hand to Him.”

He strained him to his heart and laid him on the ground.

"I dinna ken if ever I sall see him mair," he said to himself, as he strede hastily away.

Griffith lay on the ground for an hour after his friend had gone. When at last he roused himself and went into the house his face was so white that even Mrs. MacGregor said only—

"Noo gang an' milk the cow. It's lang efter time. An' dinna be a' night, wean."

Griffith had many letters from his friend, all trying to root in him the belief that the body need not master him; that what he was in himself was the grand thing. At last came an unfinished letter, and with it a lock of hair. "This is your mother's hair," wrote John Rone. "Let it remind you of what she would have you be. Griffith, my laddie, remember the meaning of your name which she gave you with her last breath; and, 'having great faith,' go on to conquer. Then some time you shall know"—

A strange hand had added: "Your friend died suddenly while writing this last letter."

Hours afterward Mrs. MacGregor found the boy on the barn-floor. Her words fell on deaf ears. Thoroughly frightened, she threw water on his face and chafed him till he returned to consciousness.

For that one day she did not scold.

A new school-master came who looked with abhorrence on the deformed scholar. Yet with a proud patience Griffith struggled on with his lessons in spite of his fits of utter despair. As the weeks and months passed, he rose higher and higher in his classes, for the school-master was a just man and could not deny him the advancement he deserved.

But one, a leader among the boys, could not bear that Griffith should be above him in his classes. He began to wreak upon him every petty insult he could think of. The other boys followed their leader, and soon Griffith could not enter the play-ground or pass through the street without hearing some jeer or taunt about his deformity.

Hence he grew more and more reserved in his shrinking sensitiveness, which neither boys nor people understood.

Afterward he would rise and whisper: "I will conquer. I hae a heart, an' brain, an' soul. What matters the shape o' the elay?"

But the struggle so unnatural was wearing his life away. He fainted one day in the class, and had to be carried home. Dr. Anderson, an old man, who had been present at the mother's death, was called in. He examined the boy and asked a few keen, pointed questions, which no one seemed able to answer satisfactorily, then ordered every one to leave the room.

"Noo, laddie, tell me what 'tis 'at's breakin' yer heart. I ken weel it's na the body at's i' the bottom o' this. I maun know or I eanna help ye. Speak oot, mon! I'm yer frien'.

"Naething! Noo, Griffith, ye mauna tell me ony lees else ye'll gang till t' bad plae. There is na effect wi'out a due cause, an' I sall na leeve ye till ye tell me the trowth. Birds hae whuspered i' my ears something, an' ye maun aye tell me the rest."

By dint of threatening and wily questioning he drew from Griffith admissions or confessions or assents or denials until he had the whole story, with what filling in he could supply himself.

"Heeh, mon! I thocht sae," he said at last. "It's

hard for an ill-formed creature to live in this warl'! Heeh, but I could gi' it to them! It's no aneuch to hae to bear the burden o' yer life, but ye maun e'en hae it thrawn at ye. Then the skulemaister, yer only frien', maun gang the way o' a' flesh an' the laddie's heart maun stairve for luve. Dinna greet, laddie; ye sall gang to Edinbro' to the hospital, an' we sall see if there be na onything 'at can be done for this deformed body, though ill I fear there canna be muckle guid done. I hae a brither walks the hospital. I'll see he taks ye in, an' yer expense there I'll pay mysel'. Noo be whist till I speer my brither aboot this. Ye maun keep a brave heart noo."

A week later Griffith was traveling under the doctor's eare to Edinburgh. And when, after weary hours of travel, he at last was at the hospital, and had seen Dr. David Anderson, his heart was instantly at rest.

The very hand of the doctor, as he touched it, seemed to give him strength, while about him was something of the proteeting power he had known in the school-master. And he felt, as he looked up into the powerful faee, that he had come into the presence of a strong soul, and it rested him.

Next day a dozen docters stood around the eoueh on which Griffith lay, while Dr. David subjected him to a painful examination.

There was a long consultation, and then Dr. David explained to Griffith, that it was only by a slow and painful proecess extending over months, and perhaps years, that they could hope to relax the tension of the museles or move a joint. And that the probability was failure at the end.

"Are you willing to try it?"

"Yes," returned Griffith, with a white set faee.

For an instant, a great yearning pity swept over the doctor's face, but he said nothing.

So began a year of suffering so great that he could never afterward look back on it without a shudder.

And at the end of the year, when he found that his suffering had been in vain, and he must be a cripple all his life, he hid himself from every one for a whole day.

No one but God ever knew the history of that day, but he came forth with a certain sternness of strength mingled with a restfulness which had never been known in him before. From that day the fight against his body was over. Henceforth, no more strength of soul or body should be wasted in trying to grow straight like other men. He gave himself up fully to the belief that the life of a man is what he is.

He determined that every faculty of his being which was capable of education should be cultivated. In order to do this he would be a doctor.

"But, Griffith Hammerton, how can you do that?" queried Dr. David, when he told him his wish.

"I dinna ken hoo it can be dune, but it's a' maks life hae a meaning to me. I could grow to that which is best in myself," he said, quietly, "if I could study with the hope o' sometime helping those who air sore distorted in body like mysel', an' through that body hac sair souls.

"I wad like to make the subject o' distorted and crippled bodies my specialty. I hae my hands an' brain an' wheel-chair. We do not set a limb wi' oor feet. I can do it, Dr. David, if ye gi' me but a chance."

Ten years have passed, and Dr. Griffith Hammerton had won for himself a reputation for his skill in difficult surgical operations. If a deformity could be cured he was the one to do it.

But there comes a cry to England, from India. Her soldiers are needed to quell the mutinies which have arisen. With her regiments must go doctors. Dr. David must go with his regiment. He had never thought to be called into active service when he joined the regiment, as a young man, more for the sake of the drill than aught else. But now he is called. Griffith goes also, though he cannot become a soldier.

"But Griffith," said Dr. David, and stopped because something in Griffith's face told him words were worse than useless.

"Where you go, I will go," said Griffith, quietly.

A day of dreadful slaughter. At sunset a field of dead and wounded. A man on a wheel-chair going from one to another, binding up wounds, bathing lips with water, straightening stiffening limbs to decent rest. He stops ever and anon to press his hand upon his side, where a red stain dimly shows.

A man with a fair face, blue eyes, and a noble white forehead, lies half unconsciously looking up to the darkening sky, for death is creeping on him from the bleeding of an ugly wound. The wheel-chair makes its way to his side.

"Dr. David, hae I found ye at last? Eh, mon, but just i' time." He extracts a ball, and binds up the gaping wound.

"Griffith, you look very white," says Dr. David, with a last effort before he sinks into unconsciousness.

Next morning they find him. By his side lies Griffith, a strip of linen in one hand, a lock of hair in the other, a smile on his upturned face. On a patch of grass, stained red a deformed body from which the soul has gone forth undeformed.

JOY VETREPONT.

THE TWO STAMMERERS.

IN a small, quiet country town
 Lived Bob, a blunt but honest elown;
 Who, spite of all the school could teach,
 From habit stammer'd in his speech;
 And second nature, soon, we're sure,
 Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.
 It happen'd once upon a time—
 I word it thus to suit my rhyme;
 For all our country neighbors know
 It can't be twenty years ago—
 Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
 Was busy delving at his dyke;
 Which, let me not forget to say,
 Stood elose behind a publie way:
 And, as he lean'd upon his spade
 Reviewing o'er the work he'd made,
 A youth, a stranger in that place,
 Stood right before him, faee to face.
 "P-p-p-pray," says he,
 "How f-f-f-far may't be
 To-o,"—the words would not come out,
 "To-o Borough-Bridge, or thereabout?"
 Our elown took huff; thriee henim'd upon,
 Then smelt a kind of an affront.
 Thought he—"This bluff, foolhardy fellow,
 A little craek'd, perhaps, or mellow,
 Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
 Is come to fleer and make his sport:
 If me he means, or dares deride,

By all that's good, I'll tan his hide !"
 Thus, full resolved, he stood aloof,
 And waited mute, for farther proof.
 While t'other, in a kind of pain,
 Applied him to his tongue again—
 "Speak, friend ; c-c-c-c-can you, pray,
 Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way ?
 Nay, sp-e-eak !—I'll smoke thy bacon!
 You have a t-ongue, or I'm mistaken."
 "Yes—that, th-that I-I-I have ;
 But not for y-y-you—you knave !"
 "What !" cried the stranger, " wh-wh-what !
 D'ye mock me ? T-t-take you that !"
 "Hugh ! you mock—me !" quoth Hob, amain,
 "So t-t-take you—that again !"
 Then to 't they fell, in furious plight,
 While each one thought himself i' th' right,
 And, if you darc believe my song,
 They likewise thought each other wrong.
 The battle o'er, and somewhat cool—
 Each half suspects himself a fool ;
 For, when to choler folks incline 'em,
 Your argumentum baculinum
 Administer'd in dose terrific,
 Was ever held a grand specific.
 Each word the combatants now utter'd,
 Conviction brought, that both dolts stutter'd ;
 And each assumed a look as stupid,
 As, after combat, looks Dan Cupid :
 Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought
 He'd argue ere again he fought.
 Hence I this moral shall deduce—
 Would anger deign to sign a truce

Fill reason could discover truly,
Why this mad Madam were unruly,
So well she would explain their words,
Men little use could find for swords.

BETTER THINGS.

BBETTER to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine ;

Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's favor proud ;

Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day ;

Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by a mother's hand, than eat alone at will ;

Better to trust in God, than say : " My goods my store-house fill."

Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound ;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State ;

Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's
event ;

Better the " Well done!" at the last, than the air with
shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight ;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday
burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most
favored birth ;

Better a child in God's great house, than the king of
all the earth.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

ON THE STAIRWAY.

GIRLIE on the stairway, mother up above,
Girlie's eyes and mother's full of tender love ;
Girlie's little fingers throw a hurrying kiss
Right to mother, loving, fearing not to miss.
Mother throws one downward to her golden-hair,
Girlie cries : " They're meeting, mother, meeting in the
air."

By and by the girlie stands all, all alone,
Looking sadly upward for the mother, gone
Up the heavenly stairway, girlie standing here
Knows the mother surely, surely must be near.
If she throws her kisses up the golden-stair
Will they meet the mother's half-way in the air?

MOTHER AND POET.

LAURA SAVIO, OF TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA,
1861.

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever, instead.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings, to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees
And broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to doat!

To teach them—It stings there! I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word country. I taught them, no
doubt,

That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant east out.

And, when their eyes flash'd,—O, my beautiful eyes!
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one
kneels!
God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came,—in gay letters, moi'd
With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be
 spoil'd,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me:
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheer'd in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief look'd sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remain'd
To be lean'd on and walk'd with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strain'd
 To the height he had gain'd.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand: I was not to faint,—
One loved me for two,—would be with me ere long:
And, "Viva l' Italia! he died for,—our saint,—
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add: he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turn'd off the balls,—was impress'd
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossess'd,
 To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: Shot.

Tell his mother. Ah, "ah, his," "their" mother, not
"mine;"

No voice says "My mother" again to me. What?
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the
dark

To the face of thy Mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turn'd
away,
And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep
one.

'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death, erasing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee.

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green,
and red,

When you have a country from mountain to sea,
 And King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
 (And I have my dead,)—

What then? Do not mock me! Ah, ring your bells
 low,

And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,
 Above the star prick'd by the last peak of snow;
 My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair!

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

MRS. ELIZABETH BROWNING.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT.

OLD Widow Clare,
 In a low-backed chair,
 Sat nid-nid-nodding;
 While over the road
 Came Farmer McCrode
 A plid-plid-plodding.

It was cold and snowing, and the wind was blowing
 At the rate of a hundred miles an hour;
 While the farmer was fretting and his countenance
 getting
 Each moment more angry, forbidding, and sour.

“She pays me no rent. although I have sent
To her time and again for the money;
And now we shall see what she'll say to me,
For the thing has long ceased to be funny.”

Thus he muttered aloud, while the snow like a shroud
Enveloped his burly old figure completely;
And 'twas dark, but not late, when he entered the gate
Of the tenant he was going to astonish so neatly.

Disdaining to knock, he groped for the lock,
And had already planted one foot on the sill,
When, just by a chance, he happened to glance
Through the window, and his heart for a moment
stood still.

He saw a woman nodding in a low old-fashioned chair;
Her face was sad and wrinkled, while silvered was her
hair.

A large and well-thumbed Bible on her lap half-opened
lay,

And a cat was softly purring in a sympathetic way.
A scanty pile of fagots, in the fireplace burning low,
Lit up the room at intervals, and cast a mellow glow
O'er the kindly, aged face, like the nimbus we are told
Which used to hover round the foreheads of the mar-
tyred saints of old.

And the landlord drew up closer, that he might the
better look

On the plainly lettered pages of the unfamiliar Book;
And the verse he dwelt the longest on, then read it
through again,

Was “Blessed are the merciful, for mercy they'll obtain.”

Now why he forebore to push open the door
The farmer could offer no clear explanation ;
Yet in spite of the storm, his heart had grown warm
As he stood gazing in with a strange fascination.

Then after a while a queer sort of smile
Lit up his brown face now and then ;
And when, at the last, he turned round and passed
Out into the snow-covered highway again,

The smile was there still, and continued until
He found himself facing the small village store.
Though business was dull, the room was quite full
Of hard-working men whose day's labors were o'er,

And all lazily sat round the stove for a chat,
Each comfortably resting his head on his hands ;
But they rose in affright, and their faces grew white
When the farmer burst in and poured forth his commands.

“Just fetch me a sack, or a bag, and mind
It's the largest and strongest that you can find.
Now put in some 'taters—a peck will do ;
A package of flour, and some turnips, too ;
A piece of pork, wrapped good and strong,
A nice smoked ham (don't be so long !)
Now throw in a couple of pounds of tea—
No, I won't be stingy, make it three.
Say, you over there, just stop your staring—
Do you think I'm a lunatic out for an airing ?
Some pepper, and salt, and sugar, too ;
‘Do I want 'em mixed ’ I'd like to mix you !

Some eraekers and eheese, dried peaches and snuff,
An' I reekon as how you hev got 'bout enough.
Just gimme a lift—there, that is all right;
Charge 'em to me; and now—good-night!"

So baek o'er the road he went with his load,
Tossed, like a ship in a storm, to and fro;
But the heart of the farmer was very much warmer,
And that makes a great deal of difference, you know.

Arriving once more at the old eottage door,
He peered through the window, and saw with delight
That good Widow Clare still slept in her ehair,
Uneonseious of what was transpiring that night.

He never quite knew just how he got through
That low, narrow door with the load on his baek,
Nor how he was able to reach the small table
And noiselessly lay down the burdensome saek;

But in less than a minute, every single thing in it
Was spread out before him in tempting array.
The turnips kept still, as they seldom will,
And not even a potato rolled off and away.

The old eat looked wise, and puffed up twiee her size,
But, seeing no harm to her mistress was meant,
She resumed her deep thinking, and her gray eyes were
blinking,

When at last from the room the strange visitor went.

And now, once again, he pressed close to the pane,
And endeavored to pieture the widow's surprise;
While it wasn't the snow, as you and I know,
That he brushed once or twiee from his eyes.

Then Farmer McCrode
Went back o'er the road,
While still in her chair
Sat old Widow Clare.

DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD.

“PLAYING SCHOOL.”

TWO little tots on the carpet at play,
Tired of their usual games one day,
Said one to the other: “Let’s play stool;
I’ll be teacher, and don’t you fool,
But sit up nice, like a sure ’nough stolar;
You’ll miss your lesson, I’ll bet you a lace tollar.”
Casting about for a word to spell,
Blue eyes on puss and her kitten fell;
As an object-lesson they pose with grace,
The mamma washing her baby’s face.
“Spell tat,” the teacher grandly gives out;
“Quick, now, mind what you’re about.”
The “scholar” failing, with ignominy,
Is sorely shaken and dubbed a ninny,
The word repeated, again she fails,
When the scene on the rug again avails,
And the teacher relents, conscience smitten—
“If you tan’t spell tat, why just spell titten!”

DIALOGUES, TABLEAU, ETC.

AUNT BETSEY AND LITTLE DAVY.

From Dickens' *David Copperfield*.

CHARACTERS.

AUNT BETSEY.—A lady of sixty, with gray hair, rather handsome features, quick, bright eye, slender, straight, active, and peculiar—dress of black or lavender, with plain, narrow, untrimmed skirt, low shoes, turn-down linen collar and cuffs, short, plain apron, white cap with high front frill, over which is tied a large silk handkerchief; pair of gardening gloves and gardening knife in hand.

DAVID.—Slender, timid child of nine or ten years; in first scene, with face, hands, and neck sun browned, shirt, trousers, and hat and shoes soiled and torn, features and clothing covered with chalk-like dust.

MR. DICK.—A fleshy, florid, smiling, gray-haired man of forty, with high standing collar and stiff, wide cravat, loose gray coat and waistcoat, white trousers; somewhat stooped at the neck, one eye frequently closed, watch in fob, money loose in pocket, and for which he shows his fondness by frequent jingling.

JANET.—Plump, healthy, good-natured servant girl, clad in neat, figured muslin dress.

MR. MURDSTONE.—In suit of black, high silk hat, black hair and heavy black whiskers, lowering black eye-brows, thin lips, pressed close together; deep, hard voice; cast in one eye.

MISS MURDSTONE.—Much resembling her brother in features and voice, clad in plain, black riding dress, close bonnet, with veil thrown back; she carries a parasol and a bag with a heavy chain and clasp.

SCENE I.

Room in Aunt Betsey's house, tastefully furnished with sofa, table, chairs, screen, etc.

Curtain rises.—Aunt Betsey discovered at an open door, and Davy in his woe begone condition standing timidly before her.

Aunt B. (shaking her head and making a chop in the

air with her knife).—Go away! Go along, I say! No boys here!

David (timidly looking up and touching her hand with his finger).—If you please, ma'am. [*Aunt B. starts.*] If you please, aunt.

Aunt B. (amazedly).—Eh?

David.—If you please, aunt, I am your nephew!

Aunt B. (sitting flat down in doorway).—Mercy on us! Mercy on us!

David.—I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk, where you came after my papa died, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mamma. Two or three years before mamma died she was married to a Mr. Murdstone—he had a sister who lived with us—they were both very cruel to me. I have been very unhappy since dear mamma died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. [*Breaking into sobs.*] I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey.

Aunt B. (rises, seizes David by the collar, brings him into the room, unlocks a cabinet, takes out large bottles and administers three or four different kinds of medicines as restoratives, exclaiming at intervals).—Mercy on us! Mercy on us! [*She then places David upon the sofa, puts a shawl under his head, takes off handkerchief from her own head and places it under his feet to prevent him from soiling the cover, then rings bell. Enter servant.*]

Aunt B.—Janet, go up-stairs, give my compliments to my friend, Mr. Dick, and say I wish to speak to him.

[*Exit Janet, looking with surprised air at child on sofa.*]

*Aunt B. (seating herself behind screen).—*Merely on us! Merely on us! Merely on us!

[Enter Mr. Dick, smiling.]

*Aunt B.—*Mr. Dick, don't be a fool, because nobody can be more discreet than you can, when you choose. We all know that. So don't be a fool, whatever you are. You have heard me mention David Copperfield? Now, don't pretend not to have a memory, because you and I know better.

*Mr. Dick.—*David Copperfield? David Copperfield? Oh, yes, to be sure. David, certainly.

*Aunt B.—*Well, this is his boy, his son. He would be as like his father as it's possible to be, if he was not so like his mother, too.

*Mr. Dick (smiling).—*His son? David's son? Indeed!

*Aunt B.—*Yes, and he has done a pretty piece of business. He has run away. Ah! His sister, Betsey Trotwood, if there had been a sister, never would have run away.

*Mr. Dick.—*Oh! you think she wouldn't have run away?

*Aunt B.—*Bless and save the man! how he talks! Don't I know she wouldn't? She would have lived with her godmother, and we should have been devoted to one another. Where, in the name of wonder, should his sister, Betsey Trotwood, have run from, or to?

*Mr. Dick.—*Nowhere.

*Aunt B.—*Well, then, how can you pretend to be wool-gathering, Dick, when you are as sharp as a surgeon's lancet? Now, here you see young David Copperfield, and the question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?

Mr. Dick (*scratching his head feebly*).—What shall you do with him? Oh! do with him?

Aunt B. (*holding up her forefinger*).—Yes. Come! I want some very sound advice.

Mr. Dick.—Why, if I was you, I should—I should wash him!

Aunt B.—Janet, Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath!

[*Exit Janet.*]

Aunt B. (*looking out of door or window, calling excitedly*).—Janet! Janet! Donkeys! Drive them off! They sha'n't trespass on my green! Now, Mr. Dick, whatever do you suppose possessed that poor unfortunate Baby, that she must go and be married again?

Mr. Dick.—Perhaps she fell in love with her second husband.

Aunt B.—Fell in love! What do you mean? What business had she to do it?

Mr. Dick (*simpering*).—Perhaps she did it for pleasure.

Aunt B.—Pleasure, indeed! A mighty pleasure for the poor Baby to fix her simple faith upon any dog of a fellow, certain to ill-use her in some way or other. What did she propose to herself, I should like to know! She had had one husband. She had seen David Copperfield out of the world, who was always running after wax dolls from his cradle. And then, as if this was not enough, she marries a second time—goes and marries a murderer—or a man with a name like it—and stands in this child's light! And the natural consequence is, as anybody but a baby might have foreseen, that he prowls and wanders. He's as like Cain before he was grown up as he can be. [*Calling.*] Janet! Donkeys—donkeys!

Now, Mr. Dick [*forefinger up*], I am going to ask you another question. Look at this child.

Mr. Dick.—David's son?

Aunt B.—Exactly so. What would you do with him?

Mr. Dick.—Do with David's son?

Aunt B.—Ah, with David's son.

Mr. Dick.—Oh! Yes. Do with—I should—I should. after the bath, give him his supper and put him to bed.

[*Re-enter Janet.*]

Aunt B.—Janet, Mr. Dick sets us all right. Arrange the bed in the room overlooking the sea. Prepare the supper and I will see that the child has a bath.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.

Aunt Betsey seated at breakfast table profoundly meditating. David, very cleanly washed and nicely combed, fitted out in some of Mr. Dick's clothes, which are far too large for him, with a shawl tied round his shoulders, is also seated at table and bashfully endeavoring to eat his breakfast.

Aunt B.—Hallo! [*David looks up respectfully.*] I have written to him.

David.—To?

Aunt B.—To your father-in-law. I have sent him a letter that I'll trouble him to attend to, or he and I will fall out, I can tell him!

David.—Does he know where I am, aunt?

Aunt B.—I have told him, and I expect him here shortly.

David.—Oh! I can't think what I shall do if I have to go back to Mr. Murdstone!

Aunt B.—I don't know anything about it. I can't

say, I am sure. We shall see. I wish you would go up-stairs and give my compliments to Mr. Dick, and I'll be glad to know how he gets on with his Memorial.

[*Exit David.*]

(*Aunt Betsey rings bell, rises, goes to work-basket, seats herself, threads needle, and begins to sew. Janet enters, carries away dishes, and arranges room.*)

Aunt B. (soliloquizing).—How I wish that Murderer, or Murdstone, or whatever you call him, would make his appearance just now. I am in a mood to say some things he won't like. The statements I have, from time to time, drawn from the child go to prove that he has been more shamefully treated than I at first was led to believe. [*Re-enter David.*] Well, child, and what of Mr. Dick, this morning?

David.—He sends his compliments, and says he is getting on very well indeed.

Aunt B.—And what do you think of Mr. Dick [*David hesitating.*] Come! Your sister, Betsey Trotwood—if there had been a Betsey Trotwood—would have told me what she thought of any one directly. Be as like your sister would have been as you can, and speak out!

David.—Is he—is Mr. Dick—I ask because I don't know, aunt—is he at all out of his mind, then?

Aunt B.—Not a morsel.

David.—Oh! (*Timidly.*)

Aunt B.—If there is anything in the world that Mr. Dick is not, it's that.

David.—Oh!

Aunt B.—He has been called mad. I have a selfish pleasure in saying he has been called mad, or I should not have had the benefit of his society and advice for

these last ten years and upward—in fact, ever since your sister, Betsey Trotwood, disappointed me.

David.—So long as that?

Aunt B.—And nice people they were, who had the audacity to call him mad. Mr. Dick is a sort of distant connection of mine; it doesn't matter how; I needn't enter into that. If it hadn't been for me, his own brother would have shut him up for life. That's all. Janet! Donkeys! donkeys! [*Springing to her feet and rushing to the door.*] Go along with you. [*Shaking her fist.*] How dare you trespass? Go along! Oh, you bold-faced thing!

David.—That is Miss Murdstone, aunt.

Aunt B.—I don't care who it is. I won't be trespassed upon. I won't allow it. Go away! Janet, turn him round. Lead him off!

David.—Shall I go away, aunt?

Aunt B.—No, sir. Certainly not. (*Pushing David into a corner near her and fencing him in with a chair.*)

[*Enter Mr. and Miss Murdstone.*]

Aunt B.—Oh! I was not aware at first to whom I had the pleasure of objecting. But I don't allow anybody to ride over that turf. I make no exceptions. I don't allow anybody to do it.

Miss M.—Your regulation is rather awkward to strangers.

Aunt B.—Is it?

Mr. M.—Miss Trotwood!

Aunt B.—I beg your pardon. You are the Mr. Murdstone who married the widow of my late nephew, David Copperfield, of Blunderstone Rookery?

Mr. M.—I am.

Aunt B.—You'll excuse my saying, sir, that I think

it would have been a much better and happier thing if you had left that poor child alone.

Miss M.—I so far agree with what Miss Trotwood has remarked, that I consider our lamented Clara to have been, in all essential respects, a mere child.

Aunt B.—It is a comfort to you and me, ma'am, who are getting on in life, and are not likely to be made unhappy by our personal attractions, that nobody can say the same of us.

Miss M.—No doubt! And it certainly might have been, as you say, a better and happier thing for my brother if he had never entered into such a marriage. I have always been of that opinion.

Aunt B.—I have no doubt you have. [*Enter Mr. Dick, who stands by table, jingles money, and looks rather foolish.*] This is Mr. Dick, an old and intimate friend, on whose judgment I frequently rely. (*Mr. and Miss Murdstone bow stiffly without rising.*)

Mr. M.—Miss Trotwood, on the receipt of your letter, I considered it an act of great justice to myself, and perhaps of more respect to you—

Aunt B.—Thank you. You needn't mind me.

Mr. M.—To answer it in person, however inconvenient the journey, rather than by letter. This unhappy boy, who has run away from his friends and his occupation—

Miss M. (interrupting).—And whose appearance [*pointing toward David*] is perfectly scandalous and disgraceful.

Mr. M.—Jane Murdstone, have the goodness not to interrupt me. This unhappy boy, Miss Trotwood, has been the occasion of much domestic trouble and uneasiness, both during the lifetime of my late dear wife and since. He has a sullen, rebellious spirit, a violent temper, and an untoward, intractable disposition. Both

my sister and myself have endeavored to correct his vices, but ineffectually. And I have felt—we both have felt, I may say, my sister being fully in my confidence—that it is right you should receive this grave and dispassionate assurance from our lips.

Miss M.—It can hardly be necessary for me to confirm anything stated by my brother, but I beg to observe, that of all the boys in the world, I believe this is the worst boy.

Aunt B. (shortly).—Strong.

Miss M.—But not at all too strong for the facts.

Aunt B.—Ha! Well, sir?

Mr. M.—I have my own opinions, and more, as to the best mode of bringing him up; they are founded, in part, on my knowledge of him, and in part on my knowledge of my own means and resources. I am responsible for them to myself, I act upon them, and I say no more about them. It is enough that I place this boy under the eye of a friend of my own, in a respectable business; that it does not please him; that he runs away from it; makes himself a common vagabond about the country; and comes here in rags to appeal to you, Miss Trotwood. I wish to set before you, honorably, the exact consequences—so far as they are within my knowledge—of your abetting him in this appeal.

Aunt B.—But about the respectable business first. If he had been your own boy, you would have put him to it just the same, I suppose?

Miss M.—If he had been my brother's own boy his character, I trust, would have been altogether different.

Aunt B.—Or if the poor child, his mother, had been alive, he would still have gone into the respectable business, would he?

Mr. M.—I believe that Clara would have disputed nothing which myself and my sister, Jane Murdstone, were agreed was for the best.

[*Miss M. murmuring audibly.*]

Aunt B.—Humph! Unfortunate baby! The poor child's annuity died with her?

Mr. M.—Died with her.

Aunt B.—And there was no settlement of the little property—the house and garden—the what's-its-name Rookery without any rooks in it—upon her boy?

Mr. M.—It had been left to her unconditionally by her first husband.

Aunt B.—Of course it was left to her unconditionally. But when she married again—when she took that most disastrous step of marrying you, in short, to be plain—did no one put in a word for the boy at that time?

Mr. M.—My late wife loved her second husband, madam, and trusted implicitly in him.

Aunt B.—Your late wife, sir, was a most unworldly, most unhappy, most unfortunate baby. (*Shaking her head at him.*) That's what she was. And now, what have you got to say next?

Mr. M.—Merely this, Miss Trotwood. I am here to take David back; to take him back unconditionally, to dispose of him as I think proper, and to deal with him as I think right. I am not here to make any promise, or give any pledge to anybody. If you step in between him and me now, you must step in, Miss Trotwood, forever. I cannot trifle, or be trifled with. I am here, for the first and last time, to take him away. Is he ready to go? If he is not—and you tell me he is not; on any pretense; it is indifferent to me what—my

doors are shut against him henceforth, and yours, I take it for granted, are open to him.

Aunt B.—Well, ma'am, have you got anything to remark?

Miss M.—Indeed, Miss Trotwood, all that I could say has been so well said by my brother, and all that I know to be the fact has been so plainly stated by him, that I have nothing to add except my thanks for your politeness [*sarcastically*]*—*for your very great politeness, I am sure.

Aunt B.—And what does the boy say? Are you ready to go, David?

David (piteously).—Please, aunt, don't let them take me. They have never been kind to me; they made mamma, who always loved me dearly, very unhappy about me, and they made my life so miserable. Please, aunt, keep me and befriend me for my papa's sake.

Aunt B.—Mr. Dick, what shall I do with this child?

Mr. Dick (hesitating and brightening).—Have him measured for a suit of clothes directly.

Aunt B.—Mr. Dick, give me your hand [*shaking Mr. Dick's hand cordially and drawing David to her*], for your common sense is invaluable. [*To Mr. Murdstone.*] You can go when you like; I'll take my chance with the boy. If he's all you say he is, at least I can do as much for him then as you have done. But I don't believe a word of it.

Mr. M. (rising).—Miss Trotwood, if you were a gentleman—

Aunt B.—Stuff and nonsense! Don't talk to me!

Miss M. (rising).—How exquisitely polite! Overpowering, really!

Aunt B. (rising).—Do you think I don't know what

kind of life you must have led that poor, unhappy, mis-directed baby? Do you think I don't know what a woeful day it was for the soft little creature when you first came in her way—smirking and making great eyes at her, I'll be bound, as if you couldn't say boh! to a goose.

Miss M.—I never heard anything so elegant!

Aunt B.—Do you think I can't understand you as well as if I had seen you, now that I do see and hear you—which I tell you, candidly, is anything but a pleasure to me? Oh, yes, bless us! who so smooth and silky as Mr. Murdstone at first! The poor benighted innocent had never seen such a man. He was made of sweetness. He worshiped her! He doted on her boy—tenderly doted on him! He was to be another father to him, and they were all to live together in a garden of roses, weren't they?

Miss M.—I never heard anything like this person in my life.

Aunt B.—And when you had made sure of the poor little fool, God forgive me that I should call her so, and she gone where you won't go in a hurry—because you had not done wrong enough to her and hers, you must begin to train her, must you? Begin to break her, like a poor caged bird, and wear her deluded life away in teaching her to sing your notes?

Miss M.—This is either insanity or intoxication, and my suspicion is that it's intoxication.

Aunt B. (not heeding interruption).—Mr. Murdstone, you were a tyrant to the simple baby, and you broke her heart. She was a loving baby—I know that; I knew it years before you ever saw her—and through the best part of her weakness you gave her the wounds she

died of. There is the truth for your comfort, however you like it. And you and your instruments may make the most of it.

Miss M.—Allow me to inquire, Miss Trotwood, whom you are pleased to call, in a choice of words in which I am not experienced, my brother's instruments?

Aunt B. (unheeding Miss M.).—It was clear enough, as I have told you, years before you ever saw her—and why in the mysterious dispensations of Providence you ever did see her, is more than humanity can comprehend—it was clear enough that the poor, soft little thing would marry somebody, at sometime or other; but I did hope it wouldn't have been as bad as it has turned out. That was the time, Mr. Murdstone, when she gave birth to her boy here, to the poor child you sometimes tormented her through afterward, which is a disagreeable remembrance, and makes the sight of him odious now. Aye! aye! you needn't wince! I know it's true without that. And now, good-day, and good-bye! Good-day to you, too, ma'am. Let me see you ride a donkey over my green again, and as sure as you have a head upon your shoulders I'll knock your bonnet off and tread upon it.

[Miss M. places her arm through her brother's and they walk haughtily out of the door.]

David.—Oh, aunt, I thank you very, very much, and I shall try hard to be a good boy and give you no trouble. *[Places his arms around his aunt's neck and kisses her. Mr. Dick laughs heartily, jingles his money, and shakes hands with David.]*

Aunt B.—You'll consider yourself guardian, jointly with me, of this child, Mr. Dick?

Mr. Dick.—I shall be delighted to be the guardian of David's son.

Aunt B.—Very good, that's settled. I have been thinking, do you know, Mr. Dick, that I might call him Trotwood?

Mr. Dick.—Certainly, certainly. Call him Trotwood, certainly. David's son's Trotwood.

Aunt B.—Trotwood Copperfield, you mean.

Mr. Dick.—Yes, to be sure. Yes. Trotwood Copperfield.

Aunt B.—And the suit of new clothes which I shall purchase this afternoon shall be marked in indelible ink—and in my own handwriting—Trotwood Copperfield. Moreover, I shall put the boy to school and give him an education. Henceforth, Trotwood (*kindly and proudly*), you are to be my boy, and no murdering Murdstones will have a chance to practice on you again while Aunt Betsey Trotwood holds a place in this world.

[CURTAIN.]

Dramatized by MRS. J. W. SHOEMAKER.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.

Adapted from Tennyson's Tragedy—Becket.

EFFECTIVE EITHER AS A READING OR A DIALOGUE.

Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a man of great talent and fearless courage, but he unwisely set himself against all propositions of the King tending to regulate, or make ecclesiastical authority subservient to civil power. So determined was he in his opposition, that finally Henry, though one of the Archbishop's firmest friends, in a fit of impatience, was led to exclaim: "Is there no one of my subjects who will rid me of this insolent priest?" Four knights, enemies of à Becket, construing this as a command, proceeded to the residence of the prelate, and pursuing him into the Cathedral, barbarously slew him before the altar A. D. 1170.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOMAS A BECKET, Archbishop of Canterbury.

GRIM, a monk of Cambridge, }
JOHN of Salisbury, } Friends of a Becket.

SIR REGINALD FITZURSE, }
SIR RICHARD DE BRITO, } The four knights of the King's house
SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY, } hold and enemies of a Becket.
SIR HUGH DE MORVILLE, }

MONKS.

For costumes, consult history and historic scenes of the time of Henry II.

SCENE.

Altar and chancel of a Cathedral. A concealed chorus of voices indicative of monks chanting the service. Entrance right and left.

Becket (entering, forced along by John of Salisbury and Grim).— No, I tell you!

I cannot bear a hand upon my person,

Why do you force me thus against my will?

Grim.—

My lord, we force you from your enemies.

Becket.—

As you would force a king from being crown'd.

John of Salisbury.—

We must not force the crown of martyrdom.

[Service stops. Enter Monks.]

Monks.—

Here is the great Archbishop! He lives! he lives!

Die with him, and be glorified together.

Becket.—

Together? . . . get you back! go on with the office

Monks.—

Come, then, with us to vespers.

Becket.—

How can I come

When you so block the entry? Back, I say!

Go on with the office. Shall not Heaven be served
Tho' earth's last earthquake clash'd the minster-
bells,

And the great deeps were broken up again,
And hiss'd against the sun? [*Noise in the cloisters.*

Monks.— The murderers, hark!

Let us hide! let us hide!

Becket.— What do these people fear?

Monks.—

Those arm'd men in the cloister.

Becket.— Be not such cravens!

I will go out and meet them.

Grim and others.—

Fly, fly, my lord, before they burst the doors!

[*Knocking.*

Becket.—

Why, these are our own monks who follow'd us!

Undo the doors: the church is not a castle:

Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are you deaf?

What, have I lost authority among you?

Stand by, make way!

[*Opens the doors. Enter Monks.*

Come in, my friends, come in!

Nay, faster, faster!

Monks.—

Oh, my lord Archbishop,

A score of Knights all arm'd with swords and
axes—

To the choir, to the choir!

[*Monks divide part to the right, part to the left.*

*The rush of these last bears Becket along
with them some distance, where he is left
standing alone.*

Becket.—

Shall I too pass to the choir,

And die upon the Patriarchal throne
Of all my predeceessors?

John of Salisbury.— No, to the crypt!

Twenty steps down. Stumble not in the darkness,
Lest they should seize thee.

Grim.— To the crypt? no—no,

To the chapel of St. Blaise beneath the roof!

John of Salisbury (pointing upward and downward).—

That way, or this! Save thyself either way.

Becket.—

Oh, no, not either way, nor any way
Save by that way which leads thro' night to light.
Not twenty steps, but one.

And fear not I should stumble in the darkness,

Not tho' it be their hour, the power of darkness,

But my hour too, the power of light in darkness!

I am not in the darkness but the light,

Seen by the Chureh in Heaven, the Church on
earth—

The power of life in death to make her free!

[*Enter the four knights.*]

Fitzurse.—

Here, here, King's men!

[*Catches hold of the last flying Monk.*]

Where is the traitor Becket?

Monk.—

I am not he, I am not he, my lord.

I am not he indeed!

Fitzurse.—

Hence to the fiend!

[*Pushes him away.*]

Where is this treble traitor to the King?

De Tracy.—

Where is the Arehbishop, Thomas Becket?

Becket.—

Here.

No traitor to the King, but Priest of God,
 Primate of England. [*Descending into the transept.*
 I am he ye seek.

What would ye have of me?

Fitzurse.—

Your life.

De Tracy.—

Your life.

De Morville.—

Save that you will absolve the bishops.

Becket.—

Never,—

Exeept they make submission to the Church.

You had my answer to that ery before.

De Morville.—

Why, then you are a dead man; flee!

Becket.—

I will not.

I am readier to be slain, than thou to slay.

Hugh, I know well thou hast but half a heart

To bathe this sacred pavement with my blood.

God parden thee and these, but God's full eurse

Shatter you all to pieces if ye harm

One of my flock!

Fitzurse.—

Was not the great gate shut?

They are thronging in to vespers—half the town.

We shall be overwhelm'd. Seize him and earry
 him!

Come with us—nay—thou art our prisoner—come!

De Morville.—

Ay, make him prisoner, do not harm the man.

[*Fitzurse lays hold of the Archbishop's pall.*

Becket.—

Toueh me not!

De Brito.—

How the good priest gods himself

Fitzurse.—

I will not only touch, but drag thee hence.

Becket.—

Thou art my man, thou art my vassal. Away!

[*Flings him off till he reels, almost to falling.*

De Tracy (*lays hold of the pall*).—

Come; as he said, thou art our prisoner.

Becket.—

Down!

[*Throws him headlong.*

Fitzurse (*advances with drawn sword*).—

I told thee that I should remember thee!

Becket.—

Profligate pander!

Fitzurse.— Do you hear that! strike! strike!

[*Strikes off the Archbishop's mitre, and wounds him in the forehead.*

Becket (*covers his eyes with his hand*).—

I do commend my cause to God, the Virgin,
St. Denis of France and St. Alphege of England,
And all the tutelar Saints of Canterbury.

[*Grim wraps his arms about the Archbishop.*

Spare this defense, dear brother.

[*Tracy has arisen, and approaches, hesitatingly, with his sword raised.*

Fitzurse.—

Strike him, Tracy!

Strike, I say.

Grim.—

O God, O noble knights, O sacrilege!

Strike our Archbishop in his own cathedral!

The Pope, the King will curse you—the whole
world

Abhor you; ye will die the death of dogs!

Nay, nay, good Tracy.

[*Lifts his arm*

Fitzurse.— Answer not, but strike.

De Tracy.—

There is my answer then.

[*Sword falls on Grim's arm, and glances from it, wounding Becket.*

Grim.— Mine arm is sever'd.

I can no more—fight out the good fight—die

Conqueror. [*Staggers and falls.*

Becket (falling on his knees).—

At the right hand of Power—

Power and great glory—for thy Church, O Lord—

[*Sinks prone.*

De Brito.—

This last to rid thee of a world of brawls! (*Kills him.*)

The traitor's dead, and will arise no more.

Fitzurse.—

Nay, have we still'd him? What! the great Archbishop!

Does he breathe? No?

De Tracy.— No, Reginald, he is dead.
(*Storm bursts.*)*

De Morville.—

Will the earth gape and swallow us?

De Brito.— The deed's done—

Away! Away!

[*De Brito, De Tracy, Fitzurse, rush out, crying "King's men!" De Morville follows slowly. Flashes of lightning and sounds of thunder.*

* A tremendous thunderstorm actually broke over the Cathedral as the murderers were leaving it.

LITERARY RECREATIONS.

Suitable for Friday Afternoons or for School Entertainments

I.

FLOWERS.

CHOOSE half a dozen little girls to represent as many flowers; let each wear a wreath or carry a bouquet of the flower she represents. By way of introduction, let all recite in concert the first stanza of Longfellow's "Flowers." Then let each little girl recite a poem (or portion of a poem) about her particular flower. (Quite a number of poems suitable for this purpose may be selected from the works of our poets.) Then let all recite in concert two or three stanzas of Mary Howitt's "Use of Flowers."

II.

THE SEASONS.

If it is spring, let one pupil write an essay descriptive of the season in general, another an essay upon "Spring Work," another upon "Spring Sports;" let some read prose selections, others recite poems written about spring, others give a concert recitation, and others short extracts. A series of four articles by Lucy Larcom, containing selections suited for each season, may be found in the volume of St. Nicholas for 1876.

III.

AUTHORS.

Select an author; let one pupil write a sketch of his life, another a criticism upon his writings; and then have readings, recitations, sentiments, etc., as above.

Sometimes a long poem may be divided among several by giving a stanza to each, and letting all recite the last stanza in concert. As part of the programme the teacher may call upon one pupil to name one of the poems written by the author, another, another, until they have named all they know. Then, as a pleasant ending to the exercises, let all pupils who can recite any extracts that have not been given, rise. Call upon them in turn to recite a stanza and give the name of the poem, and go round and round, letting them sit when they can think of no more, until only one remains standing.

IV.

CAPPING QUOTATIONS.

Let one pupil give any verse from any author; suppose he chooses the following:

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

The next pupil must give a quotation beginning with either the first or last letter of the last word, that is with either T or E, and so on round and round the class. Prose quotations are admissible only when the author's name is correctly given. Appoint a timekeeper, and specify the number of minutes for each round, and any one who cannot think of a verse that has not already been given within the prescribed time must drop out of the ranks. If the pupils are as familiar with authors as they should be, after the first few rounds the time may be shortened to a minute, or even less.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

TABLEAUX FROM HIAWATHA, WITH READINGS.

BEAUTIFUL tableaux may be made from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, introducing each picture with a reading descriptive of character and scene. A few are here mentioned, to which others may be added if desired :

PART I.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

Readings from Book III.

1st Reading.—Part relating to the Indian's home.

Tableau—The Wigwam of Nokomis.

2d Reading.—Parts relating to the care of Hiawatha by Old Nokomis.

Tableau—Hiawatha's infancy. (Rocked in cradle by Nokomis.)

3d Reading.—Parts relating to the making of the bow and arrow by Iagoo, and the walk of Hiawatha in search of game.

Tableau—Hiawatha's Hunting.

4th Reading.—The concealment in the alder bushes.

Tableau—The Ambush.

5th Reading.—Part relating to the shooting of deer.

Tableau—The Fatal Shot.

6th Reading.—Part relating to the return and welcome home.

Tableau—The Hunter's Return.

PART II.

THE WOOING.

Readings from Book X.

1st Reading.—Counsel and warnings of Nokomis.

Tableau—Sage Advice.

2d Reading.—The Arrow-maker's home and description of the Arrow-maker and his daughter.

Tableau—Tent of the Arrow-maker.

3d Reading.—The arrival of Hiawatha.

Tableau—The Lover's Advent.

4th Reading.—Hiawatha's entreaty for the hand of Minnehaha.

Tableau—The Lover's Appeal.

5th Reading.—The departure of Hiawatha and Minnehaha and the reflections of the Arrow-maker.

Tableau—The Departure of the Lovers.

6th Reading.—The journey homeward and arrival at lodge of Nokomis.

Tableau—The Arrival Home.

PART III.

THE FAMINE.

Readings from Book XX.

1st Reading.—The general devastation caused by famine and fever and their appearance in the wigwam.

Tableau—The Approach of Famine and Fever.

2d Reading.—Hiawatha's unsuccessful search for food and his prayer.

Tableau—The Husband's Prayer.

3d Reading.—Last words of Minnehaha and her call to Hiawatha.

Tableau—The Death Scene.

4th Reading.—The return of Hiawatha and his expressions of grief.

Tableau—The Husband's Lament.

5th Reading.—The burial, the lighting of the fire, and the farewell.

Tableau—The Husband's Farewell.

With appropriate costume and scenery, which can be secured with little expense, the above named pictures can be made very beautiful. Attention should also be given to the proper effect of light. Harmless preparations for different colored lights with instructions as to their use can be purchased of the druggist at a nominal sum.

Suitable music will also add greatly to the fuller enjoyment of the pictures.

THE UNION FOREVER.

A TALL young lady dressed to represent the Goddess of Liberty stands holding a shield. A fair young girl with flowing hair, dressed in white, and made to represent an angel, is printing upon the shield the words "The Union Forever." The lettering on the shield should be complete, excepting the last. The action should be that of printing the R.

If desired, a second scene may be produced with the R completed.

Patriotic music—red light from the front.

STATUARY.

IN presenting statuary it is necessary to have every part of marble whiteness. Hence the eyes should be closed, and neck, face, and hands well covered with powder, while white tissue paper or white darning cotton or any white soft material may be used as a covering for the hair. White cashmere makes the most suitable fabric for dress, though soft white cotton material may be used. If the pictures are successful in costume a magnesium light will give a fine effect—otherwise lights should be low.

THE THREE GRACES.

THREE young ladies, one taller than the others, should constitute a group—the tallest should be the centre figure. Faith should stand on the right, resting right arm on a cross. Hope should be placed on the left holding in left hand an anchor, arms intertwined and pose of all most graceful.

Cross and anchor may be made of wood, covered with white paper.

DIANA.

YOUNG girl in short white dress, long white stockings, open quiver filled with arrows thrown over the right shoulder. A bow in the left hand, and the right hand reaching back as though in the act of taking in arrow from the quiver. Pose agile.

Bow and arrows may be made of same material as mentioned above.

DEVOTION.

A LADY in simple white dress with short or very tight-fitting sleeves, neck bare, white flowers at bosom. The figure should be kneeling upon one knee before a high white cross, face cast upward, hands folding a white prayer-book to breast.

ACTING CHARADE.

PLAYFUL.

SCENE FIRST.

PLAY.

School-house yard; boys and girls at play.

SCENE SECOND.

FULL.

A table, on which is placed an empty goblet. Several scholars present. Let one enter, bearing a pitcher of water, and fill the goblet; then let another scholar attempt to add more water to the already filled goblet; at the same time let all those present shake their heads, and motion with their hands for her to desist. Let several others try to add water to the goblet, with the same result.

SCENE THIRD.

PLAYFUL.

Let the same scholars be seen playing "tag" and laughing, as though having a pleasant time.

PART SECOND

BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 14.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

NAPOLÉON was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there!" "Who, sir?" said an officer. "Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Larmes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far, all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon

reached the field to see Larmes beaten—Champeaux dead—Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him:—"Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy stopped, grasped his drum-sticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,—Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramid: I beat that charge at Mount Tabor: I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?" Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back on the second—both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon

belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a General only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."

THE LADY JUDITH'S VISION.

IT was a Christmas morning, the bells tolled loud and clear,
Awake, awake, O sleepers! for Christmas Day is here!
Awake, awake! this morning we bring to you again
This message down from Heaven, Peace and good-will
to men.

Within her eurtained chamber, the Lady Judith heard,
But in her aching bosom no chord responsive stirred;
Though on the wall before her an ancient picture hung,
In which the infant Jesus to His "blessed mother"
elung;

She sees the Son and mother, she hears the joyful bells,
And her heart grows hard and bitter as the tide of
memory swells.

"And what to me is Mary's Son?" she eries in anguish
wild,

"While on my darling's little grave the winter's snows
are piled;

“And what to me are Christmas bells, when I no more
may hear

The voice that all my music made, fall on my longing
ear?”

Then sudden silence filled the room, a silence so profound,

My Lady, awe-struck, raised her head and wondering,
looked around.

No more four walls confined her gaze ; before her, far
and wide,

She saw a beauteous valley spread, with hills on either
side.

Amid the verdant grasses clear streams of water
strayed,

And trees, with sweet fruits laden, a pleasant shadow
made ;

Fair temples crowned the lovely slopes, bright flowers
bloomed everywhere,

And birds with brilliant plumage with music filled the
air ;

But now among the flowers and underneath the trees

And floating in the crystal floods, what is't my Lady sees?

Can they be earthly children? or are they angels bright,

Those happy little creatures, all robed in spotless white?

And now the childish voices in sweetest singing blend,

“All hail! all hail!” they joyful cry, “He comes, the
children's Friend,”

And walking in the valley, she sees a noble form ;

The happy children leave their play and round about
Him swarm.

They clasp His hands, His garments, they cling about
His feet,

And lift to Him their dewy lips to give Him kisses
sweet ;

But one among their number in silence walked apart,
And tears fell slowly from his eyes, and sobs welled
from his heart.

And the Lady Judith wondered, " Why is the child so
sad,

When all his pretty playmates seem so full of life and
glad ?"

And the Lord Christ, looking tenderly on all the chil-
dren, smiled,

As He held His arms extended toward the little, griev-
ing child.

And soon the shining golden head is to His bosom
pressed ;

Why quivers thus my Lady's heart within her
throbbing breast,

As thus she murmurs to herself, unheard by all save one,
" Ah ! my darling mourns his mother in the arms of
Mary's Son."

But the little one is speaking, and she eager bends to
hear,

For the rosy lips are pressing close to the Saviour's ear :
" Dear Christ," they trembling whisper, " will you not
let me go .

To comfort my poor mother, I hear her grieving so ?

Oh ! let me go and tell her how blest the children be

Who are brought from earth to Heaven, to live and love
with Thee."

And she heard the Lord Christ answer, "If you go back
again,
You must stay the time allotted unto the sons of men,
You must share their bitter sorrows, mayhap their
shame and sin,
And pray and weep for Heaven's rest ere you can enter
in."

And sobbing still, the child replied, "My mother loves
me so,
I hear her crying day and night; dear Christ, you'll let
me go?"
The Saviour kissed him lovingly, then placed him on
the ground,
While all the children, wondering, stood in solemn
silence round.

"I'll take you to your mother now," He said, and led
the way;
The Lady Judith shrieked aloud, "Oh! stay, my dar-
ling, stay,
I would not have you back again." At once my Lady
woke,
And now the Christmas bells again the chamber's still-
ness broke.

Again four walls confined her gaze, and Mary's pictured
face
Looked down with yearning tenderness from its familiar
place.
A moment wrapped in thought she lay, then, springing
from her bed,
"Hail! blessed mother, blessed Son, hail! Christmas
morn," she said.

She dressed herself in richest robes, and called her
servants all,
“Make haste,” she cried, “light glowing fires and deek
the banquet hall ;
Go forth, then bring in children, bring every child you
meet ;
Search all the city’s byways, search every lane and street.

“Look for the homeless, friendless, for every little one
Is dear to me for Jesus’ sake, and for my own dear son,
Who dwells with Him in Heaven and cannot happy be,
Because—O Christ! have pity!—because of sinful me.”

Then loudly rang the castle bells, and soon, from far and
near,
The children came, and laughed, and sang, and shared
the Christmas cheer.
That night, as on her pillow the Lady Judith lay,
A light shone all around her, like the brightness of the
day,

And she saw the happy valley and heard the children
sing :
“He comes, He comes, the children’s Friend, He comes,
our Lord and King.”
And akin to pain the rapture that filled the mother’s
breast,
As the voice she knew rang sweeter, and for her above
the rest ;
’Twas the voice of her beloved, and she knew no sorrow
now
Weighed on his tender little heart or dimmed his shining
brow.

And evermore she walked content along life's thorny
road,
With heart upraised in thankfulness to where her child
abode,
And evermore on Christmas, when she heard the joy-
bells ring,
"All hail!" she cried, "our blessed Lord, the children's
Friend and King."

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

EXTRACT FROM A EULOGY ON GENERAL GRANT.

ANOTHER name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. A few years since, storm-clouds filled his heaven, and obloquy, slander, and bitter lies rained down upon him. The clouds are all blown away; under a serene sky General Grant laid down his life and the whole nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims.

The mildewed lips of slander are silent, and even criticism hesitates lest some incautious word should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior. The whole nation watched his passage through humiliating misfortunes with unfeigned sympathy—the whole world sighed when his life ended. At his burial the unsworded hands of those whom he had fought lifted his bier and bore him to his tomb with love and reverence.

* * * * *

The South had laid the foundation of her industry, her commerce, and her very commonwealth upon slavery.

It was slavery that inspired her councils, that engorged her philanthropy, that corrupted her political economy and theology, that disturbed all the ways of active politics—broke up sympathy between North and South. The hand that fired upon Sumter exploded the mine under the Flood Rock of slavery and opened the way to civilization. The spark that was there kindled fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies. Men came together in the presence of this universal calamity with sudden fusion; the whole land became a military school. But the Northern armies once organized, an amiable folly of conciliation began to show itself. Some peaceable way out of the war was hoped for. Generals seemed to fight so that no one should be hurt. The South had smelted into a glowing mass; it believed in its course with an infatuation that would have been glorious if the cause had been better; it put its whole soul into it and struck hard. For two years the war lingered, unmarked by great deeds. Lincoln, sad and sorrowful, felt the moderation of his generals and longed for a man of iron mold, who had but two words in his military vocabulary—victory or annihilation. He was coming; he was heard from at Henry and Donelson. Three great names were rising to sight,—Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and, larger than any, Grant.

At the opening of the war his name was almost unknown. It was with difficulty he could obtain a command. Once set forward, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Appomattox—these were his footsteps! In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom to the very highest command—not second to any living commander in all the world. His plans were large, his

undiscouraged will was patient to obduracy. He was not fighting for reputation, nor for the display of generalship, nor for a future Presidency. He had but one motive, and that as intense as life itself—the subjugation of the rebellion and the restoration of the broken Union. He embodied the feelings of the common people; he was their perfect representative. The war was waged for the maintenance of the Union, the suppression of armed resistance, and, at length, for the eradication of slavery. Every step, from Donelson to Appomattox, evinced with increasing intensity this, his one terrible purpose. He never wavered, turned aside, or dallied; he waded through blood to the horses' bridles.

The moment that the South lay panting and helpless upon the ground, Grant carried himself with magnanimous and sympathetic consideration. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded Southern men with food and with horses for working their crops, and when a revengeful spirit in the Executive chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose. He never forgot that the South was a part of the country.

* * * * *

The tidings of his death, long expected, gave a shock to the whole world. Governments, rulers, eminent statesmen, and scholars from all civilized nations gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour sympathy rolled as a wave over all our own land. It closed the last furrow of war, it extinguished the last prejudice, it effaced the last vestige of hatred, and cursed be the hand that shall bring them back!

Johnson and Buckner on one side, Sherman and Sheridan upon the other, of his bier, he went to his tomb, a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery, patriotism rebellion, and peace war. He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his rest. Sleep, hero, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth—then come forth to glory in immortality!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE LIFEBOAT.

BEEN out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.

When it's rougher than this? Why, bless you! this ain't what we calls rough!

It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and break

On the shore with a roar like thunder and the white cliffs seem to shake;

When the sea is a storm of waters, and the bravest holds his breath

As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons maybe to death—

That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her afloat,

There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the Royal Helen, the ship as was wrecked last year?

Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;

The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever
we had,

And this is a coast in winter where the weather be
awful bad.

The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell
you the truth, sir, then

Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the
men.

The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,

But most on us here is married, and the wives that
night was skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to
savin' lives,

But death that night looked certain—and our wives
be only wives ;

Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir ; but here, when
the man lies dead,

'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily
bread ;

So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps
to stay—

I only heerd on it after, for that night I was kept away.

I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay
nigh her end,

She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make
her mend.

'The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her
side and prayed,

With my eyes all red with weepin', that Death's hand
might yet be stayed.

I heerd the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the
wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the
ragin' storm ;
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my
dear old wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous
waves of life,
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my
harbor lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest
nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end
was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her
heart must lie,
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only
son—
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha'
done ;
Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus
what folk call wild.
From the day as I told his mother, her dear faee never
smiled.
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he
went,
And his mother pined and siekened for the message he
never sent.

I had my work to think of, but she had her grief to nurse,
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew
worse and worse.

And the night as the Royal Helen went down on
yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were
opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked
from side to side ;
Then half to herself she whispered, " Where's Jack, to
say good-bye ?
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I
die !"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears
ran down my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I
couldn't speak,
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates
were there outside
With the news that the boat was launchin'. " You're
wanted !" their leader cried.
" You've never refused to go, John ; you'll put these
cowards right.
There's a dozen of lives, maybe, John, as lie in our
hands to-night !"
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain ; he'd laughed at the
women's doubt.
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat
was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the
bed—
" I can't go, mate," I murmured ; " in an hour she may
be dead.

I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my
 wife was thrown ;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading
 look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to
 the ragin' sea.
Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, " Go, and
 God's will be done !
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's
 son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinking,
 maybe, some day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast
 away.
" Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you ! and spare
 me to see the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, " out of the storm
 to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide
 my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three
 hearty cheers ;
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to
 old Ben and said,
" I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up
 its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was
 the goal in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it
 through ;

But our boat she stood it bravely, and, weary and wet
and weak,

We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to
seek.

But just as we come upon her she gave a fearfull roll,
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every
livin' soul !

We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was
dark—

But only the wild wind answered the cries from our
plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I
heard a cry,

And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a
wave dashed by ;

I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it
aboard, and then

I stumbled, and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on
Ben.

I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no
more

Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home
ashore.

My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my
little bed—

I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rullick had
struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered ; they'd heard I
was comin' round.

At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a
buzzin' sound ;

But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to
hear 'em speak,

I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long
week.

I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old
shipmate's sake.

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news
to break ;

So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old
Ben, " Look here !

I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes
out,

And the others slinks away like, and I says, " What's
this about ?

Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is
dead ?"

Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin'
head ;

I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry
" John !"

And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes
gazed upon ;

For there by the bedside, standin' up and well was my
wife.

And who do ye think was with her ? Why, Jack, as
large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the
lifeboat went

To the wreck of the Royal Helen ; 'twas that as the
vision meant.

They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his
mother's bed,
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from
the dead ;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to
life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son
and wife.
Jack ? He's our right hand now, sir ; 'twas Providence
pulled him through—
He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants
a crew.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

SUCH, fellow-citizens, as I contemplate them, are the great issues before the country—nothing less, in a word, than whether the work of our noble fathers of the revolutionary and constitutional age shall perish or endure ; whether this great experiment in national polity, which binds a family of free republics in one united government—the most hopeful plan for combining the homebred blessings of a small state with the stability and power of great empire—shall be treacherously and shamefully stricken down, in the moment of its most successful operation, or whether it shall be bravely, patriotically, triumphantly maintained. We wage no war of conquest and subjugation ; we aim at nothing but to protect our loyal fellow-citizens, who, against fearful odds, are fighting the battles of the Union in the disaffected States, and to re-establish, not

for ourselves alone, but for our deluded fellow-citizens, the mild sway of the Constitution and the laws. The result cannot be doubted. Twenty millions of freemen, forgetting their divisions, are rallying as one man in support of the righteous cause—their willing hearts and their strong hands, their fortunes and their lives, are laid upon the altar of the country. We contend for the great inheritance of constitutional freedom transmitted from our revolutionary fathers. We engage in the struggle forced upon us, with sorrow, as against our misguided brethren, but with high heart and faith, as we war for that Union which our sainted Washington commended to our dearest affections. The sympathy of the civilized world is on our side, and will join us in prayers to Heaven for the success of our arms.

EDWARD EVERETT, 1861.

BILL AND JOE.

“COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew—
The dusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

“Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel’s rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O’Shanter’s luekless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill!

“ You’ve won the great world’s envied prize
 And grand you look in people’s eyes,
 With H. O. N. and LL.D.,
 In big, brave letters fair to see!
 Your fist, old fellow!” off they go!
 “ How are you, Bill?” “ How are you, Joe?”

“ You’ve worn the judge’s ermine robe ;
 You’ve taught your name to half the globe;
 You’ve sung mankind a deathless strain ;
 You’ve made the dead past live again.
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.”

The chaffing³ young folks stare and say,
 “ See those old buffers, bent and gray ;
 They talk like fellows in their teens.
 Mad, poor old boys ! That’s what it means
 And shake their heads. They little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe !

How Bill forgets his hour of pride
 While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
 How Joe, in spite of time’s disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah ! pensive scholar, what is fame ?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame—
 A giddy whirlwind’s fickle gust
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust !
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear.
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still:
Hic jacet Joe! Hic jacet Bill!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MR. WINKLE PUTS ON SKATES.

From the *Pickwick Papers*.

"NOW," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch,
"what say you to an hour on the ice? We
shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; O yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am rather out of praetiee."

"O, do skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"O, it is so graceeful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and deseribed eireles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the exeessive satisfaetion of Mr. Piekwiek, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystie evolutions which they ealled a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his faee and hands blue with the eold, had been foreing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very eompli-eated and entangled state, with the assistanee of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a

Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates," said Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start 'off!'"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam,—not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and un-swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,—“Sam!”

“Sir!” shouted back Mr. Weller.

“Here! I want you.”

“Let go, sir,” said Sam. “Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir.”

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

“Are you hurt?” inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

“Not much,” said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you 'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said, in a stern voice, "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

"You're a humbug, sir!"

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir! I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir!"

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WOMAN'S POWER.

FROM each age in every story shines one figure-head
sublime ;

One grand master-spirit, building towers from the wrecks
of time ;

One man who could find pure lilies, where the rest saw
only slime.

With a daring born of purpose, he has risked and won
his life,

And the world bows down and worships him, the hero
in the strife ;

Knowing nothing of the power that gave impulse to his
life.

Could we draw aside the curtain, how amazed the world
would stand,

That the whole campaign of reason by a woman had
been planned,

And the armor had been buckled by a fearless mother's
hand.

Or the hero stands in silence at the brink of Slough
Despond,

All forgot and sought by no one, save one woman true
and fond ;

But her impulse builds his purpose, reaching up to the
Beyond.

When a grand, pure poem rings down the ages, undefiled,
And we seek to know the wherefore, looking mid the
wind and wild,

Oft we find the motive power was the lisping of a child ;

And the poem had not reached us if a woman had not
stood

Holding up the poet's courage, till the world pronounced it good.

Which deserves the greater credit? both have done the things they could.

Women there have been who failed men in the hour of
sorest need,

And the world has heard and cursed them for the failure of the deed ;

But of women soul-devoted, patient, seldom do we read.

It is well God over-rules it—blame of failure comes from
men ;

But reward for best endeavor only crowns us truly,
when

We lay aside the dusty garments, and the King shall come again.

Every good strong deed of greatness has a woman at its
base,

Or a little child with sunshine fresh from heaven upon
its face ;

Watching carefully the building, that each stone fits in
its place.

To some few the word is given, "Go ye forth and build
your own,"

But you need not stop to seek it, God Himself will make
it known ;

You cannot misunderstand it, it will come to you
alone.

It is grand to be a woman standing very near to God,
Seeing with her heaven-born instinct every step that He
 has trod ;
Searching in the darkest science, till she finds it bright
 with God.

Do you count her power as nothing? this great thing a
 trifle call?
Why, life's trifles are its great things, and its great
 things are the small.
She who knows the power of nothings holds the greatest
 power of all.

What is nobler for a woman, than to know within her
 hands
Is the destiny of nations, and the fate of many lands?
What can make a woman greater than the power she
 now commands.

Think not that the country's ballot is the only power to
 wield ;
God has given each a mission, we may always find some
 field :
Do you think He counts it nobler to be more a sword
 than shield?

Better be an inspiration, play the harp-strings of some
 soul,
Than to blow Fame's silver bugle, though through con-
 tinents it roll,
Better be a useful fragment, than a damaged, useless
 whole.
Better be behind the curtain, and to feel yourself a
 queen,

'Than to lose the power of ruling, though with sceptre
you are seen ;

Better be a queenly woman, than unwomanly, a queen.

'Tis not angels we are wanting on this busy restless
earth,

It is noble, earnest women who prize well the right of
birth,

Women who are looking upward, knowing well what
life is worth,

Even though their life be hidden, just content to work
away,

Till the last great task is ended, till the dawning of
the day ;

Knowing it shall stand exalted when God lifts the veil
away.

MARIETTA F. CLOUD.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

BREAK up the Union of these States, because there
are acknowledged evils in our system? Is it so
easy a matter, then, to make everything in the actual
world conform exactly to the ideal pattern we have
conceived in our minds of absolute right? Suppose the
fatal blow were struck, and the bonds which fasten
together these States were severed, would the evils and
mischiefs that would be experienced by those who are
actually members of this vast republican community be
all that would ensue? Certainly not. We are con-
nected with the several nations and races of the world

as no other people has ever been connected. We have opened our doors and invited emigration to our soil from all lands. Our invitation has been accepted. Thousands have come at our bidding. Thousands more are on the way. Other thousands still are standing a-tiptoe on the shores of the Old World, eager to find a passage to the land where bread may be had for labor, and where man is treated as man. In our political family almost all nations are represented. The several varieties of the race are here subjected to a social fusion, out of which Providence designs to form a "new man."

We are in this way teaching the world a great lesson—namely, that men of different languages, habits, manners and creeds can live together, and vote together, and, if not pray and worship together, yet in near vicinity, and do all in peace, and be, for certain purposes at least, one people. And is not this lesson of some value to the world, especially if we can teach it not by theory merely, but through a successful example? Has not this lesson, thus conveyed, some connection with the world's progress toward that far-off period to which the human mind looks for the fulfillment of its vision of a perfect social state? It may safely be asserted that this Union could not be dissolved without disarranging and convulsing every part of the globe. Not in the indulgence of a vain confidence did our fathers build the ship of State, and launch it upon the waters. We will exclaim, in the noble words of one of our poets :

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what master laid thy keel,
 What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
 Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee !
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee !"

REV. WM. P. LUNT, 186'

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Glean through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of the day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps eecho
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart.
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice;

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

LONGFELLOW.

WHAT WE DID WITH THE COW.

Abridged from Youth's Companion.

JERUSALEM VALLEY, about twenty miles long and five miles in width at its lower end, lies between two outlying spurs of the Sierra La Sal. Near the upper end of it, where the concave of lofty bluffs walls it round, our little party had made a permanent camp, intending to remain for several weeks, since the locality furnished in abundance those four requisites of a camping-out excursion—namely, grass for the horses, game, wood and good water.

Three miles below us a party of cow-boys were in quarters at a “dug-out,” and with one of their party, a young man of the name of Little, I had made a very pleasant acquaintance.

One day as we two were riding together, I said, “I wonder that, with all the cows you fellows have, you don’t corral them, and have fresh milk and cream for your coffee.”

“Too much trouble. Coffee straight’s good enough for me. But you fellows are welcome to it if you want it. Milk the hull vacada if you want. I don’t keer.”

At camp that night I mentioned the matter to the boys, and it struck them favorably. The Judge’s mouth

had been watering for cream in his coffee ever since he joined us, and he hailed the proposition with delight. So the next morning we built a corral, or pen, of cottonwood logs, and in the afternoon started out to catch some calves; for we surmised that if we had the youngsters penned the mothers would be sure to stay around, and we could milk them at our leisure. We soon had half a dozen little fellows cut out from the drove and started to drive them up the valley; but I hope that I may be pardoned for the strength of my simile in saying that it was like trying to drive so many streaks of lightning! I never saw such active, mercurial, elusive little beggars as those calves—some of them not yet a month old! They were as spry as squirrels, as light-legged as deer, and as slippery as eels.

At last, however, after infinite trouble, we succeeded in penning three of the calves, and left them to be hunted up by their mothers. These latter we found when we got up the next morning vainly trying to reach their imprisoned offspring through the corral fence.

The next thing was to catch and milk the anxious cows. The trees in the locality were so close together that we could not use a lasso, and the cows, as if suspecting a trap, would not be driven into that part of the corral which we had left open for them. Finally, my brother John took a lariat, and, climbing a tree, lay out on a limb about twenty feet from the ground. The rest of us, on horseback, then tried to drive the cows under the limb. Two soon took fright and broke away through the woods, but a third,—a beautiful black heifer,—would not leave her calf.

She dodged us here and there like a will-o'-the-wisp, now and then making a quick dash at one of us, and ne-

cessitating some abrupt movements on our part, till in one of her rushes she passed under the limb where John lay, and the lasso, dropped deftly from above, brought her up, plunging and wild-eyed.

Getting a rope around one of her hind feet, we "stretched" her between two trees, so that she was comparatively helpless, and then John, with a camp-kettle, proceeded to do the milking.

"Soh, boss! soh!" he remarked to her, soothingly.

But "boss" wouldn't "soh." A mighty plunge, a writhe of the body, a dexterous fore-handed kick from the free hind leg, and down she came with a thump upon her side, while the camp-kettle flew from John's hands and he danced wildly around on one leg, nursing the barked ankle of the other. But in a minute she was on her feet, and the same performance, minus the barked ankle, was gone through with again. Finally, both legs of the cow were tied fast. It was found, however, that even then she possessed the power to "hold up" her milk. We could get very little from her. About a pint was at last procured.

Then another lariat was passed around her horns, and with John at one lariat, myself at the other, and the Judge acting as a drag behind, we started to take her to the corral that the calf might have its breakfast. We intended to imprison her there for another trial.

For about ten yards all went well, then there came a sudden, violent bolt. The Judge was jerked from his feet and landed, face downward, among the sage brush, losing his grasp on the rope; the lariat in John's hands snapped, and I had "a vision of sudden death" in the shape of a black bovine virago with blood-shot eyes and needle-pointed horns, bearing straight down upon me.

All the cow's untamed Texas blood was up. How I got over that corral-fence, ten feet high, I don't know to this day. When I could survey the scene from between the bars of my portcullis, the furious heifer had changed her course, and was precipitating herself upon the Judge, who was energetically hoisting his two hundred pounds of flesh up a cottonwood tree. Disappointed there, she turned to John, who, cut off from the corral, and having no friendly tree in which to take shelter, found that he had urgent business in the direction of the creek, which flowed between steep banks some twenty yards away. The infuriated animal was between him and the one path which led down to the water's edge, and, with that thing of fire and fury close behind him, he had no time to pick and choose. With one flying leap he disappeared from view, and a dull splash told that he had found refuge in the turbid water below.

Checking herself on the brink, the wrathful cow turned, and, catching sight of me as I peered through the poles of the fence, charged with a vim that shook the whole corral. Then the Judge, who had taken advantage of this diversion and had slipped down from his perch, was discovered by the cow and forced to scurry upward to a place of safety, like a squirrel surprised by a dog.

John's head now appeared above the banks of the gulch, but the enraged heifer dashed at him with a vehemence that caused him to disappear with the suddenness of a prairie-dog diving into its hole.

To a disinterested spectator it would have been very laughable, no doubt. The Judge's portly form perched twenty feet from the ground, on a two-inch limb, his chubby arms and legs twined around the body of the

tree, and his mild blue eyes glaring from behind his spectacles like the lamps on a doctor's gig; John's head, hatless and disheveled, his face and hair plastered with mud, popping up and down from behind the bank of the stream like an animated "Jack-in-the-box;" myself peering through the poles of the corral-fence, like a trapped wood-chuck through the bars of his cage; while in the centre of the triangle, of which we were the apices, with eyes of fire, distended nostrils, and burnished horns raking the ground, lunged and darted the vindictive beast who held us in limbo.

The lariats which were still attached to her flew out, like Berenice's hair, as she flashed hither and thither, and her angry snorts of rage gave full token that her bovine gorge was up. She was bent on doing mischief, and she attended to it strictly, without allowing her attention to be distracted by trivial matters. She had "treed," "corraled" and "holed" her tormentors, and she seemed resolved fully to satisfy her debt of vengeance. The slightest move on the part of any one of us brought her in that direction with the velocity of a hungry hawk.

Repeated failures, however, at last made her sullen, and she stopped for a moment so close to the corral that the end of the rope around her foot lay temptingly near to the fence. Dropping on my knees, I reached an arm through to secure it. Up to this time, the calves had been huddling together in a corner of the corral, but now—whether my position was taken as a challenge, or whether courage had suddenly returned to them, I know not—there was a patter of feet in my rear, a brave little bleat like the crow of a bantam rooster, and—"spang!"—something struck me behind, as I groveled on all fours,

and my head was driven against the fence with a smart thud.

Jumping to my feet, I faced this new antagonist. There he stood, as game as a tom-tit, his ridiculously thin legs stiffly outspread, his thread-paper tail perked up with a comical twist at the tip, his little bullet-head defiantly cocked to one side, and his twinkling eyes fixed upon me with a look compounded of wonder at his own audacity, fear of the possible consequence, and a funny determination to "do or die," in the defense of his persecuted mother. Compared to her, he might have been aptly termed a duodecimo edition bound in full calf.

I had but time fully to take in the grotesqueness of his appearance when, with another bleat of defiance, the doughty little hop-o'-my-thumb charged me. Catching him by the ear and tail, I ran him ingloriously back to his corner, bumped his head against the fence just hard enough to give him a hint not to interfere in the sports of his betters, and turned again to watch the movements of our besieger.

It had finally dawned upon the brain of our cockney cook, Batters, that something was wrong; and he had come around in front of the tent, about forty yards away, to see what was the matter. Our wild-eyed foe caught sight of him and incontinently charged.

Appalled at the sight of the infuriated animal, Batters tumbled backward into the tent, trusting thus to elude the assault. It was a vain hope. The flap was up, and the cow dashed straight at the opening, struck the supporting pole, and down in one billowy heap came the white canvas, covering pursuer and pursued.

We ran to the rescue. From under the wildly heaving envelope came a dire discord of mingled sounds—

Batters' voice calling lustily for "'Elp! 'elp!" the bellow of the frightened cow, the breaking of things breakable, and the "r-r-r-ip" of tearing cloth!

At last the exhausted animal became quiet; and Batters crawled from the fallen tent, pale and scared, but unhurt, save a few slight scratches.

It took us fully an hour to free our late antagonist, and when this was done, she limped off down the valley, her spirit cowed, for the time being at least, and her calf apparently wholly forgotten.

N. P. UFFORD.

A ROMANCE OF THE ROOD-LOFT.

AS I sit within the rood-loft, and the thunder-tones
are pealing

From the great voice of the organ, as I touch it once
again ;

And around the carven angels soft the sunset shades are
stealing,

I can supplicate my music for some solace for my pain.

If the triple key-board answers to my well-accustomed
fingers,

If I hold the diapason just as ever at command,

And the old familiar magic in the melody still lingers,

I shall fancy that the music has a heart to understand.

I shall hear the grand fugue broaden that grave Bach
wrote for all ages,

With the prelude in E minor, like a weary heart in
woe ;

As I bitterly look back upon the last of memory's
pages,
For the saddest of the leaflets that my life can ever
know.

As I sit here at the organ, I can think upon my sorrow,
With the eastern oriel changing from its purple into
gray,
And the hopelessness of living for the wearisome to-
morrow,
Gives a sadder, deeper meaning to the doom of yester-
day.

For but yestermorn I boasted of a passion in quiescence,
Though my heart was yearning toward her, I could
leave my love untold ;
Till she won me into speaking by the glory of her
presence,
Like a dream of Mary Mother by some master-hand
of old.

She had summoned me to teach her, and I felt the
fascination
Of her gracious bearing thrill me with a spell un-
known before ;
And my music sounded harshly to the perfect modu-
lation
Of the low voice that will haunt me in my dreaming
evermore.

And through all the realms of music we went day by
day, now speeding
From the mighty strains of Handel to the passion of
Mozart ;

And I told my love in music, and she heard it, all
unheeding
That the lowly organ-master could possess a human
heart.

She stood up beside the organ, and her white throat in
her singing
Took a fuller curve, and brighter shone the nimbus
of her hair ;
And so sang she to my playing, till the bell above us
swinging
Brought my dear task to an ending with the eventime
of prayer.

She was cruel in her beauty, as she bent her down
above me,
And a bright tear born of music fell and glistened on
the keys,
And I wove a dream Elysian of her learning so to love me,
That no thought of shame could touch her 'neath her
old ancestral trees.

Did she scorn me for my meanness, when I set my heart
upon her ?
There are ancient tombs engraven with the legends of
her race :
Love is old, and love is noble, and can never bring
dishonor,
Though the blood of knightly fathers runs to flush a
maiden's face.

And yestreen I dared to tell her of my love, and she
departed,
With her small hand's queenly gesture, as she smiled
away my speech ;

She had proffered friendship's snowdrops, she was ever
tender-hearted,
But the roses of her loving they hung far beyond my
reach.

She will mate with but her equals; men of ancient
names and stately
Will have power to win her kisses, and my lowly
claim must yield;
They will never stoop to worship as I've worshipped,
loving greatly,
Though my ancestors have fallen not upon the
foughten field.

Fair the future spreads before her, will it ever bring
repentance
For an honest love rejected, for a stricken heart and
sore?
Shall I ever dare to ask her for remission of my sen-
tence?—
But my music makes an answer with a hopeless
“Never more.”

And I think on that great master who, when life was
swiftly fleeting,
Wrote the sad sepulchral music ere he bowed his
noble head,
That from all the saints in glory should bring sure and
kindly greeting;
And for my lost love a requiem I play, as for the dead.
And I cling unto my music for the solace man's unkindness
Has denied me, since my comrades greet my story
with a smile;

There are loves, they say, in plenty, and they marvel at
my blindness ;

But the man who's seen the sun's face sees no other for
a while.

Now the vast cathedral darkens, and the night comes
slowly creeping

From the altar round the arches that o'erhang the
chancel side ;

And I leave the saints in silence as they solemnly lie
sleeping,

And to-morrow brings the gladness of the holy Christ-
mas-tide.

And at Matins as aforetime I shall take my humble
station,

In the rood-loft, at the service that we sing on
Christmas Day ;

While the anthem peals around me, and the Church's
jubilation

Gives good-will to all men, chanting "In excelsis
gloria."

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

DESTINY OF AMERICA.

SEARCH creation round, where can you find a coun-
try that presents so sublime a view, so interesting
an anticipation ? Who shall say for what purpose
mysterious Providence may not have designed her !
Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes, the
Old World may have buried all the pride of its power,
and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may

not find its destined renovation in the New! When its temples and its trophies shall have moldered into dust,—when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song, philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronieler of the grave, can all the allusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected, in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens

is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European column shall have moldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

BALLAD OF THE WICKED NEPHEW.

IT was a wicked Nephew bold
Who uprose in the night,
And ground upon a huge grindstone
His penknife, sharp and bright.

And, while the sparks were flying wild
The cellar floor upon,
Quoth he unto himself, "I will
Dispatch my Uncle John!

"His property is large, and if
He dies and leaves a will,
His loving Nephew (that's myself)
Won't get a dollar-bill.

"I'll hie unto my Uncle's bed,
His chamber well I know,
And there I'll find his pocket-book
Safe under his pillow.

"With this bright steel I'll slay him first
Because that is the way
They do such things, I understand,
In Boucicault's new play."

By this the anxious moon retired
(For all the stars were in)—
" 'Tis very dark," the Nephew cried,
" But I can find my kin !

" Come forth, my trusty weapon, now !"
(Or words to that effect,)
He shouted to his little blade,
Whose power he did suspect.

Then out he starts. His Uncle's door
Is thirteen doors from his :—
He gains the latch, which upward flies,
And straight inside he is !

One pause upon the entry stair,
And one upon the mat,—
How still the house at such an hour !
How mewless lies the cat !

" O Nephew ! Nephew ! be not rash ;
Turn back, and then ' turn in :'
Your Uncle still is sound asleep,
And you devoid of sin !

" The gallows-tree was never built
For handsome lads like you—
Get thee to bed ! (as kind Macbeth
Wished his young man to do)."

He will not be advised,—he stands
Beside the sleeping form,—
The hail begins to beat outside
A tattoo for the storm.

"'Tis not too late—repent, repent!
And all may yet be well!"
"Repent yourself!" the Nephew sneers,—
And at it goes pell-mell!

To right and left he carves his way,—
At least thus did it seem;
And, after he had done the deed,—
Woke up from his bad dream,

And swift to Uncle John he ran
When daylight climbed the hill,
And told him all—and Uncle John
Put Nephew in his will.

JAMES T. FIELD.

THE STORY KATHIE TOLD.

Youth's Companion.

NOW, stay right still and listen, kitty-cat, and I'll tell you a story.

Once there was a little girl.

She was a pretty good little girl, and minded her papa 'n' mamma everything they said, only sometimes she didn't, and then she was naughty; but she was always sorry, and said she wouldn't do so any more, and her mamma'd forgive her.

So she was going to hang up her stocking.

"You'll have to be pretty good, 'lest 'twon't be filled," said her mamma.

"'Less maybe there'll be a big bunch of sticks in it," said her papa.

Do you think that's a nice way to talk, kitty-eat? I don't.

So the little girl was good as she could be, 'less she was bigger, and didn't ery and slap her little sister hardly any be tall, and always minded her mamma when she eame where the chimney was, 'specially much.

So she hung up her stoeking.

And in the night she got awake, and wanted it to eome morning; but in the morning she didn't get awake till 'twas all sunshiny out doors.

Then she ran quiek as she could to look at her stock-ing where she'd hung it; and true's you live, kitty-eat, there wasn't the leastest thing in it—not the leastest little mite of a scrimp!

Oh, the little girl felt dreadfully! How'd you feel, s'pose it had been you, kitty-eat?

She 'menced to ery, the little girl did, and she kept going harder 'n' harder, till by'mby she screeched orfly, and her mamma eame running to see what the matter was.

"Merey me!" said her mamma. "Look over by the window 'fore you do that any more, Kathie."

That little girl's name was Kathie too, kitty-eat, just the same's mine.

So she looked over by the window, the way her mamma said, and—oh! there was the loveliest dolly's house you ever saw in all your born life.

It had curtains to pull to the sides when you wanted to play, and pull in front when you didn't.

There was a bedroom, kitty-cat, and a diner-room, and a kitchen, and a parlor, and they all had earpets on.

And there was the sweetest dolly in the parlor, all dressed up in blue silk! Oh, dear! And a penano, to play real little tunes on, and a rocking-chair, and—O kitty-eat! I can't begin to tell you half about it.

I can't about the bedroom, either, nor the diner-room.

But the kitchen was the very bestest of all. There was a stove—a teenty tonty nite of a one, kitty-cat,—with dishes just 'zaetly like mamma's, only littler, of eourse, and fry-pans and everything; and spoons to stir with, and a rolling-pin, and two little eutters-out, and the darlingest baker-sheet ever you saw!

And the first thing that little girl did was to make some teenty mites of eookies, 'cause her mamma let her; and if you'll come right down stairs, kitty-eat, I'll give you one.

'Cause I was that little girl, kitty-cat, all the time.

A. C. H. S.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

SOON as her lover to the war had gone,
 Without or tears or eommonplace despair,
 Irene de Grandfief reassumed the garb
 That at the eonvent she had worn—black dress
 With narrow pelerine—and the small eross
 In silver at her breast. Her piano elosed,
 Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
 Gift of the Viseount Roger on that eve
 In the past spring-time when they had parted
 Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
 Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
 In gold medallion close upon his heart.

In the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.
Days came and went till weeks wore into months,
Still she held back her rebel tears, and bravely strove
To live debarred of tidings.

Then came the siege of Paris—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads, invasion
Drew near Irene's chateau.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment safe,
And at last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.

Wakened, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far eopies of the park shots fired
In quick succession.

It had indeed
Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.

“'Twould be well,”

Remarked Irene, “that an ambulance
Were posted here.”

In fact, they had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer—Bavarian he—
Shot through the neck. And, when they brought him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and bleeding,
Irene commanded he be borne
Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there. Then, while they put
The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all stained with blood;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,

And stir himself with more alacrity ;
 And, when the doctor dressed the wound, lent aid,
 As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
 With her own hands. The officer at last,
 Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
 Sank down among the pillows deftly laid as one asleep.

Evening came,
 Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
 A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
 As to himself he muttered : " Yes ; flushed cheek ;
 Pulse beating much too high. Phew ! a bad night ;
 Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows !"—
 " But will he die ?" with tremor on her lip
 Irene asked.

" Who knows ? If possible,
 We must arrest the fever. This prescription
 Oft succeeds. But some one must take note
 Of the oncoming fits ; must watch till morn,
 And tend him closely."

" Doctor, I am here."

" Not you, young lady ! Service such as this
 One of your valets can——"

" No, doctor, no !

Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
 Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
 As does this officer, I would he had
 A gentle lady for his nurse."

" So be it,"

" You will keep watch, then, through the night.

The fever

Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
 Give him the potion four times every hour.

I will return to judge of its effects
At daylight." Then he went his way.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge
When the Bavarian, to Irene turning, said,
"This doctor thought I was asleep;
But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
I thank you from my very inmost heart—
Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
You would restore me, and who there at home
Awaits me."

"Hush! Sleep if you can.
Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
On perfect quiet."

"No, no!

I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me. I a promise made;
And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."
"It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale, and lowered
The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:
"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage.
I drove my sabre
Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
We took the cottage, putting to the sword
Every soul there.

Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air;
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and
showed me

There at my feet a soldier on the ground. 'Twas he,
 The sentry whom my sabre had transpierced.
 I stooped, to offer him a helping hand ;
 But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said.
 'I must needs die. . . . You are an officer—
 Promise—only promise
 To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
 A gold medallion hanging at his breast,
 'To—.' Then his latest thought
 Passed with his latest breath. 'The loved one's name,
 Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
 By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
 On the medallion, I took charge of it,
 Hoping to trace her at some future day
 Among the old nobility of France,
 To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
 Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
 That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
 This pious duty in my place."

Therewith

He the medallion handed her ; and on it
 Irene saw the Viscount Roger's blazoned arms.
 "I swear it, sir !" she murmured. "Sleep in peace !"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
 The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
 Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
 Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
 Yes, he is dead, her lover ! These his arms ;
 His blazon this ; the very blood-stains his !
 Struck from behind,
 Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
 Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies

The man who murdered him ! Yes ; he has boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin ; and 'twas I, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace ! O
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—
Must I give him tendance here,
By this couch watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child !
So that he die not !
And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. He waits it ! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible ?

Oh, away ! such point
Forbearance reaches not. What !—while it glitters
There in sheath, the very sword
Wherewith the murderer struck the blow.
Fierce impulse bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall I, in deference
To some fantastic notion that affects
Human respect and duty, shall I put
Repose and sleep and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy
Is ravished from me ? Never ! I will break
The assuaging flask. . . . But no ! 'Twere needless
that.

I need but leave to Fate to work the end.
Fate, to avenge me, seems to be at one
With my resolve. 'Twere but to let him die !
Yes ; there the life-preserving potion stands ;
But for one hour might I not fall asleep ?

“ Infamy ! ”

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams,
Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory
At the bed's head suspended on the wall
Irene raised the martyr's look sublime ;
Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes
Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out
The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.

And so wore on the laggard, pitiless hours.

But when the doctor in the morning came,
And saw her still beside the officer,
Tending him and giving him his drink
With trembling fingers, he was much amazed
To see that through the dreary watches of the night,
The raven locks that crowned her fair young brow at
set of sun,
By morning's dawn had turned to snowy white.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

SAID Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.

In quite a confidential way,

“It seems to me

That Mrs. B.

Takes too much—something in her tea,”

And Mrs. J.

To Mrs. K.

That very night was heard to say
 She grieved to touch
 Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
 Then Mrs. C.
 Went straight away
And told a friend the self-same day,
 " 'Twas sad to think"—
 Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
 The friend's disgust
 Was such she must
Inform a lady "which she nussed,"
 " That Mrs. B.
 At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see."
 This lady we
 Have mentioned, she
Gave needle-work to Mrs. B.,
 And at such news
 Could scarcely choose
But future needle-work refuse.
 Then Mrs. B.,
 As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
 That she would track
 The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
 Through Mrs. K.
 And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.
 And asked her why,
 With cruel lie,

She painted her so deep a dye.
Said Mrs. A.
In some dismay,
“I no such thing could ever say :
I said that you
Much stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do.”
THE ARGONAUT.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A MUNSON street man, being told that there were several pieces of tinware which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting the iron and solder and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague forebodings perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would hardly pay to do it one's self, to which he responded :

“I'll admit that, in this one instance, it would not pay, but there is something in want of repair every little while, and if I have the tools here for fixing it we are saved just so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year, but every little helps, and in time the total amounts to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country.”

He got the iron, one dollar and fifty cents' worth of solder and ten cents' worth of rosin. He came home with these things and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad of the purchase were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending muss. He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all and seemed to be disappointed that there were no more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milk pan inverted on his knees, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"That iron only cost a dollar, and it'll never wear out, and there's enough solder in this piece to do twenty-five dollars' worth of mending," he exclaimed to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at right heat, he judged. He rubbed the rosin about the hole which was to be repaired, and held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said, speaking laboriously, as he applied the iron :

"The only-thing-I-regret-about-it-is-that-I-didn't-think-of-getting-this-before-we"—

Then ascended through the ceiling the awfulest yell that woman ever heard, and the same instant the soldering iron flew across the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash through both the plaster and the lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husband in an ecstasy of agony, sobbing, screaming and holding on to his left leg as desperately as if it were made of gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" he yelled. "Send for the doctor. Oh, oh, I'm a dead man," he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering iron. In an instant he caught it up and hurled it through the window, without the preliminary of raising the sash.

It was some little time before the thoroughly fright-

ened and confused woman learned that some of the molten solder had run through the hole in the pan and on his leg, although she knew from the first that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She didn't send for the doctor. She made and applied the poultices herself to save expense. She said :

“ We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country.”

DANBURY NEWS.

“NEARER HOME.”

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,
Were we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer, death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
 Strengthen the might of my faith,
 Let me feel as I would when I stand
 On the rock of the shore of death ;

Feel as I would when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink ;
 For it may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now, than I think.

PHŒBE CARY.

A SCHOOL-BOY ON CORNS.

(“C”ORNS are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn : There is the unicorn, the capricorn, pop corn, corn dodgers, field corn, and the corn, which is the corn your feet feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but persons having corns do not like to “go fur” if they can help it.

Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on the ears, but animal corn grows on feet at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn ; this grows on oaks. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article added. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn wishes it was an acorn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned he probably won't do so well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned.

If a farmer manages well, he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know of a farmer that has the corn that makes the biggest acre on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises, the better he likes it ; the bigger crop of animal corn he raises, the better he does not like it. Another kind of corn is the corn dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and it is as follows—that is if you want to know : You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn, and a rough character ; then you step on the toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn dodger is.

CRAZY NELL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

“COME, Rosy, come !” I heard the voice and looked
 Out on the road that passed my window wide,
 And saw a woman and a fair-haired child
 That knelt and picked the daisies at the side.

The child ran quickly with its gathered prize,
 And, laughing, held it high above its head ;
 A light glowed bright within the woman's eyes,
 And in that light a mother's love I read.

She took the little hand, and both passed on :
 The prattle of the child I still could hear,
 Mixed with the woman's fond, caressing tone,
 That came in loving words upon my ear.

* * * * *

“Come, Rosy, come!” Years, many years had gone,
But yet had left the recollection of that scene—
The woman and the fair-haired child that knelt
And picked the daisies on the roadside green.

I looked. The old familiar road was there—
A woman, wan and stooping, stood there too;
And beckoned slowly, and with vacant stare
That fixed itself back where the daisies grew.

“Come, Rosy, come!” I saw no fair-haired child
Run from the daisies with its gathered prize;
“Come, Rosy, come!” I heard no merry laugh
To light the love-glow in the mother’s eyes.

“Come, Rosy, come!” She turned, and down the road
The plaintive voice grew fainter on my ear;
Caressing tones—not mixed with prattle now,
But full of loving words—I still could hear.

I, wondering, asked a gossip at my door;
He told the story—all there was to tell:
A little mound the village churchyard bore;
And this, he said, is only Crazy Nell.

JOSEPH WHITTON.

A SECOND TRIAL.

From St. Nicholas.

IT was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the centre of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the scat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from

him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand'"——

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played

through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand"—

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt ; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. ——— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger? The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF MISSION RIDGE.

DID you ever hear of the Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, who lay
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, in the charge of that terrible day?
They were firing above him and firing below, and the tempest of shot and shell
Was raging like death, as he moaned in his pain, by the breastworks where he fell.

"Go back with your corps," our colonel had said, but
he waited the moment when
He might follow the ranks and shoulder a gun with the
best of us bearded men ;

And so when the signals from old Fort Wood set an
army of veterans wild

He flung down his drum which spun down the hill like
the ball of a wayward child.

And then he fell in with the foremost ranks of brave old
company G,

As we charged by the flank, with our colors ahead, and
our columns closed up like a V,

In the long, swinging lines of that splendid advance,
when the flags of our corps floated out,

Like the ribbons that dance in the jubilant lines of the
march of a gala day route.

He charged with the ranks, though he carried no gun,
for the colonel had said him nay,

And he breasted the blast of the bristling guns, and the
shock of the sickening fray ;

And when by his side they were falling like hail he
sprang to a comrade slain,

And shouldered his musket and bore it as true as the
hand that was dead to pain.

'Twas dearly we loved him, our Drummer Boy, with a
fire in his bright, black eye,

That flashed forth a spirit too great for his form, he only
was just so high—

As tall, perhaps, as your little lad who scarcely reaches
your shoulder—

Though his heart was the heart of a veteran then, a
trifle, it may be, bolder.

He pressed to the front, our lad so leal, and the works
were almost won,

A moment more and our flags had swung o'er the muzzle
of murderous gun ;

But a raking fire swept the van, and he fell 'mid the
wounded and slain,

With his wee, wan face turned up to Him who feeleth
His children's pain.

Again and again our lines fell baek, and again with
shivering shoeks

They flung themselves on the rebels' works as ships are
tossed on roeks ;

To be crushed and broken and scattered amain, as the
wrecks of the surging storm,

Where none may rue and none may reek of aught that
has human form.

So under the Ridge we were lying for the order to charge
again,

And we counted our eomrades missing, and we counted
our comrades slain ;

And one said, " Johnny, our Drummer Boy, is greivously
shot and lies

Just under the enemy's breastwork ; if left on the field
he dies."

Then all the blood that was in me surged up to my
aching brow,

And my heart leaped up like a ball in my throat, I can
feel it even now,

And I said I would bring that boy from the field, if God
would spare my breath,

If all the guns in Mission Ridge should thunder the
threat of death.

I crept, and crept up the ghastly ridge, by the wounded
and the dead,
With the moans of my comrades right and left, behind
me and yet ahead,
Till I came to the form of our Drummer Boy, in his
blouse of dusty blue,
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, where
the blast of the battle blew.

And his gaze as he met my own just there would have
melted a heart of stone,
As he tried like a wounded bird to rise, and placed his
hand in my own ;
And he said in a voice half smothered, though its
whispering thrills me yet,
"I think in a moment more that I would have stood on
that parapet.

"But now I nevermore will climb, and, Sergeant, when
you see
The men go up those breastworks there, just stop and
waken me ;

For though I cannot make the charge and join the
cheers that rise,
I may forget my pain to see the old flag kiss the skies."

Well, it was hard to treat him so, his poor limb shattered
sore,

But I raised him on my shoulder and to the surgeon
bore,

And the boys who saw us coming each gave a shout of
joy,

And uttered fervent prayers for him, our valiant
Drummer Boy.

When sped the news that "Fighting Joe" had saved
the Union right,
With his legends fresh from Lookout; and that Thomas
massed his might,
And forced the rebel centre; and our cheering ran like
wild;
And Sherman's heart was happy as the heart of a little
child,

When Grant from his lofty outlook saw our flags by the
hundred fly
Along the slopes of Mission Ridge, where'er he cast his
eye;
And when we heard the thrilling news of the mighty
battle done,
The fearful contest ended, and the glorious victory won;
Then his bright, black eyes so yearning, grew strangely
rapt and wild;
And in that hour of conquest our little hero died.
But ever in our hearts he dwells, with a grace that ne'er
is old,
For him the heart to duty wed can nevermore grow cold!
And when they tell of heroes, and the laurels they have
won,
Of the sears they are doomed to carry, of the deeds that
they have done;
Of the horror to be biding among the ghastly dead,
The gory sod beneath them, the bursting shell o'er head;
My heart goes back to Mission Ridge and the Drummer
Boy who lay
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, in the
charge of that terrible day;

And I say that the land that bears such sons is crowned
and dowered with all

The dear God giveth nations to stay them lest they fall.

Oh, glory of Mission Ridge, stream on, like the roseate
light of morn

On the sons that now are living, on the sons that are yet
unborn!

And cheers for our comrades living, and tears as they
pass away!

And three times three for the Drummer Boy who fought
at the front that day!

THE PURITAN.

From an address delivered at the unveiling of the statue of The Pilgrim,
in Central Park, New York, June, 1885.

THE Puritan came to America seeking freedom to worship God. He meant only freedom to worship God in his own way, not in the Quaker way, not in the Baptist way, not in the Church of England way. But the seed that he brought was immortal. His purpose was to feed with it his own barnyard fowl, but it quickened into an illimitable forest, covering a continent with grateful shade, the home of every bird that flies. Freedom to worship God is universal freedom, a free State as well as a free Church, and that was the inexorable but unconscious logic of Puritanism. Holding that the true rule of religious faith and worship was written in the Bible, and that every man must read and judge for himself, the Puritan conceived the Church as a body of independent seekers and interpreters of the truth, dis-

pensing with priests and priestly orders and functions; organizing itself and calling no man master. But this sense of equality before God and toward each other in the religious congregation, affecting and adjusting the highest and most eternal of all human relations, that of man to his Maker, applied itself instinctively to the relation of man to man in human society, and thus popular government flowed out of the Reformation, and the Republic became the natural political expression of Puritanism. Banished, moreover, by the pitiless English persecution, the Puritans, exiles and poor in a foreign land, a colony in Holland before they were a colony in America, were compelled to self-government, to a common sympathy and support, to bearing one another's burdens, and so by the stern experience of actual life they were trained in the virtues most essential for the fulfillment of their august but unimagined destiny. The patriots of the Continental Congress seemed to Lord Chatham imposing beyond the lawgivers of Greece and Rome. The Constitutional Convention a hundred years ago was an assembly so wise that its accomplished work is reverently received by continuous generations as the children of Israel received the tables of the law which Moses brought down from the holy mount. Happy, thrice happy, the people which to such scenes in their history can add the simple grandeur of the spectacle in the cabin of the Mayflower, the Puritans signing the compact which was but the formal expression of the Government that voluntarily they had established—the scene which makes Plymouth Rock a stepping-stone from the freedom of the solitary Alps and the disputed liberties of England to the fully developed, constitutional, and well-ordered Republic of the United States.

Here in this sylvan seclusion, amid the sunshine and the singing of birds, we raise the statue of the Pilgrim, that in this changeless form the long procession of the generations which shall follow us may see what manner of man he was to the outward eye, whom history and tradition have so often flouted and traduced, but who walked undismayed the solitary heights of duty and of everlasting service to mankind. Here let him stand, the soldier of a free church, calmly defying the hierarchy, the builder of a free State serenely confronting the continent which he shall settle and subdue. The unspeaking lips shall chide our unworthiness, the lofty mien exalt our littleness, the unblenching eye invigorate our weakness, and the whole poised and firmly planted form reveal the unconquerable moral energy—the master force of American civilization. So stood the sentinel on Sabbath morning guarding the plain house of prayer while wife and child and neighbor worshiped within. So mused the pilgrim in the rapt sunset hour on the New England shore, his soul caught up into the dazzling vision of the future, beholding the glory of the Nation that should be. And so may that Nation stand forever and forever, the mighty guardian of human liberty, of Godlike justice, of Christlike brotherhood.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

“COME, Johnnie Miller, tak’ these doggies
Down to the burn and drown them a’;
Step carefu’ o’er the slippery pathway,
And mind ye dinna fa’.”

So spake the mistress : Johnnie Miller,
Reluctant, rose to do her will,
And as he gathers up his burden,
The tears his bonnie blue eyes fill.

Out of the house, across the meadows,
The little seven years' laddie passed ;
And slower still he walked, and slower,
Until he reached the stream at last.

Down on a stone he sat, and opened
His pladdie where the puppies lay,
And tearful watched their helpless tottering,
And stroked their glossy coats of gray.

And when, with quaint, black, wrinkled foreheads,
His hands they licked, and piteous cried,
Scized with a sudden purpose, Johnnie
Rose up and left the river's side.

He hugged the puppies to his bosom,
Wrapped in his pladdie soft and warm,
And fast across the meadows hurried,
Till far behind he left the farm.

On, on he went ; the air grew chilly,
And lower sank the setting sun ;
Then twilight eame, his feet grew weary,
The toilsome march was nearly done.

More fields he traversed ; then a glimmer
Broke through the darkness—welcome sight,
For 'twas the cottage of his mother,
And that red glow her evening light.

Joyfully at the door he rattled ;
Surprised, his mother opened wide ;
“ My bairn,” she cried. “ what brings thee hither ?”
And drew him to the warm fireside.

He sobbed aloud : “ Oh, mither, mither,”—
And spread his load before her view—
“ I couldna’ drown the little doggies,
So I hae brought them hame to you !”

PART II.

It was a stormy winter evening,
The moon above shone bright and clear ;
A ship, impatient, rode the waters,
That swept against the slippery pier.
“ Ready, my men !” the captain shouted.
A sailor from the pier-head threw
The stiffened hawser—slipped—and staggering,
Fell down into the death gulf blue.

No time for parley ; quick the captain
Threw off his jacket rough, and leapt
Over the ship’s tall side ; to seaward
Captain and man together swept.

He sank, then rose ; the drowning sailor
He grasped ! wild waves swept o’er the twain,
And for a space all hope was ended ;
Then the strong swimmer rose again.

Bold stroke on stroke he backward struggled,
Perils behind him and before ;
All held their breath with fear and wonder,
Until he touched the pier once more.

Then holding fast his prize, the swimmer
 Was safely landed ; cheer on cheer
 Broke through the night ; hurrah, brave captain,
 Fearless of death and tempest drear !

The bravest heart has kindest pulses,
 By gentle souls great deeds are done ;
 The tender-hearted Scottish laddie
 And the brave mariner were one.

LOUISA BIGG.

JIMMY BROWN'S SISTER'S WEDDING.

SUE ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell about my printing-press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it and sold it to me real cheap. He was going to exchange it for a biewie, a St. Bernard dog, and twelve good books, but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have

another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more than an inch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and all sorts of things. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hundred invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing-press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills

and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are posted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right :

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry
Mr. James Travers
at the Church next Thursday at half-past seven, sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
With the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Come early and bring
Lots of Flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that? It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't quite sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding. Any other girl but Sue would have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as

if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me ever come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding-school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed.

GOING FOR THE COWS.

THE western skies were all aglow
With clouds of red and gray ;
The crickets in the grassy fields
Were chirping merrily,
When up the lane and o'er the hill
I saw a maiden roam,
Who went her way at close of day
To call the cattle home :
Co-boss—co-boss !
Co-boss—co-boss !
Come home—come home !

The echo of her charming voice
Resounded through the vale ;
It lingered on the evening air,
It floated on the gale ;

'Twas borne along the mountain side,
It drifted through the glen ;
It died away among the hills,
Far from the haunts of men :
Co-boss—co-boss !
Co-boss—co-boss !
Come home—come home !

Her face was flushed with hues of health,
Her arms and feet were bare ;
She had a lithe and active form,
A wealth of raven hair.
Beyond the hill she passed from sight,
As sinks a falling star,
Until her voice was faintly heard
Still calling from afar :
Co-boss—co-boss !
Co-boss—co-boss !
Come home—come home !

Soon o'er the distant knoll appeared
The cattle, red and brown,
And from the pasture to the lane
Came gayly trotting down ;
With sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow
Returned the maiden gay,
Who waved her arms and shouted low :
Whay-boss—whay-boss—O whay !
Whay-boss—whay-boss !
Whay-boss—whay-boss !
O whay—O whay !

EUGENE HALL.

THE TENDER HEART.

Century Magazine.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
 Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
 Angelic grief was in her face:

“How could you do it, dear?” she sighed.

“The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!

The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!”

Said he, “The partridge never sings.”

Said she, “The sin is quite the same.

“You men are savage through and through.

A boy is always bringing in

Some strings of bird’s eggs white and blue,

Or butterfly upon a pin.

The angle-worm in anguish dies,

Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—”

“My own, we fish for trout with flies—”

“Don’t wander from the subject, please!”

She quoted Burns’s “Wounded Hare,”

And certain burning lines of Blake’s,

And Ruskin on the fowls of air,

And Coleridge on the water-snakes.

At Emerson’s “Forbearance” he

Began to feel his will benumbed;

At Browning’s “Donald” utterly

His soul surrendered and succumbed.

“Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,”

He thought, “beneath the blessed sun!”

He saw her lashes hung with pearls,

And vowed to give away his gun.

She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went, with happy parting words,
(He subsequently ascertained,)
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

POCKETS.

Adapted.

MAN and the pocket have advanced toward the millennium side by side; and the former would never have become the civilized being that he is without the assistance of the latter. History itself (if you look closely into the matter) is but a record of the evolution of the human pocket. God made man; but man made the pocket; and it is his alter ego—his *sine qua non*—the connecting link between the spiritual and the material worlds.

* * * * *

In order fully to realize the impressive fact that our pockets are in truth our other selves—and not our secondary selves either—we have only to picture to ourselves the kind of reception which an individual destitute of pockets, and of what goes into them, would meet with in any civilized community. He would be shunned, abandoned—an outcast—unsuccored, discountenanced, and discredited. Men are suspicious of even the most engaging stranger until they have (figuratively, of course) picked his pockets; and would look askance at their most familiar friend were he to turn up some morning out of pocket. For the pocket, more surely than the apparel, now proclaims the man. We become

acquainted with one another through our pockets, we fall in love and are married with a view to our pockets, we go to war or accept arbitration at the instance of our pockets, and in deference to our pockets we murder, rob, lie, and accept political preferment. When a dead body is discovered, we look, in order to its identification, first in its pockets, and only afterward in its face ; and that suicide must indeed despise life who, before committing the rash act, will empty his pockets. The pockets of a prisoner are searched as a sign that he is henceforth deposed from his position as a responsible human being. The test of our power over a man is the hold we have upon his pocket ; and there are probably few slaves so abject as not to retain at least one small fob unrifled. It is a strange anomaly in the criminal code that pocket-picking, instead of murder, is not made the capital offense, since it is the pickpocket, and not the assassin, who injures us in our most vital part. He is the bane of our civilization ; he commits the unpardonable sin ; his hand is against every man's, and every man's against him. Perhaps the most appropriate and awful punishment for the pickpocket would be, not to hang him, but to cast him adrift upon the world, forever disqualified from wearing a pocket. Such a sentence, however, the sternest judge would hesitate to inflict ; and the doomed wretch would pray for mercy and a halter !

As might be expected, from what has already been advanced, pockets are in many ways a subtle and trustworthy index of character. A thoughtful observer might profitably spend many hours of his day in the shop of a fashionable tailor, in the ostensible capacity, perhaps, of deputy-assistant tape-measurer, but really with

an eye to divining the souls of the various customers from their several tastes in pockets. He would note, in the first place, that in the matter of pockets—and in that alone—does the fashionable tailor aforesaid permit his votaries any freedom of choice. For the man of shears knows, being wise in his generation, that a customer will sooner submit to wearing a fashionable strait-jacket than to giving up his pet fancy in the matter of his pockets. A haw-haw swell, for example, must have his trouser pockets cut vertically down the seam; while another, of the horsey order, must have his open horizontally across the front of the hips. Mark, again, the gulf that separates the gentleman whose handkerchief peeps from an outside breast pocket from him who wears it mysteriously within; and how different are both from the respectable personage who produces his bandana from the skirts of his black broad-cloth frock. Here, again, is a schoolboy; little cares he for the appearance of his pockets, so they are deep and stout enough, in correspondence with his ardent and insatiable disposition. Yonder comes a yellow-taloned stock-jobber, who must needs have buttons put on his pockets; and after him a commercial traveler, whose pockets are a specialty.

When we behold an anxious, unkempt creature, who refers on all occasions to a sequestered innermost breast pocket, as though it contained the title-deeds to all the corner lots in New York, or letters of recommendation from all the crowned heads of Europe, we recognize him without difficulty as a confirmed bankrupt or unsavory refugee. A timid, retiring nature has a predisposition in favor of waistcoat pockets, because they are more quickly and easily accessible than others. A large,

pompous man, on the contrary, loves to fetch out a thing from his tail pocket, with a grand sweep and flourish of the arm. The bald-headed, complacent philanthropist rejoices in wide, baggy pockets, capacious enough to contain the overflowings of his benevolent heart; but footpads and other shady characters hide baggy pockets, too, in their overcoats, for choice. A rich country squire, cheery voiced and broad shouldered, prefers doing business with the side pockets of his knickerbocker sack-coat, which are accessible, off-hand, and without bothering; while a cab-driver, asked to change a dollar bill, seems to have forgotten where any of his pockets are, and, when he has found one, his hands seem to have grown too large to get into them.

As there are pockets proper to different types of men, so also are their pockets peculiar to all ages, from the dauntless infant with the single pocket in the right leg of his breeches, to the lean and slippered pantaloon feeling tremulously for his gold-bowed spectacles and tortoise-shell snuff-box. Pockets are of great assistance in striking an attitude; and the attitudes of a man betray his temperament and condition. Thus, insolent wealth thrusts its hands into its trouser pockets, rattles its money at you, and measures you with its eye-glass from your hat to your boots. A species of jaunty exquisite poises his white forefinger and thumb in the pocket of his waistcoat. A bluff, stern-browed man thrusts his fists defiantly into the pockets of his double-breasted pea-jacket; while an elderly, elegant gentleman of the old-fashioned school gets his slender hands into the silk-lined pockets of his broadcloth frock, and turns his back courteously upon the fire.

It would be impossible to mention a tithe of the dis-

coveries which will reward the student who contemplates life diligently through a pocket lens. But, after all, it sometimes seems as if the smaller a man's nature is—the more self-conscious and artificial—the more he runs to pocket. The more pocket, in other words, the less man. He who despises pockets avouches the depth and richness of his internal resources. Heroes make little account of pockets, or put their hands in them only for the purpose of taking something out of them to do good with. The hands of simple, great, preoccupied men commonly hang down by their sides; awkwardly, perhaps, but respectably. Pockets, it may be, are agnostic, if not atheistic. At all events, the Christian apostles could have needed none; and so all devout souls must believe that they will be looked for in vain in the good time coming. It is a tremendous thought—but as likely as not to be true—that the Ideal is pocketless!

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE COW AND THE BISHOP.

ONCE, in a good old college town,
Where learned doctors in cap and gown
Taught unfledged theologues how to preach,—
Youths of many a land and speech,—
There was a student, studious ever,
Whom fellows and townsfolk counted clever;
Despite red hair and an awkward gait,
“He’ll be a great man,” they said, “just wait!”

So it chanced, on a chill September day,
When the wind was sharp and the sky was gray,

This student, deep in a study brown,
Was striding along on the edge of the town.
A tiny cottage he neared and passed,
When the sound of footsteps approaching fast,
And his own name called, as in urgent need,
Made him abruptly slacken his speed.
As he turned, a woman had reached his side.

“Oh, sir! you are learned and good,” she cried,
“And my cow is dying, my own cow Pink;
There’s nothing she’ll eat and nothing she’ll drink,
She seems to be moaning her life away;—
Oh, lose not a moment, but come, I pray!”

“Good madam,” he said, with a puckered brow,
“My knowledge, I fear, would not help your cow.
On cattle diseases I’m all unread,—
You’d better consult a physician instead.”

“Why, sir,” said the woman, with pleading eyes,
“They told me you were uncommonly wise,
And for hours I’ve waited and watched for you,
In hopes you would pass, as you often do.”

So the student suffered himself to be led
To the poor old cow, in the rickety shed.
And he thought, as he looked her carefully over,
“How I wish you were out among the clover!
But I must do something, right or wrong,
Better than all this talk prolong.”

Now, this quiet student loved a joke
As well as many merrier folk;
So, pausing a moment, as if in doubt,
He traced a circle the cow about,

Which thrice he reversed, with measured tread,
Stopping thrice at the creature's head,
While with solemn face, besuiting the time,
Thrice he intoned this impromptu rhyme:

“Here a suffering animal lies,
Faithful, trusty, and true;
If she lives, she lives,—if she dies, she dies;
And nothing more can I do.’

Then he said, in the tone of an ardent lover,
“I heartily trust this cow will recover!”
While the woman, watching with wide-open eyes
And awe-struck face, was dumb with surprise;
Till the student, with, “Madam, a very good day!”
Was out of the shed, up the road, and away

Had the woman heard the laugh ring out
When the story was told that night, no doubt
Her faith in the charm she would hardly have kept;
But, hearing naught, she believed and slept.

Years afterward in that same town
There lived a bishop of much renown;
Wise theologians spoke his fame,
And the little children loved his name.
But one sad day the bishop fell ill,
And the news spread broad, as such news will;
One said to another, with tear or sigh,—
“Nothing can save him—our bishop must die!”

In his sunlit chamber, smiling and calm
As a child unconscious of aught to harm,
The sufferer waited with heart of peace,—
Patiently waited for Death's release.

The fearful swelling that stopped his speech
 The skill of the doctors could not reach,
 And now it was sucking his breath away,
 And the shadows were falling, still and gray.

Of a sudden, a voice outside was heard
 And the sick man's memory strangely stirred
 As a woman entered, bent and old,
 Making her way with assurance bold.
 She paused a moment, then stooping low
 She marked a circle, with finger slow,
 Across the carpet, around the bed,
 From head to foot, and from foot to head ;
 And then, in the circle she had traced
 She hobbled around with eager haste ;
 And why, 'mid servitors strong and stout,
 Did nobody venture to put her out ?
 Ah, why, no man of them ever could tell,
 But each seemed holden, as by a spell,—
 While the woman, in voice, now high, now low,
 Sang the student's rhyme of long ago :

“ Here a suffering animal lies,

Faithful, trusty, and true ;

If he lives, he lives,—if he dies, he dies ;

And nothing more can I do !”

Then she piped, in the tone of an old cracked bell,
 “ I hope the bishop will now get well !”

But the words her lips had scarcely left,
 When the air with a quick, sharp ery was clef,—
 It rang through the chamber, it rang through the
 hall,
 Up sprang the attendants, one and all ;

They stared at the sick man, perplexed, amazed—
Was the dying bishop suddenly crazed?

He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks,
And, wonder of wonders,—“He speaks! he speaks!”
Ah, the woman had reached with her charm and
crutch,

What the surgeon’s lancet failed to touch!
“The swelling is broken!” the doctors avowed,
As they clustered together, a joyous crowd.

In a tiny cot on the edge of the town,
A little old woman, in kerchief and gown,
Recounts, for the hundredth time, the tale
Which never to her grows old or stale,
With many a flourish of withered arm,
Of the cow, and the bishop, and potent charm.
“To think,” she says to the aged crones,
“At last I can rest my poor old bones,
And never a thought to the future give,
But know that in plenty I ever shall live!
A wonderful man, you must allow;—
God bless the bishop, and my new cow!”

TOWNSEND.

THE DEATH OF STEERFORTH.

From “David Copperfield.”

I OPENED the yard gate and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam were driving by, and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my lonely chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell into the depths of sleep until broad day; when I was aroused at eight or nine o'clock by some one knocking or calling at my door.

“What is the matter?”

“A wreck! close by!”

“What wreck?”

“A schooner from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought down on the beach she'll go to pieces every moment.”

I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street, where numbers of people were before me, all running in one direction,—to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Every appearance it had before presented bore the expression of being swelled; and the height to which the breakers rose and bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A boatman laid a hand upon my arm, and pointed. Then I saw it, close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging: and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did with a violence quite inconceivable.

beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were being made to cut this portion of the wreck away ; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes—especially one active figure, with long curling hair. But a great cry, audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore ; the sea, sweeping over the wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman said, and then lifted in, and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach. Four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast ; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board ; and as the ship rolled and dashed, this bell rang ; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two of the four men were gone.

I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and I saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

Instantly I ran to him, for I divined that he meant to wade off with the rope. I held him back with both arms ; and implored the men not to listen to him, not to let him stir from that sand.

Another cry arose, and we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and

fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man, who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

I was swept away to some distance, where the people around me made me stay ; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand, another round his body, and several of the best men holding to the latter.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color ; and as the few planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and as his death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave this cap. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend, the once dear friend,—Steerforth.

Ham watched the sea until there was a great retiring wave ; when he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam,—borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that

with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hill-side of water moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound,—and the ship was gone!

They drew him to my very feet, insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house, and every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned, and all was done, a fisherman who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

“Sir, you will come over yonder?”

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look, and I asked him, “Has a body come ashore?”

“Yes.”

“Do I know it?”

He answered nothing. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children,—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat blown down last night had been scattered by the wind,—among the ruins of the home he had wronged,—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE SWEETEST PICTURE.

A MONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all;
Nor for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Nor for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Nor for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge;
Nor for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink, nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemed to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn days
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in sweet embrace
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;—

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore of all the pictures,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

GRACIE'S KITTY.

GRACIE'S kitty, day by day,
Moped beside the fire and pined ;
Would no longer frisk or play,
Or the worsted ball unwind.
Gracie coaxed, " Play, kitty, do !"
Kitty answered sadly, " Mew !"
All in vain were dainty fare,
Bread and milk all warm and new,
Downy nest and tender care ;
Thinner, weaker still she grew,
Could no longer run or purr,
Lay in bed and would not stir.
Gracie trailed her long white gown
Down the stairs at early light,
Wondering " if kitty'th grown
Any better over night ;"
Found poor kitty cold and dead
In her pretty basket bed.
Gracie made another bed,
Where the morning glories climb ;

With red rose-leaves lined and spread,
And perfumed with pinks and thyme,
Rarely has a human head
Found so soft and sweet a bed.

Gracie's little tender hands
End at last their loving task;
Sobbing by the grave she stands,
Then she lifts her face to ask,
While the slow tears downward roll,
"Mamma, where ith kitt'th thoul?"

THE SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

THE monument, tipped with electric fire,
Blazed high in a halo of light below
My low cabin door on the hills that inspire;
And the dome of the Capitol gleamed like snow
In a glory of light, as higher and higher
This wondrous creation of man was sent
To challenge the lights of the firmament.

A tall man, tawny and spare as bone,
With battered old hat and with feet half bare,
With the air of a soldier that was all his own—
Maybe something more than a soldier's air
Came clutching a staff as in sheer despair;
Limped in through my gate—and I thought to beg—
Light clutching a staff, slow dragging a leg.

The moon, like a sharp-drawn cimeter,
Kept watch in heaven. All earth lay still.
Some sentinel stars stood watch afar,
Some crickets kept clanging along the hill,

As the tall, stern relic of blood and war
Limped in, and, with hand up to brow half raised,
Looked out as one that is dazed or crazed,—

His gaunt face pleading for food and rest,
His set lips white as a tale of shame,
His black coat tight to a shirtless breast,
His black eyes burning in mine like flame.

Aye, black were his eyes ; but doubtful and dim
Their vision of beautiful earth, I think.
And I doubt if the distant, dear worlds to him
Were growing brighter as he neared the brink
Of dolorous seas where phantom ships swim.
For his face was as hard as the hard, thin hand
That clutched the staff like an iron band.

“Sir, I am a soldier!” The battered old hat
Stood up as he spake, like to one on parade—
Stood taller and braver as he spake out that—
And the tattered old coat, that was tightly laid
To the battered old breast, looked trim thereat.

“I have wandered and wandered this twenty years ;
Searched up and down for my regiments.
Have they gone to that field where no foes appear ?
Have they pitched in Heaven their cloud-white tents ?
Or, tell me, my friend, shall I find them here
On the hill beyond, at the Soldiers’ Home,
Where the weary soldiers have ceased to roam ?

“Aye, I am a soldier and a brigadier !
Is this the way to the Soldiers’ Home ?
There is plenty and rest for us all, I hear,
And a bugler, bidding us cease to roam,

Rides over the hill the livelong year—

Rides calling and calling the brave to come

And rest and rest in the Soldiers' Home.

“What battle? What deeds did I do in the fight?

Why, sir, I have seen green fields turn as red

As yonder red town in that marvelous light!

Then the great blazing guns! Then the ghastly white
dead—

But, tell me, I faint, I must cease to roam!

This battered leg aches! Then this sabered old head!—
Is—is this the way to the Soldiers' Home?

“Why, I hear men say 'tis a paradise

On the green oak hills by the great red town;

That many old comrades shall meet my eyes;

That a tasseled young trooper rides up and rides down,
With bugle-horn blowing to the still blue skies,

Calling and calling to rest and stay

In that Soldiers' Home. Sir, is this the way?

“My leg is so lame! Then this sabered old head—

Ah! pardon me, sir, I never complain;

But the road is so rough, as I just now said;

And then there is something that troubles my brain.
It makes the light dance from yon Capitol's dome;

It makes the road dim as I doubtfully tread.

But is this the way to the Soldiers' Home?

“From the first to the last in that desperate war—

Why, I did my part. If I did not fall,

A hair's-breadth measure of this skull-bone sear

Was all that was wanting; and then this ball—

But what cared I? Ah! better by far
Have a sabered old head, and a shattered old knee
To the end, than not had that praise of Lee.

“What! What do I hear? No home there for me?
Why, I heard men say that the war was at end!
Oh! my head swims so; and I scarce can see!
But a soldier’s a soldier, I think, my friend,
Wherever that soldier may chance to be!
And wherever a soldier may chance to roam,
Why, a Soldiers’ Home is a soldier’s home!”

He turned as to go; but he sank to the grass;
And I lifted my face to the firmament;
For I saw a sentinel white star pass,
Leading the way the old soldier went.
And the light shone bright from the Capitol’s dome,
Brighter indeed from the monument,
Lighting his way to the Soldiers’ Home.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

DON'T BE MEAN, BOYS.

SOMETIMES I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down alone he is then compelled to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes back to him; not a penny dropped into the palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his

feet—when none of these things come to him as the “God bless you” of the departed day, how he must hate himself—how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed—when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how careless and dreary must his own path appear! Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should any one add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don’t be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.

BURDETTE.

SING A SONG A SIXPENCE.

Popular Style.

VOCALIZE in silver strains, and with pennies six,
 Measured farinaceous grain deftly intermix;
 Take of ebon-tinted birds twenty-five or nigh,
 Place in crust-bound earthen vase, quickly then apply
 Calorific rays until the temp’rature is high;
 Intersect the outer crust and a portion raise;
 Hark! the feathered choristers are chanting hymns of
 praise!
 Wasn’t that a sight to fill the monarch with amaze?
 Rex was in his business room at the iron chest,
 Accurately estimating coin that he possessed;

Fair Regina, striving hunger's cravings to appease,
Ate with bread a product of the industry of bees;
A servant in the garden hung apparel out to dry :
Watched by an ebon-tinted bird, escaped the pie ;
He, full of righteous wrath, a swift avenger proved,
And quickly her nasal protuberance removed.

TO THE DESPONDING.

TAKE this for granted, once for all—
There is neither chance nor fate,
And to sit and wait for the sky to fall,
Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The laurel, longed for, you must earn—
It is not of the things men lend,
And though the lesson be hard to learn,
The sooner the better, my friend.

That another's head can have your crown
Is a judgment all untrue.
And to drag this man, or the other down,
Will not in the least raise you !

ALICE CARY.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say that God lives very high,
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God : and why ?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold ;
Though from Him all that glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.
But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"
MRS. BROWNING.

THE MODEL WOMAN.

I KNOW a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down
When she goes out to tea.
She never gossips after church
Of dresses or of hats ;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins them in their spats.
She never beats a salesman down,
Nor asks for pretty plaques ;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.
These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some.
But just remember this, my friends—
This woman's deaf and dumb.

A WISELY ANONYMOUS MAN.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,
 Seeking her little bed at night,
 Paused on the dark stair timidly.
 "Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
 "And then the dark will all be light."

We elder children grope our way
 From dark behind to dark before ;
 And only when our hands we lay,
 Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
 And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
 Wherein our guides are blind as we,
 And faith is small and hope delays ;
 Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
 And let us feel the light of Thee.

J. G. WHITTIER

A CONTRAST.

I.

A T her easel, brush in hand,
 Clad in silk attire,
 Painting "sunsets," vague and grand,
 (Clumsy clouds of fire !)
 Flaxen hair in shining sheaves ;
 Pink and pearly skin ;
 Fingers, which, like lily leaves,
 Neither toil nor spin ;—

At her belt a sun-flower bound,
 Daisies on the table,
 Plaques and panels all around—
 That's æsthetic Mabel!

II.

In the kitchen, fork in hand,
 Clad in coarse attire,
 Dishing oysters, fried and panned,
 From a blazing fire :
 Dusty hair in frowsy knots ;—
 Worn and withered skin ;—
 Fingers brown and hard as nuts,
 (When the frosts begin ;)—
 Baking-board, one side aground ;
 Wash-tub, on the other ;
 Pots and skillets all around,—
 That is Mabel's mother !
 ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A BEAUTIFUL babe in her cradle bed lay ;
 Her age might be reckoned by less than a day.
 Two fairies stood watching her tiny clenched fist,
 And rose-bud mouth that the angels had kissed.

Said one to the other, " What fairer abode
 Could heaven, in its bounty, on us have bestowed ?"
 Said the other, " None fairer ; I claim her my own
 By right of discovery : I came here alone."

" Ah, no," said the first, " that cannot be true,
 Since no one denies I'm the shadow of you."

"I came here alone." "Nay, I stood by your side."
"I will dwell on her lips." "In her heart I will hide."

The Smile wreathed her lips, falling slightly apart,
The Sigh sank in sadness down into her heart.
This was ages ago ; how long I forget ;
But the Smile and the Sigh strive for mastery yet.

G. T. JOHNSON.

GOD'S ANVIL.

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper : As God will !
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on blow ;
And yet I whisper : As God will !
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper : As God will !
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur ? For the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be ;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me ;

So I say, trusting : As God will !
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand ;
So I say, praying : As God will !
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

BISHOP DOANE

SELF-CULTURE.

MAKE the best of yourself. Watch, and plant, and sow. Cultivate ! Cultivate ! Falter not, faint not ! Press onward ! Persevere ! Perhaps you cannot bear such lordly fruit, nor yet such rare, rich flowers as others ; but what of that ? Bear the best you can. 'Tis all God asks.

Your flowers may only be the daisies and buttereups of life—the little words and smiles and handshakes and helpful looks ; but we love these flowers full well. We may stop to look at a tulip's gorgeous colors, and admire the creamy whiteness of a noble lily ; but it is to the little flowers we turn with tenderest thought. We watch for snowdrops with longing eyes, and scent the fragrance of the violet with a keen delight. So let your life grow sweet scented with all pleasant thoughts and gentle words and kindly deeds.

HER LADDIE'S PICTURE.

GOOD master, turn your face this way;
And let your pallet lie, I pray.
Men say that you are keen and wise,
That you can paint the bird that flies,
And catch the shadow from the sun,
And paint the day ere it be done.
I've heard so much that you could do,
O'er many a mile I've come to you,
Past mountain ridge and rippling stream
I've come, as led by some fair dream,
To show you these and beg that you
Will paint my grandson; please, sir, do.
Ah, when they told me he was dead
I could not rest me in my bed.
See, here are eggs and butter too,
Sage and parsley, thyme and rue.
And in this basket you will find
A fresh-made cheese and honey. Mind,
These are his clothes, his little skirts—
Just three years old he was. It hurts
Me much to see this little dress—
He wore it last. What say you? Yes,
'Tis blue with band of scarlet braid.
I recollect his mother made
It, just one month before she died.
His shoes, you see, are yellow hide.
How proud he was to see his feet
In shoes so pretty! See how neat

I made this cap of red and blue,
To match the dress! This collar, too,
Is lace from off my wedding gown.
'Tis old, you see, and getting brown.
His curling hair, so long and bright,
Resembled corn silk in the light.
His little hands so pink and soft—
O, sir, 'tis true I've seen him oft
Clasp them tight and bend his head
Until it touched his trundle-bed;
In baby lisp then say the prayer
That angels listen to and share.
You'll paint him, please? Don't say me nay.
He was so good, so sweet, and gay;
He was the last one of my race;
In his I saw my husband's face.
Why look you sad and turn away
From his dear clothes? What do you say?
Have I no picture of his face?
O painter great, were this the case
I would not beg you for your art
To comfort thus my stricken heart.
They say you are so wise and good—
That magic guides your pencil's mood.
Pray give me back my laddie's face,
And I will bless the hands that trace
His sweet blue eyes. Must I sit down?
Indeed I will. I've come to town
To get his picture, then go home
Where I was born no more to roam.

Master, days have passed, a score,
Since first I crossed your open door,

And since your promise to restore
 My laddie to these eyes once more.
 You draw the curtain? God be praised!
 There kneels my laddie! Am I dazed,
 Or is that mine, that wrinkled hand
 Resting on the golden strand
 Of my kneeling laddie's hair
 While his face is hid in prayer—
 Kneeling in the same blue dress
 And yellow shoes? O God, I bless—
 But, sir, I do not see his eyes—
 I beg your pardon. My surprise
 Is great. It is so like
 My bonny lad. Does it not strike
 You that his eyes are hid?
 But oh, he did as he was bid,
 And hid his face behind his hand
 As he his lisping prayer began.
 That head pressed close up to my knee
 I feel him near. Almost I see
 Beneath the hand those eyes I love
 That smile on me from realms above.

MARY BEALE BRAINERD.

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

The Peri are mythologically represented as descendants of fallen angels, excluded from Paradise until, through some holy deed, their penance is accomplished. In this instance a Peri is described as having twice appeared at the Gate of Heaven, bearing the first time a drop of blood from the heart of an expiring warrior; the second time a farewell sigh from the lips of a dying lover. In each case she is refused admittance—the gift not being deemed sufficiently worthy—the angel bids her seek again, and this time she bears to Heaven a tear of repentance from the eye of a hardened sinner.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, diseonsolate ;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;
And, as he nearer drew and listened,
A tear within his eyelids glistened.—
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gentle he said, "one hope is thine—
'Tis written in the book of fate,.
The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven'
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbee winging,
The Peri sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems :
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small temple's rustie fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat—
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play ;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glanee
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets !

The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth ;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife
That marked the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace ?—
“ There was a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, “ thou blessed child !
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee ; but now ”—
He hung his head ; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

And now ! behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star—
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear—
Her harbinger of glory near!
“Joy! joy!” she cried, “my task is done—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!”

THOMAS MOORE.

MILITARY SUPREMACY DANGEROUS TO LIBERTY.

RECALL to your recollection the free nations which
have gone before us. Where are they now?

“Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.”

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could
transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome
flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in
the throng, should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that

some daring military chieftain covered with glory—some Philip or Alexander—would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, “No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal.” If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of Legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust by trampling or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our Republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her

Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

HENRY CLAY.

A MITHER'S KNEE.

A T mither's knee I waitin' stood,
Wi' fingers link'd behind me,
The bauldest o' the bairnheid brood :—
That hour they seldom faund me ;
My mither's weel-arch'd bree aboon,
Wi' lo'e-lit e'e, a' droopin'—
The deid, the gaun, they gather roun',
In memory's halie groupin'!

Her han' she placed upon my heid ;
Hoo often I've caressed it!
An' syne it mould'red with the deid,
Hoo aft wi' tears ha'e blessed it!
Hoo sweet she tauld us o' Christ's lo'e,
Hoo He lay in the manger :
Hoo, then, she leuked our hale life thro',
And mapped out ilka danger.

A roguish, rompin' bairn was I,
Wi, een deep-set, blue-blinkin',
Wha speir'd o' things baith laigh and high,
An' had a way o' thinkin' ;
Her leuk o' lo'e could mak' the tear
Adoon my cheek fast trickle—
But, ah, nae bairn lang face lang wears,
He has o' joys sic mickle.

She never thought her wark was gran',
 Nor bruited it, nor tauld it ;
 But, kept at it, wi' silent han',
 Our bairnheid life to mould it ;
 She blent' it wi' the halie sphere,
 Ower whilk she stretch'd lo'e's scepter ;
 The harvest o' life's eomin' year,
 Hopefu' through a' this kept her.

For, like the sources o' the burn,
 Frae roeks an' trees doon-drappin',
 These deft-hid things that first we learn,
 Still oot they maun be crappin',
 I've lang forgot the beuks I read,
 The wise things taught i' eollege ;
 But time'll na dri'e frae oot my head
 That ither bairnheid knowledge !

THE FINDING OF THE CROSS.

For Missionary Meetings.

LISTEN ! I will tell a legend of a land beyond the
 sea ;
 Listen ! I will tell a legend, strange, and strangely sweet
 to me,
 Of the days of superstition, when the hearts of men were
 led
 From the Saviour's dying sorrow, to the cross whereon
 He bled ;
 When they worshiped less the Saviour, than the cross
 on which He died ;
 When they held aloft a symbol, till the type was glorified.

But the cross they counted sacred—so the weird traditions go—

Vanished from sight of mortals, how or wherefore, none could know.

So they journeyed late and early, hoping they might find again,

Raise, and hold it up forever, in the sight of doubting men.

Watchers waited on each summit, on each towering mountain height,

For the signal which should tell them that the cross was brought to light.

Long and far the pilgrims journeyed, long they sought in patient trust,

Till at last they found their object, rudely trampled in the dust.

Lo! a sudden cry of gladness over plain and valley rung,

And a chorus of thanksgiving for the sacred cross was sung;

On the nearest mountain summit soon a fire was an aglow,

Blazing forth the joyful tidings to the waiting hearts below.

Watchers on another mountain saw the fire that burned afar,

Shining through the dark and distance like a glory giving star.

So they quickly gathered fagots, lit them up, and sent the word

To another group of watchers, till the hearts of men were stirred.

And from summit unto summit thus the signals passed along,

Till the mountains all were lighted, and the valleys rang
with song ;

And the nations seemed to tremble with the echoes of
the sound :

“ Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! for the Holy Cross is found ! ”

This is but an idle legend of another land and time ;

This is but an idle legend, woven through an idle rhyme.

But I turn the fabrie over ; on the other side are
wrought

Lessons of a better meaning than the ancient dreamers
thought ;

For to-night the cry is ringing in a clear, exultant
voice :

“ Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! we have found the cross—
rejoice ! ”

This is not the wooden symbol, but the story, grand and
true.

Buried deep in men's traditions, it was nearly lost to
view ;

Crusted thick with mold'ring doctrines, trampled under
marching feet ;

Yet at last the cross is lifted ; “ God be praised,” our
lips repeat.

Will you help us light our signal ? Come and pile the
fagots high ;

Come and join our hallelujahs, for the precious cross is
nigh !

For the story of the Saviour and His love for human
kind,

Lifted from the dust that hid it in the ages just behind,
Rises on the sight of mortals, and we send the tidings
out,

Lighting up the gloomy valleys where are souls in sin
and doubt,
Waiting nations, long in darkness, rise and turn their
eager eyes
To the westward, where the signal faintly gleams against
the skies.
“Can it be,” they softly whisper, “Can it be that hope
is there?”
Come and pile the fagots higher ! come and chase away
despair !
From another mountain turret soon the signal light will
shine ;
Soon another height be glowing with the soul-rejoicing
sign.
Thus the word of hope and blessing will be passed from
land to land ;
Thus the hymn of exultation will be passed from band
to band ;
Till the Hallelujah Chorus of the ages yet to be,
Rises, surges, swells, and mingles with the waves of
every sea ;
Till the universal anthem beats and breaks on every
shore :
“Glory, honor, power, dominion, be to God forever-
more !
Glory, honor, power, dominion, be to Jesus Christ, His
Son !
Praise the Lord, ye saints and angels, for at last the
world is won !”

JESSIE H. BROWN.

BRUDDER YERKES'S SERMON.

AS "Brudder Yerkes" took his stand beside the desk he began a teetering motion, swayed, perhaps, by his feelings, as a balanced rock might have been by an earthquake. Suddenly he broke into rapid and rhapsodic speech—the words poured as through a mill-race. Sentences without substantives followed sentences without predicates. Metaphors were mixed like the limbs of different trees whirled by a hurricane. The audience was soon swept along with the enthusiasm of the speaker, and showed every changing emotion on their faces, as well as by their exclamations.

At first the effect seemed to be due entirely to animal magnetism ; but close attention discovered an unconscious logic ; a practical arrangement of ideas, and a natural sequence of feeling throughout the discourse, which no lack of grammar could vitiate. In the morning I had attended service in the most respectable Presbyterian Church in the place, and had heard a distinguished divine from the North ; but I must confess that an analysis of the two sermons showed that "Brudder Yerkes" had the advantage of the learned divine in all that goes to make effective preaching. The colored man's sermon was superior in outline, in aptness of Scripture illustration, and in massing of motives, as it was in unction of delivery.

The run of the sermon may be gathered from the following scraps which have lingered in my memory :

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

"O, chillern, whar am de door? Speks yer t'ink it am de door ob hebbin. O, dem gates ob pearl in de

golden city! O, de door inter de Fader's house! O, let de angels swing 'em wide open on ter de hinges ob redeeming lub! But, chillern, dat's not de door dat yer and I is a watchin' yet.

"Speks yer t'ink it am de door ob de Church. Wide door, shua nuff! big as de door ob de Ark ob de Cubbant: an' inter it go all de walkin' an' de creepin' tings, great an' small, rich an' poor, ffyin' saint an' crawlin' sinner. But dat's not de door we's a watchin' dis arternoon.

"No, chillern; de door is de door inter de heart.

"But who am a stan'in' at de door? 'Taint no tramp come ter de shanty, like de debbil, a stan'in' roun' to eat up suthin' what he may devour. 'Taint no thief a hangin' 'bout waitin' ter snatch some soul wid de claws ob de great temptation. 'Taint no 'cendiary ter set yer on fire wid de 'ternal burnin'. But it's jus' de bestest frien' yer ebber could hab; wiser dan de white folks, kinder dan de fader what toted yer when yer was a baby, an' more lubbin' dan de mudder what nussed yer. It's de good Lor' a-stan'in' at de door; His head white as de light ob de noonshine, an' a-glisterin' wid de dew, an' all ober as lubly as de rose ob Sharon. An' He done brung de bread fur de soul, an' de wine fur de sperrit, an' de pearls ob great price fur de eberlastin' rejoicin'.

"An' what am He doin' at de door? Only jus' a knockin, an' a-sayin', 'O poor sinner, let me in! I'se come to supper wid yer!' Did yer nebber hear Him a-knockin'? He knocks wid de conscience when de sin am a troublin'. He knocks wid de fear when de doctor am a-fcelin' ob de pulse, an' He say, 'I am de great physicianer.' He knocks wid de hungerin', an'

de thirsterin' arter righteousness, when de husks ob de worl' turn de stomach. He knocks soft and gentle when dar's a coffin in de eabin. He knocks like de thunder when yer won't hear Him in no tudder ways.

"Better let Him in! Let Him in, Susan! Let Him in, Daniel! He's a callin' yer by yer name, fur He aint no stranger; knows every body a heap sight better than he knows hisself. O, chillern, let in de Lor', an' when de front door ob de heart swings wide open, de hull sky full ob glory will come a-rushin' in too, fur de Lor' am clothed wid de rainbow, an' walks in de shoes ob sapphire.

"Now why don't yer let Him in? O! it's cause yer got de bar up—bar ob yer selfishness, bar ob yer drinkin', bar ob yer danein', and de bar ob yer foolin'. O, take de bar down, chillern! Did yer har de screechin' dis moruin', when de fire done burnt up de eabin an' de little baby in it? O Lor', help Aunt Raehel, an' don't keep her refusin' to be comforted 'eause her baby aint no more. Mudder lef' de chile in de cabin an' locked de door. When de fire was a-shootin' from de winder big men said, 'Open dis door, an' we'll save yer.' But de baby couldn't open de door. O, how de tears run down yer e cheeks, all fur that baby! But better ery some fur yerself, now, 'eause de flames of de eberlastin' burnin' has a-etched on ter de eabin ob yer own life; an' Lor' Jesus He's a stan'in' at de door. But some of yer can't let Him in any more dan dat baby. Yer's frowed away yer strength; yer's lost yer resolution; or yer's all upsot wid de suddingness ob de hell a bustin' out in yer. O! chillern, open de door dis yer bressed minit, before it am eberlastin'ly too late."

The swaying motion was kept up for a few moments

after the preacher had ceased speaking, when he suddenly dropped into the chair from utter exhaustion.

“An’ now,” said the pastor, “when de choir hab stopped cryin’, dey will sing a hymn, an’ we’ll put in all de pennies we’s got inter de box, and de white folks will put in de silber, for de relief ob Aunt Rachel.”

DR. JAMES M. LUDLOW.

GETTYSBURG.

IT WAS the breaking of the tempest when rebellion
broke the law,
And the fearless-hearted Lincoln raised the flaming
sword of war ;
When our poets sang of freedom, and from all our
Northern homes
Marched the volunteers to battle, to the sound of Union
drums.
From Vermont, from Massachusetts, came they forth,
with brows of light,
And from every State that gloried in the Union and
the right,
Till the wondering hills re-echoed to the march of armed
throngs,
And the babe was rocked to slumber to the sound of
Union songs.
Every village had its drum-call, every home its stripes
and stars,
Every city rang with echoes of its people’s loud hurrahs,
And the Northern maiden, sewing, to her country’s
honor true
Hummed her stirring “Hail Columbia” as she drew
her needle through.

Pennsylvania's hills were blooming; summer breezes
kissed the rills,
But still thicker than the flowers stood the white tents
on the hills.
Far toward Chambersburg and Carlisle, by the army
guarded vales,
Wound the canvas-covered wagons through the daisy-
whitened dales,
And the polished, brazen cannon in the noontide gleamed
like gold;
All was stir and preparation and the hearts of men
grew bold.
Here was Meade, and there was Reynolds; here was
Howard, bold and grave,
Here was Sedgwick, Hancock, Slocum; there was Sick-
les, firm and brave;
And the country's flag waved o'er them, with its red
and white and blue,
Like alternate stripes of sunrise set with noontide's
azure hue.

See! the flaming battle opens! All forgot is Sinai's
law
And the gleaming of the bayonet is the lighting flash
of war.
All the morn is wild with music of the shrieking fife
and drum,
And the sound of hosts advancing where the rushing
squadrons come.
See! Kilpatrick's troops are sweeping down the hillside
to the creek,
Clouds of smoke enfold the valley and the hoarse-
mouthed cannon speak.

Brightly gleams the clashing saber, wild the hiss of
 leaden rain,
Loud the deep artillery thunder by the hill and o'er the
 plain.
Glory! glory to the Union! How the blue lines, swell-
 ing grand,
Surge and beat upon the gray coats, like the ocean on
 the strand.

General Reynolds, he has fallen! Dash away the bitter
 tear!

'Tis a noble thing to die, boys, for a cause so grand, so
 dear.

Hear the clanging chains of thralldom! Strike! oh,
 strike, my comrades brave,

'Tis for Right you fight, and Honor! Strike! and free
 the bleeding slave!

Ha! the banner shaft is shattered, and the bearer, brave,
 shot through.

Save it! wave it, boys,—the banner that can keep an
 army true!

General Howard's flaming cannon flash their death-light
 on the plain,

And the Thirteenth and the Sixteenth pour their volley
 like a rain.

Cheer boys! cheer! the foe is wavering! Never mind
 the shot and shell,

Rally, boys! when Right is sovereign, Glory leads her
 armies well.

On, Vermont! On, Massachusetts! Every State on!
 firm and brave!

On! and plant the flag of Freedom on Oppression's
 cursed grave!

And the brave troops of the Union, like one man, close
on the foe,
Till the foemen's ranks are scattered like a drift wind-
blown snow.

Three dark days are filled with fighting. On the third,
the sunset fire
Comes to light the earth and purge it with its heav'n
enkindled pyre,
On the field the dead are lying with their faces to the sky,
Dead ! away from home and kindred. Dead ! and who
hath seen them die ?
Not a tender voice to bless them in that stormy close of
life,
But the smoke of war about them, and the deafening
roar of strife.
Yet the tender peace of evening, like the Christ upon
the sea,
Now hath come to still the tempest of their stormy
Galilee.
O'er the raging waves of battle hath it brought this
wondrous ealm,
And the day that man made hideous, Nature closes with
a psalm.

Round their snow-white tents, at twilight, lie the battle-
weary men ;
Lee is conquered,—battle over, and sweet rest has come
again.
And they dream of home and kindred, of the little
cottage, poor,
With the morning-glories nodding in the sunshine, by
the door.

And the mother, kneeling gently, with her face up-
turned in prayer,
And the blind old house dog whining for his master, on
the stair.
Then the view grows dim and misty, and the cheek with
tears is wet,
For the soul may brave an army, but it cannot brave
regret.

Years have fled. The war is over. North and South
have taken hands ;
One sweet country,—one proud nation, and no slave in
all the lands ;
But the names of patriot soldiers, who went down to
death sublime,
Pour an everlasting lustre down the long arcades of
time.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

ARE THESE GOD'S CHILDREN?

WE sat by the open window,
My little Bessie and I—
As through the clean, wide village street
The Gypsy band went by.
Twas June, and the leaves were dancing,
And upon the golden air
The breath of the blowing roses
Went wandering every where.

The sunlight and the shadows
Floated lightly a-down the street,
When the Gypsy band went slowly by
With weary and lagging feet.

They seemed like the sombre spirits,
From some lost, forsaken elime,
A caravan from the dusty realms
On the farther side of time.

The lean and drooping horses,
The covered vans piled high,
The sullen and cruel driver
With the lash, and curse, and ery ;
The dogs so hungry and savage,
And beside them on either hand,
The swarthy, swaggering masters,
The lords of the Gypsy band.

And the women ! O, the women !
So haggard, and bent, and blaek,
With the babe strapped across the bosom,
And the burden upon the baek ;
And the pitiful little ehildren,
With faees as old as sin,—
Ah ! when did their ehildhood leave them,
And the burden of life begin ?

And after the rest came trooping
Singly, in groups and pairs,
The girls with the eymbals and tamborines,
The boys with the daneing bears ;
And the village rabble crowded
On the heels of this human woe,
Flinging their vagrant pennies
To pay for the pitiful show.

And they seemed to me all less human
Than the half-tamed beasts they led,
I was glad when the hateful pageant
From my aehing vision fled.

A blot on God's sweet sunlight;
A blackened, noisome stain;
A reproach to the Infinite kindness,
And my heart grew siek with pain.

Then I thought of the Babe in the manger,
Of the child beside my knees,
"In His image and likeness He formed him,"—
Could the legend mean aught to these?
Was there somehow in God's wide merey,
A special provision planned?
Was there somewhere in God's great Heaven,
A place for a Gypsy band?

Then I looked at my little daughter,
In her apron, clean and white,
With her soft brushed curls, and her forehead
As pure as Heaven's own light.
But the tender eyes were elouded,
With an anxious, questioning air,
"O Mamma, are these God's children?
Does our Father in Heaven care?
"Can they never go to Heaven?
It's only clean folks, you know,
Can enter the shining city
In garments as white as snow!
I'm so sorry, oh! so sorry!"
The great tears trembled and fell,
And the child's heart broke with the pity,
Which the child's lips could not tell.
O shame to my righteous doubting!
O shame to my narrow creed!
For "who hath made us to differ,"
For whom did the Lord Christ bleed?

What is a child's compassion
To the Infinite heart above?
What is a child's poor pity
To the great wide Heaven of love?

"Yes, Bessie, these are God's children,
He can make them clean and white,
He cares for them just like the sparrows,
And watches them day and night.
The beautiful gates are open,
Christ Himself will gather them in,
These poor, lost children of darkness,
From their misery, want, and sin."

Then the dear little face grew brighter,
The shadows flew from her brow,
"I'm so glad for the poor little Gypsies,
But I wish God would come right now!"

SARA M. CHATFIELD.

A CULPRIT.

From the Century.

THE maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: "Will you please explain,
What your heads were doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

"When I think of your bringing up—my care,
My scrupulous care—and it's come to this! you
Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a young man kiss you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!

"Are you going to tell me what he said,
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling.
So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
Don't go as if you were stifling!"

Her voice was shaken, of course, with fear.

"He said—he said, 'Will you have me, Jane?'
And I said I would. But, indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again."

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

THE stoutest heart in this assembly would recoil were he, who owns it, to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence. Were the

man who, at this moment, stands before you, in the full play and energy of health, to be, in another moment, laid, by some deadly aim, a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relentings of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed ; who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart, which nothing but time could wear away ; who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment ; who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments ; who would dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed, which you courted as a retreat from the torments of an ever-meddling memory, into a scene of restlessness. Oh, tell me, if there be any relentings of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it to behold the agonies of the dying man, as, goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy ; or, faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance ; or, wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body ; or, lifting up a faded eye he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness for that succor which no sympathy can yield him ? It may be painful to dwell thus, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual, but multiply it ten thousand times ; say how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field ; give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us, with all the accuracy of an official computation, and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted

up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death. Oh! say, what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren; which deafens to our ear the voice of bleeding humanity when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands; which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter throw a softening disguise over its cruelties and its horrors; which causes us to eye, with indifference, the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh which each individual would, singly, have drawn from us by the report of the many who have fallen and breathed their last in agony along with him. CHALMERS.

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd’st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss,—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child !
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last, submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

COWPER.

KING HAROLD'S SPEECH TO HIS ARMY
BEFORE THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

THIS day, O friends and Englishmen, sons of our common land,—this day, ye fight for liberty. The Count of the Normans hath, I know, a mighty army ; I disguise not its strength. That army he hath collected together by promising to each man a share in the spoils of England. Already, in his court and his camp, he hath parcelled out the lands of this kingdom ; and fierce are the robbers that fight for the hope of plunder ! But he cannot offer to his greatest chief boons nobler than those I offer to my meanest freeman—liberty, and right, and law, on the soil of his fathers ! Ye have heard of the miseries endured, in the old time, under the Dane ; but they were slight indeed to those which ye may expect from the Norman. The Dane was kindred to us in language and in law, and who now can tell Saxon from Dane ? But yon men would rule ye in a language ye know not ; by a law that claims the crown as the right of the sword, and divides the land among the hirelings of an army. We baptized the Dane, and the Church tamed his fierce end into peace ; but yon men make the Church itself their ally, and march to carnage under the banner profaned to the foulest of human wrongs ! Offscourings of all nations, they come against you ; ye fight as brothers under the eyes of your fathers and chosen chiefs ; ye fight for the women we would save ; ye fight for the children ye would guard from eternal bondage ; ye fight for the altars which yon banner now darkens ! Foreign priest is a tyrant as ruthless and stern as ye shall find foreign baron and

king! Let no man dream of retreat; every inch of ground that ye yield is the soil of your native land. For me, on this field I peril all. Think that mine eye is upon you, wherever ye are. If a line waver or shrink, ye shall hear in the midst the voice of your king. Hold fast to your ranks. Remember, such among you as fought with me against Hardrada—remember that it was not till the Norsemen lost, by rash sallies, their serried array, that our arms prevailed against them. Be warned by their fatal error, break not the form of the battle; and I tell you, on the faith of a soldier, who never yet hath left field without victory, that ye cannot be beaten. While I speak, the winds swell the sails of the Norse ships, bearing home the corpse of Hardrada. Accomplish, this day, the last triumph of England; add to these hills a new mount of the conquered dead! And when in far times and strange lands, scald and seop shall praise the brave man for some valiant deed, wrought in some holy cause, they shall say, “He was brave as those who fought by the side of Harold, and swept from the sward of England the hosts of the haughty Norman.”

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beaches of a meadow
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow :
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses—"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds :
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath :
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind ;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face :
He will say, ‘O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!’

“Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, ‘Rise and go !
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’

“Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’
I will utter, and dissemble—
‘Light to-morrow with to-day!’

“Then he’ll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong ;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

“Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
‘Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity’s counting !
What wilt thou exchange for it?’

“ And the first time, I will send
A white rose bud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove ;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—‘ Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.’

“ Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee :
‘ I am a duke’s eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but thee !’

“ He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds,
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donn’d the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnaw’d the reeds !

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not ; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds !

MRS. BROWNING.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord ; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth ; the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down ; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For He is our God ; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand. To-day if ye will hear His voice,

Harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness :

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways :

Unto whom I sware, in my wrath, that they should not enter into my rest.

BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

[“ In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared he ‘ would trample the audacious rusties under his feet ;’ and that he had procured a large stock of eordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death. . . But the Swiss were prepared to meet the attack, and the Duke retreated, sullen and dismayed.”]

THE wine-month* shone in its golden prime,
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound, through the Switzer’s clime,
 Than the vintage music, rung—
 A sound through vaulted cave,
 A sound through echoing glen,
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave ;
 —’Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
 Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
 With a thousand of their own.
 And through the forest-glooms
 Flash’d helmets to the day ;
 And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
 Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli’s† wilds there was gleaming steel
 As the host of the Austrian pass’d ;
 And the Schreckhorn’s‡ rocks, with a savage peal,
 Made mirth of his clarion’s blast.

* Wine-month, the German name for October.

† Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

‡ Schreckhorn, the peak of terror, a mountain in the canton of Berne.

Up midst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering-word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers and lances tall,
Moved onwards in princely state.

They came with heavy chains
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains,
The herdsman's arm is strong !

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they enter'd the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rang the while.

But on the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood,
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness as of deep, dead night,
And a pause—but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.

On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they look'd not to the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
All helm'd and mail-array'd,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder shower
In the rustling forest-shade.

There were prince and crested knight,
Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.
And the mighty rocks came bounding down
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
Oh ! the herdsman's arm is strong!—
They came like av'lanche hurl'd
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.
The fir-woods crash'd on the mountain-side,
And the Switzers rush'd from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry :
Like hunters of the deer,
They storm'd the narrow dell ;
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.
There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay ;
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day !
And the Empire's banner then
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the Forest-Sea.
With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dash'd to the reddening lake
From the reapers of the field !

The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoe view'd
 When the Austrian turn'd to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
 Had a fearful death to die!
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelm'd was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills
 Went baek from the battle-toil,
 To their eabin homes midst the deep-green hills,
 All burden'd with royal spoil.
 There were songs and festal fires
 On the soaring Alps that night,
 When eildren sprang to greet their sires
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

MRS. HEMANS.

HO, BOAT AHOY!

SOME years ago, one summer's morn,
 We rowed among the lilies golden
 On mountain lake, whose banks are hid
 And guarded by the hemlocks olden.

We dipped our oars in lazy tides,
 We sang and rowed thro' sun and shadow,
 We mocked the willful echo-sprite
 Who lurked, we knew, in eopse or meadow.

And, mocking, we were mocked again,
 So playful was the spite she bore us ;
 “Ho, boat ahoy !” came from the shore,
 And Echo sent her merry chorus—
 “Ho, boat ahoy ! ahoy ! ahoy !”

Again that call of “Boat ahoy !”
 Of some to share our golden leisure.
 “O boat ahoy !”—“ahoy ! ahoy ! ahoy ! ahoy !”
 Again came Echo’s gleeful measure.

“You’ve waked the maid,” we cried in glee,
 “The coy, sweet Echo of the mountain ;
 Now she will bear us company,
 You still may linger by the fountain.”

But still they cried, now loud, now low,
 “Ho, boat ahoy ! ahoy ! ahoy !”
 Now loud, now low, now fast, now slow,
 “Ho, boat ahoy ! ho, boat ahoy !”—
 And Echo mocked “Ahoy ! ahoy ! ahoy !”

EMMA SOPHIE STILWELL.

SISTER AGATHA’S GHOST.

Adapted from Nestleton Magna.

NESTLETON ABBEY, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, England, is a picturesque pile of ruins, at one time reputed to have been haunted.

On a certain evening Adam Olliver, a good old Yorkshire Methodist, astride his faithful steed Balaam, which was generally made his confidant on such occasions, was

on his way homeward from a missionary meeting which had been held in an adjoining village. It was a bright moonlight night, and Balaam's hoofs were pattering along the frosty road, when the big bell of Cowley Priory boomed out the hour of eleven.

"Balaam, aud friend, this is a bonny tahme o' neet for thoo an' me to be wanderin' throo' t' coontry, when a'most ivvery honest body's gone to bed. Besides, thoo knoas it's dangerous travelin' noo-a-days, for there's robbers, an' hoosebreekers, an' 'ighwaymen about. They'll hae sum trubble to rob me, hooivver, for that man frae York 'ticed ivvery copper oot o' my pocket, an's left ma' as poor as a chotch moose. What'll Judy think on us, gallivantin' about at midneet i' this oathers? She'll think thoo's run away wi' ma', Balaam." The idea of Balaam being guilty of any such absurd indiscretion, tickled the old man's risible faculties so finely, that he broke out into a hearty fit of laughter, loud and long. Scarcely had the sound subsided than there rose upon the air a scream so wild and piercing, that for a moment both Balaam and his rider were astonished. Rising up in his stirrups, Adam Olliver looked across the adjoining hedge. The hoary gables of the old Abbey stood out bold and clear, and the crumbling walls and shapeless heaps of stones, and the all-pervading ivy were to be seen almost as clearly as by day. But there was one sight that never could be seen by day which now displayed itself to Adam's wondering gaze. This was nothing less than the veritable apparition of the ancient nun. Robed in flowing white, with white folds across the brow, and that awful crimson stain upon the breast, there it stood, or slowly walked with measured pace around the ruined pile. One death-white hand was

laid upon the bosom, the other one was lifted heavenward, as if in deprecation or in prayer.

"Balaam," said Adam, as he settled himself again in his saddle, "there is a boggle, hooivver! But all right, Balaam. Ah telled tha' 'at if thoo didn't toun tayl if we sud see it, ah wadn't. What diz tho' say? will tho' feeace it?"

By this time they had arrived at the gate of the paddock in which the haunted ruins stood. Now Balaam had for many years enjoyed the free run of that pasturage whenever he was off duty, and this familiarity with the haunts of Sister Agatha perhaps accounted for Balaam's belief in spiritualism. But be this as it may, Balaam, altogether unaccustomed to such unconsciously late hours, promptly came to the conclusion that his master would now turn him into the paddock for the night, and so he trotted boldly up to the gate, and inserting his nose between the bars, looked with wistful eye, into the green and restful Paradise within.

"Well dun, Balaam! That's a ehallenge, at ony rayte," said Adam, "an' ah wecan't refuse it. Ah nivver was frettened o' howt bud the divvil, an' noo, thenk the Lord, ah decan't eare a button for 'im. Nut 'at ah think it is 'im. It's sam Tom Feeal, ah faney, at's deein' it for a joak; bud he hez neea business to flay fooaks oot o' the'r wits, an' ah'll see whea it is."

He opened the gate, and, nothing loth, Balaam boldly trotted over the grass, and again the apparition showed itself, just as it had appeared several nights previous to some of the neighbors.

"Woy," said Adam to his reckless steed, and the ghost, observing the daring intruder, stretched out its hands in menace, and advanced until it stood beneath

the arch, on the spot it usually selected for its subterranean evanishment. Here another woeful, wailing shriek arose ; Adam for the first time felt an odd tingling sensation, and a sort of creepy-crawly feeling that would be difficult to analyze. Balaam, however, showed not the least surprise, so Adam stood up again in his stirrups, though he was "a goodish bit dumfoonder'd," as he afterward confessed, and repeated in a loud voice a verse of a favorite hymn,—

"Theere is a peeame 'igh ower all,
I' hell or 'arth or sky ;
Aingels an' men afoore it fall,
An' divvils fear an' fly !"

Hereupon the ghost itself was "a goodish bit dumfoonder'd" too ; however, the last act of the drama was accomplished as usual, for instantly a pale blue flash surrounded the figure, which sank at once among the briars and brambles that grew in unchecked profusion on that uncanny ground.

"Cum oop! Balaam," said Adam, and that unflinching steed trotted under the broken arch! Adam's observant eye had noticed that as the figure sank the brambles bent and waved to and fro, as if set in motion by some living thing. He was not greatly learned in ghost lore, still he had the idea that a real, genuine ghost, with no nonsense about it, ought to have gone through the briars with no more commotion than the moonbeams made.

"That'll deea for te-neet, Balaam," said Adam ; "t' ghaust's run te 'arth like a fox, an' we mun dig 'im oot."

Balaam obeyed the bridle, turned his steps homeward, and in a few minutes the anxiety of Judy was allayed by the appearance of her good man, all safe and sound.

"Adam!" said she, "wherivver hae yo' been, te be so late?"

"Why, me an' Balaam's been te see t' boggle!"

"What, Sister Agatha's ghost?"

"Sister Agatha's gran'mother," said Adam, contemptuously. "It's my opinion 'at it isn't a sister at all, but a bruther, an' a precious rascal at that, wiv 'is white smock, an' 'is bloody breest, an' 'is blue bleeazes. If he dizn't mind, he'll get mair o' them last soot o' things then he'll care for; bud we'll dig 'im oot."

The next day Adam related his midnight encounter to two of his friends, and they with him resolved to go and explore the haunted spot. They were ultimately rewarded by the discovery of an underground cave, which penetrated far into the earth. Candles were provided to prosecute the search, and there they found much thievish booty. The astonished discoverers kept their secret, and quickly arranged to set a secret watch on the bramble-covered entrance to the burglar's den. Two or three nights afterward they were successful in capturing a man just as he was in the act of descending to his lair. He was seized by strong hands and placed under guard, and eventually the entire gang, which had long been a terror to the country side, was captured, and speedily "left their country for their country's good," and Sister Agatha's ghost disappeared from the old Abbey forever, and the village rested in peace.

J. J. WRAY.

JUNE.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays :
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

And instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay :
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;

No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap ereeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THREE LEAVES FROM A BOY'S DIARY.

From Youth's Companion.

JUNE 20.—I'll have a lot to write, now. More than I ever had before, for I've found out something.

Six months ago we moved out here on our farm, and then we didn't go to town, only just once in a while, on the cars. They put it in the paper when we left, and once in a while they put it in that pa had been in the city—when he called on the editor. But I hadn't never been in.

In the paper, I mean. So I was just the surprisedest you ever saw, to read yesterday, in a little corner, "Died, June 18, in Hickory Township, of brain fever, James Willis, aged thirteen years." That was me! only, of course, I hadn't died, nor nothing, and I lived in Hickory, and all. But then, it wasn't me, of course, and still I couldn't help believin' it was, if they'd only left out the brain-fever and the dyin'.

Everybody else thought it was me, too—I mean everybody in town—and Cousin Fred came right out to see about it.

Oh, how sorry everybody was! How they pitied pa! and how they pitied ma! and how sorry they were for Bess and Bob for losin' such a noble brother! and what a great man I had given promise of making! and how much good they had all calculated on my doing in the world!

Really, I couldn't help thinkin' it would have been a downright shame if it had been me—everybody was so sorry.

It was publicly announced in the town schools, Fred said! and the teachers were all so sorry, and the scholars just felt awful—especially the girl that had sat in front of me, and the two girls back of me, all who had borrowed my knife and things most of the time.

I think it is wrong to like a fellow as much as they did me, and never let him know it. I'd 'a' treated them lots better in life, if I'd 'a' known it.

There were resolutions drawed up, and the teachers cried and said I'd been a good boy and they'd always been so proud of me, and had so hoped I'd live to bless the world. It seems that I was the principal hope of that institution. If I'd 'a' knowed they had such hopes of me, I never would 'a' whispered or laughed or traded in school, once.

June 21.—There was a great long piece in the paper this morning. And oh, everybody's a-feeling so bad! The resolutions came out, too. They made me feel very qucer. But we've found out. Somebody did die, but it wasn't me. It was just another boy. His folks moved here lately, and are renters.

June 22, Morning.—I'm going to town to-day with Fred. He wrote his folks a postal, sayin' I was all right, but for them not to tell, but let my return be a surprise. I thought it might be too much for everybody if I just went right in to them, and I suggested the propriety of sending a telegram or something, to tell them to prepare to be awfully startled. But pa said he guessed it wasn't necessary.

So I'm going right in, just so. Oh, I am so anxious to see everybody! Won't they all be glad? I feel as if it would be a dreadful thing for everybody if I was to die. I hope, harder'n ever, that everybody'll live to

rear me. I mean, I hope for everybody's sake that I'll live to grow up. I never want to afflict people so again. Everybody liked me so well, and I'm so thankful, and want to stay with them! I'm going to have a good time now, with so many friends. I guess I'll amount to a considerable.

Night.—Well, most everybody was glad—I guess. But it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be. Everybody had heard about it bein' another boy, and some had been a-sayin' they knowed all along it wasn't so. I wasn't the kind of a youth to die early. And one boy said I hadn't brains enough to catch a fever in 'em. And some that had took on about it looked sheepish; and that ungrateful Ettie Green took it back, and said she never cried a bit. And I wouldn't never have nothing to say to her again, if I was a hundred years old.

The Principal laughed, and said the President's chair wouldn't have to go empty, after all, and the teachers took on some. A good many of the boys said, "Hallo!" and didn't even shake hands. And when I saw Ed Hunter, I thought, "Now he's coming to tell me how much he always loved me," and I looked pleasant at him; but he turned off another way, and looked as if he thought I was a bigger sneak than ever. I almost felt like I didn't have no right anywhere.

I suppose the folks's sorrow had kind of reconciled them to my loss, and when I came back it confused them.

I aint sorry I'm goin' home to-morrow. I'm just another boy, after all, an' I can't help thinkin' if it had been that Ed Hunter himself that had died, there'd 'a' been just as big a fuss made about it, and maybe Ettie Green would have cried too.

It's a funny world, but I've got just as good a right here as anybody.

Happy thought! I've made a new resolution. It is to be just as good and studious and promising as all the people seemed to think I had been, after that notice appeared. Then if anything should happen, folks wouldn't have to be so two-sided about it.

SUE GREGORY.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WELCOME, ye pleasant dales and hills
Where dream-like passed my early days,
Ye cliffs and glens and laughing rills
That sing unconscious hymns of praise;
Welcome, ye woods with tranquil bowers
Embathed in autumn's mellow sheen,
Where careless childhood gathered flowers,
And slept on mossy carpets green.

The same bright sunlight gently plays
About the porch and orchard trees;
The garden sleeps in noontide haze,
Lulled by the murmuring of the bees;
The sloping meadows stretch away
To upland field and wooded hill;
The soft blue sky of peaceful day
Looks down upon the homestead still.

I hear the humming of the wheel—
Strange music of the days gone by—
I hear the clicking of the reel,
Once more I see the spindle fly.

How then I wondered at the thread
That narrowed from the snowy wool,
Much more to see the pieces wed,
And wind upon the whirling spool!

I see the garret once again,
With rafter, beam, and oaken floor;
I hear the pattering of the rain
As summer clouds go drifting o'er.
The little window toward the west
Still keeps its webs and buzzing flies,
And from this cozy childhood nest
Jack's bean stalk reaches to the skies.

I see the circle gathered round
The open fire-place glowing bright,
While birchen sticks with crackling sound
Send forth a rich and ruddy light;
The window-sill is piled with sleet,
The well-sweep creaks before the blast,
But warm hearts make the contrast sweet,
Sheltered from storm, secure and fast.

O loved ones of the long ago,
Whose memories hang in golden frames,
Resting beneath the maple's glow,
Where few e'er read your chiseled names,
Come back, as in that Christmas night,
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth!—
Ah me! the dream is all too bright,
And ashes lie upon the hearth.

Below the wood, beside the spring,
Two little children are at play,
And hope, that bird of viewless wing,
Sings in their hearts the livelong day;

The acorns patter at their feet,
The squirrel chatters 'neath the trees,
And life and love are all complete—
They hold Aladdin's lamp and keys.

And, sister, now my children come
To find the water just as cool,
To play about our grandsire's home,
To see our pictures in the pool.
Their laughter fills the shady glen ;
The fountain gurgles o'er with joy
That, after years full three times ten,
It finds its little girl and boy.

No other spring in all the world
Is half so clear and cool and bright,
No other leaves by autumn curled
Reflect for me such golden light.
Of childhood's faith this is the shrine ;
I kneel beside it now as then,
And though the spring's no longer mine,
I kiss its cooling lips again.

Unchanged it greets the changeful years ;
Its life is one unending dream ;
No record here of grief or tears ;
But, like the limpid meadow stream,
It seems to sympathize with youth,
Just as the river does with age,
And ever whispers—sweetest truth
Is written on life's title page.

WALLACE BRUCE.

JUPITER AND TEN.

MRS. CHUB was rich and portly,
Mrs. Chub was very grand,
Mrs. Chub was always reckoned
A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion
In a very stately square,—
Mr. C. knows what it cost him,
But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,
Such a patron of the arts,
And she gave such foreign orders,
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,
When she went away from home,
Of a most prodigious painting
Which had just arrived from Rome.

“Such a treasure,” she insisted,
“One might never see again!”
“What's the subject?” we inquired,
“It is Jupiter and Ten!”

“Ten what?” we blandly asked her,
For the knowledge we did lack.
“Ah! that I cannot tell you,
But the name is on the back.

“ There it stands in printed letters.
Come to-morrow, gentlemen,
Come and see our splendid painting,
Our fine Jupiter and Ten.”

When Mrs. Chub departed,—
Our brains we all did rack,
She could not be mistaken,
For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor
To lay aside his pen,
And give some information
Touching “ Jupiter and Ten.”

And we pondered well the subject,
And our Lempriere we turned,
To discover what the Ten were ;
But we could not, though we burned !

But when we saw the picture,—
Oh, Mrs. Chub ! oh, fie ! oh !
We perused the printed label,
And ’twas Jupiter and Io !

JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

PALE is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day’s sunny hours ;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

BRYANT.

THE WIDOW CUMMISKEY.

THE widow Cummiskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store, Avenue D, the other evening, as Mr. Costello came along. Mr. Costello stopped.

"Good evening to you, ma'am," said he.

"Good evening to you," answered the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin', ma'am," continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that," replied Mrs. Cummiskey, "but the winter's comin' at last, and it comes to all, both great and small."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, "but for all that it doesn't come to us all alike. Now, here you are, ma'am, fat, rosy, an' good-lookin', equally swate as a summer green-ing, a fall pippin, or a winter russet—"

"Arrah, hould yer whist, now," interrupted the fair widow, laughing. "Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, and take a cup of tay with me, for I was only standin' be the doore lookin' at the people passin' for company sake, like, and I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself hoarse."

Mr. Costello needed no second invitation, and he followed his hostess into her snug back room. There was a bright fire burning in the little Franklin stove, the teakettle was sending forth a cloud of steam that took a ruddy glow from the fire-light, the shaded light on the table gave a mellow and subdued light to the room, and it was all very suggestive of comfort.

"It's very cosey ye are here, Mrs. Cummiskey," said Mr. Costello.

"Yes," replied the widow, as she laid the supper, "it is that whin I do have company."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello, "it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and yer cup o' tay."

"Sure it is," answered the widow. "But take a sate and set down, Mr. Costello. Help yourself to the fish, an' don't forgit the purtaties. Look at thim; they're splittin' their sides with laughin'."

Mr. Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the plump widow, with her arms in that graceful posi-

tion assumed in the pouring out of tea, and remarked, "I'm sinsible of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cumiskey, although I've none mesilf. Mind, now, the difference between the taste o' the tay made and served that-a-way and the tay they gives you in an 'ating-house."

"Sure," said the widow, "there's nothin' like a home of your own. I wonder ye never got marrit, Mr. Costello."

"I was about to make the same remark in riference to yerself, ma'am."

"Mr. Costello, aren't I a widder woman this seven year?"

"Ah, but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get marrit again."

"Well, it's sure I am," said the widow, thoughtfully, setting down her tea-cup and raising her hand by way of emphasis, "there never was a better husband to any woman than him that's dead and gone. He was that aisy, a child could do anythin' with him, and he was as humorsome as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello; he was about your height, an' dark-complected like you!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Costello.

"He often used to say to me in his bantherin' way, 'Sure, Nora, what's the worruld to a man whin his wife is a widder?' mauin', you know, that all timplations in luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyant the grave. 'Sure, Nora,' says he, 'what's this worruld to a man whin his wife is a widder?' Ah, poor John!"

"It was a sensible sayin', that," remarked Mr. Costello, helping himself to more fish.

"I mind the day John died," continued the widow. "He knew everything to the last, and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly,

be the elook, that he died—he says to me, ‘Nora,’ says he, ‘you’ve been a good wife,’ says he, ‘an’ I’ve been a good husband,’ says he, ‘an’ so there’s no love lost betune us,’ says he, ‘an’ I could give you a good ehar-ak-tur to any plaee,’ says he, ‘an’ I wish you eould do the same for me where I’m goin,’ says he, ‘but it’s ease equal,’ says he; ‘every dog has his day, and some has a day and a half,’ says he, ‘and,’ says he, ‘I’ll know more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself,’ says he, ‘so I’ll not bother my brains about it;’ and he says, says he, ‘and if at any time ye see anny wan ye like better nor me, marry him,’ says he, for the first time spakin’ it solemn like. ‘Ah, Nora, what is the wurruld to a man when his wife is a widder? And,’ says he, ‘I lave fifty dollars for masses, and the rest I lave to yourself,’ says he, ‘an’ I needn’t tell ye to be a good mother to the ehildren,’ says he, ‘for well we know there are none.’ Ah, poor John. Will ye have another eup of tay, Mr. Costello?”

“It must have been very hard on ye,” said Mr. Costello. “Thank ye, ma’am, no more.”

“It was hard,” said Mrs. Cummiskey; “but time will tell. I must east about me for me own livin’, an’ so I got until this plaee, an’ here I am to-day.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Costello, as they rose from the table and seated themselves before the fire, “an’ here we are both of us this evenin’.”

“Here we are, sure enough,” rejoined the widow.

“An’ so I mind ye of—of him, do I?” asked Mr. Costello, after a pause, during which he had gazed eontemplatively into the fire.

“That ye do. Ye favor him greatly. Dark-complected an’ the same pleasant smile.”

"Now, with me sittin' here, and you sitting there, foreninst me, ye might almost think ye were marrit again," said Mr. Costello, insinuatingly.

"Ah, go 'way now for a taze that ye are," exclaimed the widow, mussing her clean apron by rolling up the corners of it.

"I disremember what it was he said about seein' anny man you liked better nor him," said Mr. Costello, moving his chair a little nearer to that of the widow.

"He said, said he," answered the widow, smoothing her apron over her knees with her plump white hands, "'Nora,' said he, 'if any time ye see anny man ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he."

"Did he say anything about anny wan ye liked as well as him?" asked Mr. Costello.

"I don't mind that he did," answered the widow, reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.

"I suppose he left that to yerself?" pursued Costello.

"Faith, an' I don't know, thin," answered Mrs. Cumiskey.

"D'ye think ye like me as well as him?" asked Costello, persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which were cast down.

"Ah, go 'way for a taze," exclaimed the widow, straightening herself, and playfully slapping Costello in the face.

He moved his chair still nearer, and stole his arm around her waist.

"Nivver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr. Costello," says the widow, looking boldly at him.

"Tell me," he insisted, "d'ye like me as well as ye did him?"

"I—I most—I most disremember now how much I

liked him," answered the widow, naturally embarrassed by such a question.

"Well, thin," asked Costello, enforcing his question by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, "d'ye like me well enough as meself?"

"Hear the man!" exclaimed the widow, derisively; "do I like him well enough as himself?"

"Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart," pleaded Costello. "Answer me this question, Mrs Cummiskey: Is yer heart tender toward me?"

"It is," whispered the widow; "an' there, now ye have it."

"The saints be praised!" exclaimed the happy lover, and he drew the not unwilling widow to his bosom.

A few minutes after Mrs. Cummiskey looked up, and, as she smoothed her hair, said: "But, Jam—es, ye haven't told me how ye liked yer tay."

"Ah, Nora, me jewel," answered Mr. Costello, "the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed."

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?

Frozen and dead,

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.

O doubting heart!

Far over purple seas

They wait, in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze,

To bring them to their Northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

DANIEL GRAY.

IF I shall ever win the home in Heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
“ Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint !”
And how the “ conquering-and-to-conquer ” rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him.
He never kissed his children—so they say ;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind ;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind !

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him ;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in Heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THE LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last great effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye.

At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of the column, the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle concealed it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out on every side, "La garde recule, La garde recule," make us, for the moment, forget all the carnage, in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy

of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of the grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe ; and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge.

For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of the gallant column seemed to sink down ; yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing, one after another, in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another, before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men.

In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass ; up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillerymen from their places, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers, who had lain flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose, and poured a volley into their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow,

that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled.

The fate of Napoleon was writ. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood ; and the Bravest of the Brave had fought his last battle.

T. J. HEADLEY.

BE A WOMAN.

OF T I've heard a gentle mother,
 As the twilight hours began,
 Pleading with a son, of duty,
 Urging him to be a man ;
 But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
 Though with love's words quite as ready,
 Points she out this other duty,—
 "Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady ? Is it something
 Made of hoops and silks and airs,
 Used to decorate the parlor,
 Like the fancy mats and chairs ?
 Is it one who wastes on novels
 Every feeling that is human ?
 If 't is this to be a lady,
 'T is not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
 Speak of something higher far
 Than to be mere fashion's lady—
 Woman is the brightest star.

If you in your strong affection
 Urge your son to be a true man,
 Urge your daughter no less strongly
 To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
 Of that high and perfect beauty
 Where the mind and soul and body
 Blend to work out life's great duty.
 Be a woman! naught is higher
 On the gilded list of fame;
 On the catalogue of virtue
 There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! on to duty!
 Raise the world from all that's low;
 Place high in the social heaven
 Virtue's fair and radiant bow;
 Lend thy influence to each effort
 That shall raise our nature human;
 Be not fashion's gilded lady,—
 Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman!
 EDWARD BROOKS

MONEY MUSK.

Abridged for Public Reading.

* * * * *

AH, the buxom girls that helped the boys—
 The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—
 As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
 From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light, in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within ;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed ;
And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of " Money Musk !"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

MONEY MUSK.

In shirt of check, and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the note, with thrum and check ;
And times the tune with nod and beck,

And thinks it a weary while.
All ready ! Now he gives the call,—
Cries, " Honor to the ladies !" All
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

"Begin." D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string.

"First couple join hands and swing!"

As light as any blue-bird's wing—

"Swing once and a half times round"—

Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—

Calico gown and stockings new,

And tinted eyes that tell you true,

Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,

Who holds her hands to keep her down

And thinks her hair a golden crown,

And his heart turns over once!

His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,—

It gives a second somerset!

He means to win the maiden yet,

Alas, for the awkward dance!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!

I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe!

You clumsy fellow!" "Pass below!"

And the first pair dance apart.

Then "Forward six!" advance, retreat,

Like midges gay in sunbeam street.

'Tis Money Musk by merry feet

And the Money Musk by heart!

"Three quarters round your partner swing!"

"Across the set!" The rafters ring,

The girls and boys have taken wing

And have brought their roses out!

'Tis "Forward six!" with rustic grace,

Ah, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"—

Than golden clouds of old point-lace

They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands, all—"Right and left!"—
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the woof in loving weft,

And the Money Musk is done!

Oh, dancers of the rustling lusk!

Good night, sweet hearts, 'tis growing dusk,—

Good night for aye to Money Musk,

For the heavy march begun!

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.

The time,

The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.

The time,

The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming.

The time,

The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have done, when
brightly

The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought;

Hours lost to God in pleasures passing lightly.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the drooping eyes that might have lifted
To see the good that Heaven to thee hath taught ;
The unhelped wrecks that past life's bark have drifted.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the feet that fall by misdirection ;
Of noblest souls to loss and ruin brought,
Because their lives are barren of affection.
The time,
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught ;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others.
The time,
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind in word and action ever,
The time,
The time is short.

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness bought ;
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of Heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the shade will soon be falling;
 Some good return in later seasons wrought;
 Forget thyself, at duty's angel's calling.

The time,
 The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
 By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
 To others teach the sympathies of Heaven.

The time,
 The time is short.

To others teach the overcoming power,
 That thee at last to God's sweet peace hath brought;
 Glad memories make to bless life's final hour.

The time,
 The time is short.

From what thou art each day, whate'er thy station,
 Are new creations good or evil wrought;
 Seek thou thy joy in others' elevation.

The time,
 The time is short.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ULYSSES.

IT little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That lov'd me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' seudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work. I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

THE head is stately, calm, and wise,
And bears a princely part;
And down below in secret lies
The warm, impulsive heart.

The lordly head that sits above,
The heart that beats below,
Their several office plainly prove,
Their true relation show.

The head, erect, serene, and cool,
Endowed with Reason's art,
Was set aloft to guide and rule
The throbbing, wayward heart.

And from the head, as from the higher,
Comes every glorious thought;
And in the heart's transforming fire
All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite
To make the man complete;
What were the heat without the light?
The light, without the heat?

J. G. SAXE.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

ORLANDO'S WOOING.

During the time that France was divided into dukedoms, there reigned in one of the provinces a usurper named Frederic, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke. The latter, thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden. He had an only daughter named Rosalind, whom the usurper still retained in his court as a companion to his own daughter, Celia; but after a time it was discovered that Rosalind was enamored of Orlando, a son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who had been a strong adherent of her father. The knowledge of the love existing between these two young people so incensed Frederic, that he ordered Rosalind instantly to follow her father into banishment. When Celia, who was greatly attached to her cousin, found that she could neither by prayers nor tears prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain, she resolved to accompany her cousin in exile, and accordingly stole away from her father's palace by night. For purposes of greater safety, and in order to avoid recognition, Rosalind attired herself in the garb of a young countryman, while Celia wore the dress of a maiden peasant.

Meantime Orlando had fled to this same forest, in order to escape the enmity of a wicked and jealous brother who was seeking his life. Upon entering the forest the two princesses were much surprised to find the name of Rosalind, together with love sonnets, carved upon the bark of many of the trees, and while wondering at this they espied Orlando, whom they instantly recognized but who failed to discover them in their strange attire. Rosalind asserted that she would like to meet the youth who could have written the sonnets, when Orlando confessed that he was the writer, whereupon Rosalind declared that she would cure him of his love by making him ashamed of it; and the plan proposed was that Orlando was to feign to woo Rosalind, whom he supposes is the youth Ganymede, in the same manner that he would do were it his own Rosalind.

The Scene opens with the entrance of ORLANDO.

Orlando.—Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!
I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind.—Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando.—Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind.—Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando.—Of a snail?

Rosalind.—Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orlando.—What's that?

Rosalind.—Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orlando.—Virtue is no horn maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Rosalind.—And I am your Rosalind.

Celia.—It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind.—Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando.—I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind.—Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando.—How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind.—Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando.—Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind.—Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando.—What, of my suit?

Rosalind.—Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orlando.—I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind.—Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando.—Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind.—No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chronielers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orlando.—I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind.—By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But

come, now I will be your Rosalind in a mere coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orlando.—Then you love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind.—Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando.—And wilt thou have me ?

Rosalind.—Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando.—What sayest thou ?

Rosalind.—Are you not good ?

Orlando.—I hope so.

Rosalind.—Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing ?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister ?

Orlando.—Pray thee, marry us.

Celia.—I cannot say the words.

Rosalind.—You must begin, “ Will you, Orlando—”

Celia.—Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind ?

Orlando.—I will.

Rosalind.—Ay, but when ?

Orlando.—Why now ; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind.—Then you must say, “ I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orlando.—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind.—I might ask you for your commission ; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There’s a girl goes before the priest ; and certainly a woman’s thought runs before her actions.

Orlando.—So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

Rosalind.—Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orlando.—For ever and a day.

Rosalind.—Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando.—But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind.—By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando.—O, but she is wise.

Rosalind.—Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the easement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando.—A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say "Wit, whither wilt?" For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind.—Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando.—I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind.—Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orlando.—Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind.—By my troth, and in good earnest, and by

all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful : therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orlando.—With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so adieu.

Rosalind.—Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try : adieu.

[*Exit Orlando*.]

Celia.—You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate : we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind.—O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love : But it cannot be sounded ; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia.—Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind.—No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Celia.—And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt*.]

SHAKESPEARE.

TABLEAUX.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

Platform arranged to represent an artist's studio. A person attired as an artist, reclining upon a sofa or lounge, and a child dressed to represent a fairy, holding a wreath of laurel above the recliner's head.

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

COLUMBUS.—Clad in dark Knickerbocker suit, over which is cast a long black cloak, thrown back from one shoulder; long stockings, low shoes, with buckles; ornaments and gold chains about neck and arms; black hat with plumes, in hand; hair thrown back from forehead; full beard and mustache.

ISABELLA.—Rich flowing dress with train; arms bare to elbows; crown upon head.

FERDINAND.—Knee breeches; long stockings; cloak of dark red, bordered with ermine; heavy ermine collar; ornaments worn on front of dress; low shoes with buckles; crown on head.

Two or three doctors, in long black gowns, close-fitting at neck.

Several lords and ladies in attendance, attired in costumes of the court; half a dozen persons painted and dressed as Indians and a dozen more to represent soldiers, will be necessary to complete the picture.

FIRST TABLEAU.

Ferdinand and Isabella seated on a double throne, which should be raised two or three steps.

Columbus should be kneeling upon one knee at foot of throne, hat in left hand, right hand placed on chest, head inclined forward, eyes dropped.

Doctors standing on left of throne, lords and ladies at right and in the rear; still further in the rear, soldiers, clad in armor and bearing flags, spears, and battle-axes

Indians with bows, arrows, and tomahawks, standing in a group near Columbus.

SECOND TABLEAU.

King and Queen may be standing, each extending a hand toward Columbus, indicative of favor. Red light from front, and martial music.

A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

CHARACTERS.

Young Man and Maiden.

Man brunette ; maiden blonde ; both attired in peasant costume. Attitude and expression indicative of much pleasure at meeting.

THE STOLEN BIRD'S NEST.

CHARACTERS.

A mother and two children—boy and girl.

Mother may be attired in neat plain garb ; boy in printed shirt and knee breeches, feet bare ; girl in cotton dress and pinafore.

TABLEAU.

Mother seated, holding in left hand a bird's nest, containing four or five small eggs ; right hand raised, index finger pointing toward nest, with a look of sad reproach in countenance.

Little girl with head drooped and turned away and apron drawn over one side of face, as though hiding from the mother's gaze.

Boy holding large straw hat tightly against his side with both hands ; face downcast and averted.

INCOMPATIBILITY: A CHARADE.

A charade in four scenes. The last scene is the entire word.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CLAY.
BESSIE CLAY.
Small Girl, PATTY.

MR. SIMMONS (*Bessie's lover*).
MARTHA (*servant girl*).
Small boy BILLY.

SCENE I.—*Income.*

(*Pleasant sitting-room. Mr. Clay, with dressing gown and slippers, reading. Martha enters the room and hands a card to Mr. Clay.*)

Mr. Clay (reading the card).—Very well, Martha, show the gentleman in. [*Martha exit.*]

Martha (opening the door).—Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Clay (rising).—Good evening, sir; happy to see you; be seated.

Mr. Simmons.—Ahem! Thank you, sir (*taking a seat*). I—I have called—I have called, Mr. Clay.

Mr. Clay.—Yes.

Mr. Simmons.—As I remarked—I have called—on important business. I—that is we—or rather, in fact; I love your daughter, and—I—wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her.

Mr. Clay.—Well, really Mr. Simmons, you take me rather by surprise. I scarcely know what to say. I had no idea that there was anything of this sort going on. You must excuse me, Mr. Simmons, but it is hard for a father to think of losing his daughter. Bessie is the eldest, and is the light of our household. We have, perhaps, been too indulgent, but she has never known a

care, nor ever had a wish ungratified. And I can never relinquish her to any one without being certain her future husband can support her in the same style. Do not think me mercenary, but I should like to ask what your business prospects are.

Mr. Simmons.—Certainly, sir, that is quite proper, and as I supposed you would wish to know something of this kind, I have brought a full statement of my income. (*Takes a paper from his pocket, with a long row of figures on it and opens it full length. It should be a sheet of legal note.*)

Mr. Clay (*taking the paper and holding it up*).—Why, bless me! Is it possible your income is \$60,000? Bessie is yours, my boy, and I shall feel proud to be your father-in-law.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.—*Patty-Billy.*

(*Same room as before. Mr. Simmons seated on the sofa.*)

Patty (*entering*).—How do you do?

Mr. Simmons.—Well, Patty, is your sister home?

Patty (*seating herself*).—Oh yes, and she will be in as soon as she takes her hair out of the curl papers. But I shouldn't wonder if she would stop to put on her blue dress, for she was making molasses candy for Billy and me, and she spilled molasses all down the front of her white dress, and she got dreadful mad and boxed Billy's ears, and he said he was going to tell you and then you wouldn't want to marry her, and—oh, you will be my brother, won't you? Brother Charles; won't that be funny! I don't believe I'll like you as well as I do Billy. He is my brother, too. You can't play marbles nor climb chestnut trees, can you?

Mr. Simmons.—Who told you I was going to be your brother?

Patty.—Oh, they were all talking about it at the dinner-table, and pa and ma were dreadful glad. Pa said you were as rich as creases, but I don't see anything nice in them, for ma always scolds me when I get creases in my dresses. Here is [*enter Bessie*] Bessie, I must go; we've had a very pleasant conversation. Good bye!

Mr. Simmons.—Your sister is quite an entertaining child.

Bessie (aside: I wonder what she told him).—Yes; she is a little chatter-box.

Mr. Simmons (leading her to the sofa).—And now, my darling Bessie, I may at last call you mine. I saw your father last evening and he gave a gracious consent to our union.

Bessie.—Dearest Charles, I—

Billy (who is hid under the sofa, groans).—Oh! [*Bessie and Charles start and look around the room.*]

Mr. Simmons.—It shall be the pleasure of my life to minister to your every want, and to render your days a perpetual joy.

Bessie.—Oh, you are so good, I can never—

(*Billy groans again. They both start up and look under the sofa. Mr. Simmons drags forth Billy, who puts his hands in his pockets and looks defiant.*)

Bessie.—Billy, you naughty, wicked boy, what were you doing under the sofa?

Billy.—Listening.

Bessie.—What were you listening for?

Billy.—I wanted to hear what Mr. Simmons said to you. You got mad and boxed my ears, and I said I'd have revenge [*boldly*]!

Bessie.—Go up-stairs immediately ; I shall tell **pa** of your conduct.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.—*Tie—A Tableau.*

(*A wedding scene. Patty and Billy should be in the foreground.*)

SCENE IV.—*Incompatibility.*

(*A dining-room. Table spread. Mr. Simmons seated near the table.*)

Mr. Simmons.—Married two months to-day, and we would be perfectly happy if it were not for this jealous disposition of Bessie's. (*Enter servant, who hands him some letters and retires.*) Two letters for Bessie (*laying them on the table*). Here is one from Gerald—dear, old fellow (*opens it and reads*). “I called on Flossie last evening ; she seems quite heart-broken about your marriage—says you have forgotten her ; she has heard from you only once or twice since the wedding, and, in fact, seems quite grieved at your neglect. I told her I was going to write, and she asked me to send this picture to you in my letter.” (*Looking at the picture.*) Poor little girl, it is too bad. I have not intended neglecting her, for I love her dearly and always shall. (*Puts the letter and picture in the envelope. Enter Bessie. He rises and the letter drops on the floor.*) Bessie, there are some letters on the table for you. I am going out, but shall be back shortly to take you driving.

Bessie.—Very well, I shall be ready. [*Exit Mr. S.*] Two letters from home, that is good. (*Sees the letter on the floor, picks it up, picture drops out.*) Ha ! a lady's

picture. Writing to my husband and sending her photograph. I have a right to see what she says, and I'll do it (*reading the letter*). So Flossie misses him, does she? And this Gerald, this model friend, is helping it on. Oh, my heart is broken; I shall die (*burying her face in her handkerchief*). Oh, my, why did I ever marry this base deceiver? I'll pack my trunk and go right home to-day. Oh, oh, I'll—(*enter Mr. Simmons; sees Bessie with her hands to her face*).

Mr. Simmons.—What is the trouble Bessie? Have you bad news?

Bessie.—Go away; don't you ever speak to me again. Oh, how could you deceive me so?

Mr. Simmons.—Deceive you; what are you talking about? What have I done?

Bessie (sobbing).—Oh, yes, you are very innocent. What does this mean? (*handing him the picture*).

Mr. Simmons (angrily).—Have you been reading my letter?

Bessie (rising).—Yes, I have, and I am going straight home to pa, and have him go to the lawyers and get me a divorce.

Mr. Simmons.—On what grounds? Jealousy?

Bessie.—No, it shall be incompatibility (*sobbing*). You abuse me, and then you—you make fun of me.

Mr. Simmons.—No, Bessie, I am not making fun of you; this is a serious matter, and if you do not check this jealous disposition you will render us both miserable. That is a picture of my sister Ida, of whom I have often told you; her middle name is Florence, and her friends call her Flossie.

Bessie.—Oh Charles, I was jealous of your sister. How foolish I am. I will never—no, never be jealous again.

Mr. Simmons.—I hope you will keep that good resolution, Bessie, and if you do we shall never have any cause to quarrel, but will be the model couple of the nineteenth century.

[CURTAIN.]

ELLA H. CLEMENT.

PART THIRD

BEST SELECTIONS

NUMBER 15.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

SOLID bronze never looked more ethereal than when, on the afternoon of October 28th, 1886, the great flotilla of steamships drew near, through the hazy rain, to the statue on Liberty Island. A dusky film reared itself against the pallid sky, like a shadow east upon a transparency. It seemed as unsubstantial as a vision, though its outlines were full of grandeur and repose. Approached more closely, the great form slowly solidified and towered higher and higher aloft, as if it were drifting toward us through the sea-fog, a mysterious daughter of the ocean, becoming incarnate while we gazed upon her. And when, at length, we lay within the sweep, as it were, of her uplifted arm, and could distinguish the folds and fall of her garments and apprehend the pose of her majestic figure, the spell of wonder and silence descended upon us, children of Liberty as we were, standing for the first time in the presence of our mighty mother.

This statue is certainly the outcome of a sublime imagination, working for noble ends. There is nothing small in the treatment; the lines and composition are vast in their quality, as well as in their dimensions—vast and simple. The conception is as great as the

accomplished reality. It is a thing which takes its place quietly and naturally in the midst of the broad scene of which it is the culmination; it is at once at home there; though it awes, it does not astonish; once in its place, it seems to have stood there since the dawn of time. The rain and mists were its friends and familiars, and the sunshine will rest upon it as fittingly as upon the peak of a mountain, and the elouds, at noon and sunset, will form a part of its grandeur or glorify it with their crimson and gold. When the thunder rolls across the bay, those lofty lips will seem to have spoken, and the snow of winter will drift around it like a drifting veil.

Though the bronze goddess stands motionless and firm, she seems but a moment ago to have assumed the attitude which she will retain through centuries to come. She has stepped forward and halted, and raised her torch into the sky. There is energy without effort, and movement combined with repose. Her aspect is grave almost to sternness; yet her faultless features wear the serenity of power and confidence. Her message is the sublimest ever brought to man, but she is adequate to its delivery. In her left hand she holds a tablet inscribed with the most glorious of our memories, the birthday of the Republic. No words are needed to interpret her meaning, for her gesture and her countenance speak the universal language, and their utterance reaches to the purest depths of the human soul.

Antiquity never gave birth to anything so great, either in spirit or in substance. She is the genius of America, because America is herself the symbol of whatever is noblest and of greatest hope in the world.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

And the people answered, " You ask in vain ;
We know of no King but Herod the Great !"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped—it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the
guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet ;
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign, and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A WATCH- DOG.

(From "Rudder Grange." Abridged.)

A SHORT time after my wife and I were settled in our pleasant little country home, we had a rather unpleasant experience with a tramp, which led me to decide that hereafter Euphemia should be better protected during my daily absence in the city, and so the next morning I advertised for a fierce watch-dog, and in the course of a week I got one. Before I procured him I examined into the merits, and price, of about one hundred dogs. My dog was named Pete, but I deter-

mined to make a change in that respect. He was a very tall, bony, powerful beast, of a dull-black color, and with a lower jaw that would crack the hind-leg of an ox, so I was informed. He was of a varied breed, and the good Irishman of whom I bought him said he had fine blood in him, and attempted to refer him back to the different classes of dogs from which he had been derived.

The man brought him home for me, and chained him up in an unused wood-shed, for I had no dog-house as yet.

"Now thin," said he, "all you've got to do is to keep 'im chained up there for three or four days till he gets used to ye. An' I'll tell ye the best way to make a dog like ye. Jist give him a good lickin'. Then he'll know yer his master, and he'll like ye iver aftherward. There's plenty of pople that don't know that. And, by the way, sir, that chain's none too strong for 'im. I got it when he wasn't mor'n half grown. Ye'd bether git him a new one."

When the man had gone, I stood and looked at the dog, and could not help hoping that he would learn to like me without the intervention of a thrashing. Such harsh methods were not always necessary, I felt sure.

After our evening meal Euphemia and I went out together to look at our new guardian.

Euphemia was charmed with him.

"How massive!" she exclaimed. "What splendid limbs! And look at that immense head! I know I shall never be afraid now. I feel that that is a dog I can rely upon. Make him stand up, please, so I can see how tall he is."

"I think it would be better not to disturb him," I an-

swered; "he may be tired. He will get up of his own accord very soon. And, indeed, I hope that he will not get up until I go to the store and get him a new chain."

As I said this I made a step forward to look at his chain, and at that instant a low growl, like the first rumblings of an earthquake, ran through the dog. We stepped back and went into the house.

About a week after the arrival of this animal I was astonished and frightened on nearing the house to hear a scream from my wife. I rushed into the yard and was greeted with a succession of screams from two voices, that seemed to come from the vicinity of the wood-shed. Hurrying thither, I perceived Euphemia standing on the roof of the shed in perilous proximity to the edge, while near the ridge of the roof sat our hired girl with her handkerchief over her head.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried Euphemia. "Climb up here! The dog is loose! Be quick! be quick! Oh! he's coming! he's coming!"

I asked for no explanation. There was a rail-fence by the side of the shed and I sprang on this, and was on the roof just as the dog came bounding and barking from the barn.

Instantly Euphemia had me in her arms, and we came very near going off the roof together.

"I never feared to have you come home before," she sobbed. "I thought he would tear you limb from limb."

"But how did all this happen?" said I.

"Och! I kin hardly remember," said the girl from under her handkerchief.

"Well, I didn't ask you," I said, somewhat too sharply.

"Oh! I'll tell you," said Euphemia. "There was a man at the gate, and he looked suspicious and didn't try to come in, and Mary was at the barn looking for an egg, and I thought this was a good time to see whether the dog was a good watch-dog or not, so I went and unchained him—"

"Did you unchain that dog?" I cried.

"Yes, and the minute he was loose he made a rush at the gate, but the man was gone before he got there, and then I went down to the barn to get Mary to come and help me chain up the dog, and when she came out he began to chase me and then her; and we were so frightened that we climbed up here, and I don't know, I'm sure, how I ever got up that fence; and do you think he can climb up here?"

"Oh! no, my dear," I said.

"An' he's just the beast to go afther a stip-ladder," said the girl, in muffled tones.

"And what are we to do?" asked Euphemia. "We can't eat and sleep up here. Don't you think that if we were all to shout out together we could make some neighbor hear?"

"Oh! yes," I said, "there is no doubt of it. But then, if a neighbor came the dog would fall on him—and besides, my dear, I should hate to have any of the neighbors come and find us all up here. It would look so utterly absurd. Let me try and think of some other plan."

"Well, please be as quick as you can. It's dreadful to be—who's that?"

I looked up and saw a female figure just entering the yard.

"Oh! what shall we do?" exclaimed Euphemia. "The dog will get her. Call to her!"

"No, no," said I, "don't make a noise. It will only bring the dog. He seems to have gone to the barn or somewhere. Keep perfectly quiet, and she may go upon the porch, and, as the front door is not locked, she may rush into the house if she sees him coming."

"I do hope she will do that," said Euphemia, anxiously.

"And yet," said I, "it's not pleasant to have strangers going into the house when there's no one there."

"But it's better than seeing a stranger torn to pieces before your eyes," said Euphemia.

"Yes," I replied, "it is. Don't you think we might get down now? The dog isn't here."

"No, no!" cried Euphemia. "There he is now, coming this way. And look at that woman! She is coming right to this shed."

Sure enough, our visitor had passed by the front door, and was walking toward us. Evidently she had heard our voices.

"Don't come here!" cried Euphemia. "You'll be killed! Run! run! The dog is coming! Why, merey on us! It's Pomona!"

Sure enough, it was Pomona, our old servant-girl, with an expression of astonishment on her face.

"Well, truly!" she ejaculated.

"Into the house, quick!" I said. "We have a savage dog!"

"And here he is!" cried Euphemia. "Oh! she will be torn to atoms."

Straight at Pomona came the great black beast, barking furiously. But the girl did not move; she did not even turn her head to look at the dog, which stopped

before he reached her and began to rush wildly around her, barking terribly.

We held our breath. I tried to say "Get out!" or "Lie down!" but my tongue could not form the words.

"Can't you get up here?" gasped Euphemia.

"I don't want to," said the girl.

The dog now stopped barking, and stood looking at Pomona, occasionally glancing up at us. Pomona took not the slightest notice of him.

"Do you know, ma'am," said she to Euphemia, "that if I had come here yesterday, that dog would have had my life's blood?"

"And why don't he have it to-day?" said Euphemia, who, with myself, was utterly amazed at the behavior of the dog.

"Because I know more to-day than I did yesterday," answered Pomona. "It is only this afternoon that I read something, as I was coming here on the ears. This is it," and she began to read in the same manner which used so to amuse Euphemia and irritate me:

"'Lord Edward slowly san-ter-ed up the bro-ad ancestral walk, when sudden-ly from out a cop-se, there sprang a fur-i-ous hound. The marsh-man, con-ce-al-ed in a tree, expected to see the life's blood of the young nob-le-man stain the path. But no, Lord Edward did not stop nor turn his head. With a smile he strode stead-i-ly on. Well he knew that if, by be-traying no em-otion, he could show the dog that he was walking where he had a right, the bru-te would re-cog-nize that right and let him pass un-sea-thed. Thus in this moment of peril, his nob-le courage saved him. The hound, abashed, returned to his cov-ert, and Lord Edward pass-ed on.'

"Now, then," said Pomona, "you see I remembered that the minute I saw the dog coming, and I didn't betray any emotion. Yesterday, now, when I didn't know it, I'd 'a been sure to betray emotion, and he would have had my life's blood. Did he drive you up there?"

"Yes," said Euphemia, and she hastily explained the situation.

"Then I guess I'd better chain him up," remarked Pomona; and advancing to the dog she took him boldly by the collar and pulled him toward the shed. The animal hung back at first, but soon followed her, and she chained him up securely.

"Now you can come down," said Pomona, and we descended.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

BECALMED.

IT was as calm as calm could be,
A death still night in June;
A silver sail on a silver sea
Under a silver moon.

Not the least air the still sea stirred,
But all on the dreaming deep
The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.

For a long, long month, not a breath of air,
For a month not a drop of rain;
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.

And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud stand
On the far horizon sea ;
It was only a day's short sail to the land
And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer far or nigh ;
“ Father, have mercy, leave us not
Alone on the deep to die !”

And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above
And the women prayed below :
“ One drop of rain, for God's great love !
O God ! for a breeze to blow !”

But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come ;
O Heaven ! to think that man can thirst
And starve in sight of home.

But out to sea with the drifting tide,
The vessel drifted away ;
Till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died,
And the wild crew ceased to pray.

Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow,
Like beasts with hunger wild ;
But a mother knelt in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.

It slept, and lo ! in its sleep it smiled,
A babe of summers three ;
“ O Father ! save my little child,
Whatever comes to me !”

Calm gleamed the sea ; calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud, no sail, in view,
And they cast them lots for who should die
To feed the starving crew.

Like beasts they glared with hunger wild,
And their red, glazed eyes aglow ;
And the death lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below.

And the mother shrieked in wild despair :
“ O God ! my child, my son !
They will take his life ; it is hard to bear ;
Yet, Father, Thy will be done ! ”

And she waked the child from its happy sleep,
And she knecled by the cradle bed :
“ We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep—
We are dying, my child, for bread.

“ On the lone, lone sea, no sail—no breeze—
Not a drop of rain in the sky ;
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas,
And thou, my child, must die ! ”

She wept ; what tears her wild soul shed
Not I, but God knows best ;
And the child rose up from its cradle bed,
And crossed its hands on its breast.

“ Father,” he lisped, “ so good—so kind—
Have pity on mother’s pain ;
For mother’s sake a little wind—
Father, a little rain ! ”

And she heard them shout for the ehild from the deek,
And she knelt on the eabin stairs :
“ The ehild ! the ehild ! ” they ery, “ stand baek,
And a eurse on your idiot prayers.”

And the mother rose in her wild despair,
And she bared her throat to the knife :
“ Strike—strike—me—me ; but spare, oh ! spare
My ehild, my dear son’s life ! ”

O God ! It was a ghastly sight ;
Red eyes like flaring brands,
And a hundred belt knives flashing bright
In the eluteh of skeleton hands.

“ Me—me—strike—strike—ye fiends of death ! ”
But soft through the ghastly air
Whose falling tear was that ? Whose breath
Waves through the mother’s hair ?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speek on the eabin pane ;
O God ! it is a breeze—a breeze—
And a drop of blessed rain !

And tne mother rushed to the eabin below,
And she wept on the babe’s bright hair—
“ The sweet rain falls ; the sweet winds blow ;
Our Father has heard thy prayer ! ”

But the child had fallen asleep again ;
And lo ! in its sleep it smiled ,
“ Thank God ! ” she eried, for His wind and His
rain—
Thank God for my little ehild ! ”

SPEECH AGAINST THE STAMP ACT.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life—another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we were ever, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be, extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust. True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of

freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy: forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother-country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

JAMES OTIS.

THE KISS DEFERRED.

TWO little cousins once there were,
Named Mary Ann and Jane.
The first one lived in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And Jane she wrote a little note,
“Dear cousin,” thus wrote she,
“Dear cousin Ann, I’ve made a plan
That you should visit me;
For you are one, the Ann unknown
I’ve always longed to see.
They say that you have eyes deep blue,
And a brow all lily fair,
While round your face with many a grace
Doth curl your golden hair.
Now I, they say, have eyes of gray,
And the puggiest little nose,
A small round chin with a dimple in,
And cheeks as red as a rose.

Let me tell you this that I'm saving a kiss
And a dear good hugging, too,
For the eousin so fair with the golden hair
And the eyes so brightly blue.
So pray, dear Ann, come if you can,
And bring your dolly dear,
My dollies all, both great and small,
Will make her welcome here."
Wrote Ann to Jane: "I'd come to Maine
And play with you I'm sure;
It would be so good if I only could,
But my papa is too poor.
When his ship gets home
He says I may come;
For that will surely bring
All it can hold of silver and gold,
And clothes and everything."
The years flew on, young maidens grown
Were Mary Ann and Jane;
Still dwelt the first in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And now Jane wrote a perfumed note,
All in a perfumed cover,
And thus it ran: "Do come, dear Ann,
Do come, and bring your lover;
I've a lover, too, so tender and true,
A gallant youth is he;
On a summer night, when the moon shines bright,
How charming it will be
To pleasantly walk and pleasantly talk
Way down by the sounding sea."
Wrote Ann to Jane: "That visit to Maine
Must longer yet delay,

My cousin dear, for soon draws near
My happy wedding day."
More years have flown, much older grown
Were Mary Ann and Jane,
Still dwelt the first in Boston town,
The second down in Maine.
And once again took Jane her pen ;
" Dear cousin," now wrote she,
" Won't you come down from Boston town,
And bring your family?
Bring all your girls with their golden curls
And their eyes so heavenly blue ;
Bring all your boys with all their noise,
And bring that husband, too.
I've a pretty band that round me stand,
Six girls, my heart's delight ;
They're as lovely a set as ever you met,
And all remarkably bright.
There's a kiss, you know, that since long ago,
I've been keeping for you, my dear,
Or have you forgot the first little note
I scribbled and sent you from here ?"
Thus Ann did reply : " Alas ! how ean I
Set forth on my travels, dear Jane ?
I've too many to take, yet none can forsake,
So sadly at home must remain.
If your kiss is there still, pray keep it until
You see me come jaunting that way.
I've a loving kiss, too, that's been saving for you
This many and many a day."
Time onward ran, now Jane and Ann
Were old and feeble grown—
Life's rapid years, 'mid smiles and tears,

Had swiftly o'er them flown.
Their locks of gray were stroked away
From the worn and wrinkled brow ;
Their forms were bent, their years were spent,
They were widowed women now.
Suddenly one day, one winter's day,
Aunt Ann said, " I must go
And see Cousin Jane, who lives in Maine,
In spite of wind and snow."
" Why, grandma, dear, this time of the year ?
Oh ! what a foolish thing ;
You're far too old to go in the eold,
We pray you wait till spring,
When the skies are clear, and the flowers appear,
And the birds begin to sing.
" Children," said she, " don't hinder me ;
When smiling spring comes on,
The flowers may bloom around my tomb,
And I be dead and gone.
I'm old, 'tis true, my days are few,
There lies a reason plain
Against delay, if short my stay,
I must away to Maine,
And let these eyes, these mortal eyes,
Behold my Cousin Jane."
As Aunt Jane sits and quietly knits,
Thinking her childhood o'er,
The latch is stirred, and next is heard
A tapping at the door.
" Come in," she said, and raised her head
To see who might appear ;
An aged dame who walked quite lame,
Said, " Cousin, I am here.

I'm here, dear Jane, I've come to Maine
To take that kiss, you know,
The kiss, my dear, kept for me here
Since that long, long ago."
In glad surprise, Aunt Jane replies,
"Why, cousin, can this be you?
But where, oh! where, is the golden hair
And the eyes so brightly blue?"
"And where," Ann said, "are your roses fled,
And your chubby cheeks, I pray?
This I suppose was the little pug nose,
But the dimples, where are they?
And the lover, too, so tender and true,
Who walked by the light of the moon,
And the little band that round did stand,
Are they gone, all gone, so soon?"
They turned their eyes to the darkening skies
And the desolate scene below,
As they spoke with tears of their childhood years
And the hopes of long ago.
The smiles and tears of buried years
Were smiled and wept again.
Thus met at last, a lifetime past,
The cousins, Ann and Jane--
One of whom lived in Boston town,
The other down in Maine.

MORAL COURAGE.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward: but at present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

SYDNEY SMITH.

A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

SHALL we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present, Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Oh! the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
 Of the How and Why!
Oh! the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
 That fain would die.

Oh! the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
 That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
 Of mind to mind.

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
 Itself of woe.
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
 In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
 No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
 An Usness rare! J. JEFFREY ROCHE.

AMERICA.

AMERICA! Mine!
Ay, comrades, and thine.

Thy very name ripples with music, and rolls
Like the oceans that surge 'twixt the mystic poles.
Land of great Boone,
Of Marion, Wayne;
Of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Kane,
Of thousands that lived, and died all too soon;
Who beat out broad paths for the new feet to tread,
From the time when the first white man met the first red,
Down to Crockett's and Bowie's, they of the band
Who for liberty died by the old Rio Grande!
The Alamo forget not, nor for what that band died,
While reason sits throned in its glorious pride.
Remember our Kearneys, our Grants—and the brave
Who counted life nought the old Union to save!

My dear, native land!
I lift my right hand,
With my left on my heart, and my eyes to the skies,
And my soul on my tongue,
While I list to the breezes that, mayhap, have sung,
Round the world since the dawn of creation
Tore the veil of the long night apart—
My very heart cries,
To be born in thee, be of thee, breathe thy sweet air,
To die in thee, rest in thee, under the glare
Of the sun and the moon, and the stars and the folds
Of the stars and the bars of thy banner, which holds,
Over all, that which monarchs despise:

Liberty, brotherhood, union, and all,
Here, on the sod,
Under night's pall,
I cry out, Thank God!

America! Mine!
Ay, any man's—thine!
Thine, from the jungle, from Africa's plain;
From the knout, from the chain;
From the lands where the mothers of conscripts' tears
flow
Like the rain;
When the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone
March away to fight, wound, and be slain;
From the fair land of Poland, Italy, Spain;
From Erin, whose woe
Fills the hearts of republics with horror and pain.
This land of the free is for thee!
Live in it, work in it, love in it, weep in it,
Laugh in it, sing in it, die in it, sleep in it!
For it's free, and for thee and for me,
The fairest
And rarest
That man ever trod;
The sweetest and dearest
'Twixt the sky and the sod,
And it's mine,
And it's thine,
Thank God!

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

ON ELOQUENCE.

IN the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter—the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on is that of abundance—as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape than by the weariness of the desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic, but the subtilties of dialectics and the forms of logic may play as fantastic tricks with truth as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truth is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason would alone be influential to convince—but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truths, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children before we are worthy to receive it. It is to this complex nature that

the speaker addresses himself, and the degrees of power with which all the elements are evoked is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions.

It is the cant of eritieism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, Eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is that between the vis inertia of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion—the statue of Pygmalion, inspired with vitality.

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

THE grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts, in regiments,
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The rieks replace the battle-tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast—
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the field no more ;
The heroes rest ! Oh ! let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore !
They fought for peace, for peace they fell ;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain ,
Shall we neglect the lessons taught
And tear the wounds agape again ?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo ! peace on earth. Lo ! flock and fold.
Lo ! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold.
Oh ! rise and sing a song of peace !
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

JOAQUIN MILLER

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

OUR doctor had called in another, I never had seen
him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him
come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France, and of other
lands—
Harsh, red hair, big voice, big chest, big, merciless
hands !

Wonderful cures he had done, oh ! yes, but they said, too,
 of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save
 the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse
 and red,
I could think he was one of those who would break
 their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and
 fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things
 should be !

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children
 would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the com-
 forting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of
 place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless
 case ;
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and
 his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made
 up his mind,
And he said to me, roughly, “The lad will need little
 more of your care.”
“All the more need,” I told him, “to seek the Lord
 Jesus in prayer ;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all
 as my own ;”
But he turned to me, “Ay, good woman, can prayer set
 a broken bone ?”

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I
heard him say,
“ All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His
day.”

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come
by and by,
Oh! how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the
world was a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome
smells of disease,
But that He said, “ Ye do it to me, when you do it to
these”?

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the
younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek
little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! we have lost her who loved
her so much—
Patient of pain, tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the
touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to
tears,
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child
of her years—
Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her
the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em
hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the
Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of
the field ;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can
know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an
angel's wing ;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin
hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought
her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little
dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro'
it, I fear."

I walked with our kindly old doctor as far as the head
of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was
there.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so
vext !
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot
to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie! what
shall I do?"
Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie,
"was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for,
Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should
come to me'"—

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it
always can please

Our children—the dear Lord Jesus with children about
His knees.)

“Yes, and I will,” said Emmie, “but then if I call to
the Lord,

How should He know that it’s me? such a lot of beds in
the ward!”

That was a puzzle for Annic. Again she considered
and said:

“Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave ’em
outside on the bed,

The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it
Him plain,

It’s the little girl with her arm lying out on the counter-
pane.”

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch
for her four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no
more.

That was my sleeping night, but I thought that it never
would pass.

There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on
the glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost
about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the
darkness without.

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dread-
ful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would
escape with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by
me and smiled,
And the doetor eame at his hour, and we went to see
the ehild.

He had brought his ghastly tools; we believed her
asleep again,
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the
counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care
what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie
had past away.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE TWO RUNAWAYS.

(From the Century)

[Abridged.]

YEARS ago there dwelt in Middle Georgia a wealthy but eeeentrie baehelor planter, known by the name of Major Crawford Worthington. He was the owner of a number of slaves, to whom, on the whole, he was very kind. One of them, named Isam, had been with him from ehildhood; in faet, they had sort of grown up together. Isam had an annual runaway freak, which usually lasted about a fortnight. The strangeness of this aetion on the part of his slave troubled the Major more than a little, not that he eared an iota for his loss of time, nor for his bad example, but it galled him to think that there was anything in eonneetion with a negro

which he could not fathom. At last the Major struck upon a plan whereby he should solve the mystery, and he accordingly threatened Isam with dire punishment if he should go off another time without letting him know. The threat had the desired effect; the Major was duly informed; whereupon, to the astonishment of the negro, the master signified his intention to accompany him on his expedition, and accordingly the two runaways started. For nearly two weeks they remained in the woods, only a few miles distant from their home, where they lived in a semi-civilized state, hunting, fishing, and foraging, both, indeed, enjoying themselves hugely. A day or two prior to their return they had been out foraging for dinner, and were on their way to camp, heavily laden with their spoils. The two had just reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the camp, and were entering the narrow path, when a magnificent buck came sweeping through, and collided with Isam with such force and suddenness as to crush and spatter his watermelons into a pitiful ruin, and throw the negro violently to the ground. Instantly the frightened man seized the threatening antlers and held on, yelling lustily for help. The deer made several ineffectual efforts to free himself, during which he dragged the negro right and left without difficulty, but, finding escape impossible, turned fiercely upon his unwilling captor, and tried to drive the terrible horns through his writhing body.

"O Lord! O Lord!" screamed Isam; "O Lord! Mass' Craffud, cum help me tu'n dis buck loos'."

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. None knew better than he the danger into which Isam had plunged. Not a stick, brush, stone, or weapon of

any description was at hand, except his small pocket knife. Hastily opening that, he rushed upon the deer. Isam's eyes were bursting from their sockets, and appealed piteously for the help his stentorian voice was frantically imploring, until the woods rang with his agony. Major Worthington caught the nearest antler with his left hand, and made a fierce lunge at the animal's throat. But the knife's point was missing, and only a trifling wound was inflicted. The next instant the deer met the new attack with a rush that carried Isam with it, and thrust the Major to the ground, the knife falling out of reach. Seeing this, the negro let go his hold, rolled out of the way, and with a mighty effort literally ran upon the top of a branching haw-bush, where he lay spread out like a bat, and moaning piteously.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stiek ter 'im, Mass' Craffud."

And the Major stuek. Retaining his presenee of mind, he threw his left arm over the deer's neek, and, still holding with his right the antler, looked about for Isam, who had so mysteriously disappeared.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Hit's better fur one ter die den bofe! Hole 'im, Mass' Craffud, hole 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stiek ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stedly! Look out fur es ho'n! Wo' deer! Stedly, Mass' Craffud!"

By this time the struggles of the beast had again ceased, and, wearied from his double encounter, he stood with his head pulled down to the ground half astride the desperate man, who was holding on for life. Whether Major Worthington was frightened or not it is hard to say; probably he was; but there was no doubt about his being angry when he saw Isam spread out in the

haw-bush, and heard his address. As soon as he caught his breath, he burst forth with:

"You blaek raseal! why don't you come—down out of that—bush and help—me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expression. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with his trembling.

"Don', Mass' Craffud, don'; you ain' got no time ter cuss now. Lif' up yo' voice en' pray! Ef ev'r er man had er eall ter pray, you dun got it now."

"If ever—I get loose from this—brute—you seoundrel—I'll not leave a—whole bone in your body!"

"Don' say dat, Mass' Craffud, don'! you mustn't let de sun go down on yo' wraf! O Lord! don' you mine nuth'n he es er sayin' now, eos he ain' 'spons'b'l'. Ef de bes' aingil you got wuz down dere in his fix, dey ain' no tell'n' w'at ud happ'n, er w'at sorter langwidge he'd let loos'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stiek ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stiek ter 'im. Steddy, deer! steddy, Mass' Craffud!"

Again the deer commenced to struggle and by this time the Major's breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to unmistakable apprehension. He realized that he was in a most desperate plight, and that the only hope of reseue lay in the frightened negro up in the haw-bush. He echanged his taeties when the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said, gently.

"Yes, honey."

"Isam, eome and help me, old fellow."

"Mass' Craffud, dere ain' nuthin' I woodn' do fur you, but hit's better fur one ter die 'n two. Hit's a long sight better."

"But there is no danger, Isam; none whatever. Just you come down and with your knife hamstring the brute. I'll hold him."

"No, sah! no, sah! no, sah!" said Isam, loudly and with growing earnestness. "No, sah! it won' wuk! no, sah! You er in fur hit now, Mass' Craffud, en' et can't be helped. Dere ain' nuthin' kin save yer but de good Lord, en' He ain' go'n'ter, less'n you ax 'im 'umble like, en' er b'liev'n' en es mussy. I prayed w'en I wuz down dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en' look w'at happ'n. Didn' He sen you like er aingil, en' didn' He git me up hyah safe en' wholesum? Dat He did, en He' nev'r spec' dis nigg'r war go'n'ter fling esse'f und'r dat deer arter He trubbl' hisse'f to show 'im up hyah. Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Look ou' fur es ho'n! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud. Dere, now—t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major got a breathing-spell. The deer in his struggles had gotten under the haw-bush, and the Major renewed his earnest negotiations.

"Isam, if you will get down—and cut this brute's legs—I will give you your freedom."

Isam answered with a groan.

"And fifty acres—of land." Again that pitiful moan.

"And—a mule and a—year's rations." The Major paused from force of circumstances. After a while the answer came:

"Mass' Craffud?"

"Well?"

"You know dis nigg'r b'en hard-work'n en' honcs' en' look atter you en' yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the Major, "you have becn—a

faithful, honest—nigger.” There was another pause. Perhaps this was too much for Isam. But he continued after a little while:

“ Well, lemme tell you, honey, dere ain’ nuthin’ you got er kin git w’at’ll tem’ dis nigg’r ter git down dere. W’y,” and his voice assumed a most earnest and argumentative tone, “ deed’n hit ud be ’sultin’ de Lord. Ain’ He dun got me up hyar out’n de way, en’ don’ He ’spec’ me fur ter stay? You reek’n He got nuth’n ’tall ter do but keep puttin’ Isam back up er tree? No, sah? He dun ’ten ter me, en’ ef you got enny dif’eulty, you en’ de deer kin fight it out. Hit’s my bizness jes ter keep er prayin’. Wo’ deer! wo’ deer! Steddy, Mass’ Craffud. Dere now—tank de Lord!”

Again the Major defeated the beast’s struggles, and there came a truce. But the man was well-nigh exhausted, and saw that unless something was done in his behalf he must soon yield up the fight. So he decided to touch the negro’s superstitious side:

“ Isam,” he said, slowly and impressively. But Isam was praying. The Major could hardly trust his ears when he heard the words:

“ But, Lord, don’ let ’m ’peer’sh fo’ yo’ eyes. He’s b’en er bad man. He euss ’n’ sware, ’n’ play keerds, ’n’ bet on horse-raee, ’n’ drink whisky——

“ Isam——”

“ En’ he steal—goodness, he tek ter steal’n’ like er duek ter water. Roast’n yers, watermilluns, chiek’n—nuthin’ too bad fur ’im——”

“ Isam——”

The word came upward in tones of thunder. Even Isam was obliged to regard it.

“ Yes, sir.”

"Isam, I am going to die."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh! don't let 'im die! Skeer 'im, skeer 'im, Lord; but don' let 'im die!"

"Yes," continued the Major, "I am going to die; but let me tell you something, Isam. I have been looking into this beast's eyes until I recognize him." A sound came from the haw-bush like the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam, who died last year?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam; he got loose the other day when the plug fell out of the tree and he and I will never give you another hour of peace as long as you live."

The sentence was never finished. With a shriek that was blood-curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, straight upon the deer.

This was the crisis.

The frightened animal made one desperate plunge, taking the startled Major by surprise, and the next instant found himself free. He did not remain upon the scene, or he would have beheld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of terror, and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up which he scurried again like a squirrel, old as he was. The Major lay flat upon his back, after trying in vain to rise. Then the reaction came. He fixed his eye upon the negro above and laughed until the tears washed the dirt from his face; and Isam, holding his head up so

that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, said slowly and impressively:

“Mass’ Craffud, ef de Lord hadn’t ’sist’d on Isam cum’n down ter run dat deer off, ’spee’ by dis time you’d been er flopp’n yo’ wings up yander, er else sput’n on er gridi’on down yander.” And from his elevated perch Isam indicated the two extremes of eternity with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

But the Major had small time for laughter or reerimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full-mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard it. For him it was at once a welcome and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied Major to his feet, and started on a run for the boat, crying:

“Run, Mass’ Craffud! wors’n er deer’s cummin’. Hit’s dem folks w’at know about dat corn ’en water-milluns ye tuke from dere patch, ’en yer can’t ’splain nuthin’ ter er houn’ dog.”

Broken down as he was, the Major realized that there was wisdom in the negro’s words, and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of a great, thirsty looking hound appeared on the scene. But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp.

How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may interest the reader to know that one day he bore a message and a check that settled the corn and melon debt; and they tell it in Middle Georgia that every year thereafter, until the war-cloud broke over the land, whenever the catalpa worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the swamps, “loos’ en free.”

H. S. EDWARDS.

SKIPPER BEN.

Companion poem to "Hannah Binding Shoes," published in No. 7, of
THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

SAILING away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May;
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope, vast and gray.
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind,
For thoughts rush up on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into the night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light,
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight,
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale,
With a sleepless night among spectres grim,
Terrors for him!

Yo—heave—yo!
Here's the bank where the fishermen go;
Over the schooner's side they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below,
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the split sails tear and pour.
"Steady! We'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more."
And each man worked with the will of ten,
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's brim,
Seowling on him.

Into his brain,
Burnt with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory cruel and vain.
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under his blossoming apple-trees,
That whisper and sing in the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in that still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the harbor light,
That shone on a woman, sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells.
His was the anguish a moment tells—

But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
 Is left for the desolate heart to know,
 Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
 Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
 Thinking of him.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

(From Harper's Magazine)

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,
 Or anyding like dot ;
 Und I likes to see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot ;
 Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot made dis leedle shoke :
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue ;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 Vas peen der glinging vine ;
 Und vhen hees frendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
 Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der pase-pall groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks,"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!

Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
 Mit glothes oudt on der lines ;
 Which vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
 Und whieh der glinging vines ?

Vhen Siekness in der householdt eomes,
 Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
 Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
 Dhose veary nighdts und days ?
 Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
 Und cools dot fefered prow ?
 More like id vas der tender vine
 Dot oak he glings to now.

“Man vants budt leedle here pelow,”
 Der boet von time said ;
 “Dhere’s leedle dot man he don’d vant,
 I dink id means inshted ;
 Und vhen der years keep rolling on,
 Dheir eares und droubles pringing,
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
 Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
 Und don’d so shturdy peen,
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
 To helb run Life’s masheen.
 In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
 In calm or shtormy veddher,
 ’Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
 Should alvays gling togeddher.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

THE GOLDEN BRIDGE.

(From The Century.)

LET him listen, whoso would know,
Concerning the wisdom of King Tee Poh.

Fair is Pekin, with round it rolled
Wave on wave of its river of gold ;
They gird its walls with their ninefold twine,
And the bridges that cross them are ninety and nine,
And as soon as the wind of morning blows,
And the gray in the East takes a fleck of rose,
Upon each bridge 'gins the shuffle and beat
Of hundreds of hoofs and thousands of feet ;
And all day long there is dust and din,
And the coolie elbows the mandarin,
And gibe is given and oath and blow—
'Twas thus in the time of King Tee Poh.

It grieved the King that it should be so ;
'Then out of his wisdom spoke King Tec Poh :

“ Build me a hundredth bridge, the best,
Higher and wider than all the rest,
With posts of teak and cedarn rails
And planks of sandal, with silver nails ;
Gild it and paint it vermilion red,
And over it place the dragon's head ;
And be it proclaimed to high and low
That over this fortunate arch shall go.

Passenger none that doth not throw
Golden toll to the river below.
And when the piece of gold is east
Thrice let the trumpets sound a blast,
And the mandarin write with respectful look
The passenger's name in a silken book,
So that I, the King, may have in hand
The list of the wealthiest of my land."

Straightway the bridge was builded so
As had spoken the wisdom of King Tee Poh

And every day, from dawn till dark,
They who watched the fortunate arch could mark,
Like a cloud of midges that glow and gleam,
The gold toll east to the hurrying stream;
And all day the trumpet sounded loud,
And the mandarin of the guard kowtowed,
As he wrote the name, with respectful look,
Of the passenger high in his silken book;
And all the while grew the renown
Of the fortunate arch in Peking town,
Till of the wealthiest it was told,
"He spends his day on the bridge of gold."

And when a month and a day were spent,
The King Tee Poh for his treasurer sent.
"Go to the bridge," said he, "and look
At the list of names in the silken book,
And of all that are written, small and great,
Confiscate to me the estate:

As the sage Confucius well doth show,
A wealthy fool is the State's worst foe."

And the treasurer whispered, bending low,
"Great is the wisdom of King Tee Poh."

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

ONE afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite Councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced. The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterward, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober gait, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness.

Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear. The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High Churchman in the midst and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the streets with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

“O Lord of Hosts!” cried a voice among the crowd, “provide a ‘champion for Thy people!’”

Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak, and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his

shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James' Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison! Back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and

beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor was overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset the Governor and all that rode so proudly with him were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

And who was the Gray Champion?

I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breast-work on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness and adversity and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE CHILDREN.

(Found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death.)

WHEN the lessons and tasks are ended
And the school of the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night," and be kissed ;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace ;
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last ;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild ;
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes ;
Oh ! those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ;
I would pray God to guide them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod ;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more—
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door ;
I shall miss the good-nights and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
 Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

IRELAND TO BE RULED BY IRISHMEN.

Delivered April 8th, 1886.

[Abridged.]

IF I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to their soil with an embrace yet closer than is known elsewhere, and the Irishman is still more profoundly Irish; but it does not follow that because his local patriotism is strong he should be incapable of an imperial patriotism!

There are two modes of presenting the subject which I have argued; one of them is to present what we now recommend as good, and the other is to present it as a choice of evils, and as the least among the varied evils with which, as possibilities, we are confronted. Well, I have argued the matter as if it had been a choice of evils. I have recognized as facts and as entitled to attention jealousies which I myself do not share or feel. I have argued it on that ground as the only ground on which it can be recommended, not only to a mixed auditory, but to the public mind of the country, that cannot give minute investigation to all portions of this

complicated question. I do not know whether it may appear too bold, but in my own heart I cherish the hope that this is not merely a choice of the lesser evil, but that it may be proved to be ere long a good in itself. There is, I know, an answer to this; and what is the answer? The answer is only found in the view which rests upon a basis of despair, of absolute condemnation of Ireland and Irishmen as exceptions to those beneficial provisions which have made, in general, Europeans, in particular, Englishmen and Americans capable of self-government; that an Irishman is a *lusus naturæ*; that justice, common sense, moderation, natural prosperity, have no meaning for him; that all he can understand and all that he can appreciate is strife, perpetual dissension.

Now, sir, I am not going to argue in this House whether this view, this monstrous view, is a correct one. I say the Irishman is as capable of loyalty as another man. But if his loyalty has been checked, why, it is because the laws by which he is governed do not present themselves to him as they do to us in England or Scotland, with a native and congenial element.

I have no right to say that Ireland, through her constitutionally elected members, will accept the measure I propose. I hope they will, but I have no right to assume it; nor have I any power to enforce it upon the people of England and Scotland; but I rely on the patriotism and the sagacity of this House; on a free and full discussion, and, more than all, upon the just, generous sentiments of the two British nations, and, looking forward, I ask the House, believing that no trivial motive could have driven us to assist in the work we have undertaken (work which we believe will restore

Parliament to its free and unimpeded course), I ask them to stay the waste of the public treasure under the present system of government and administration in Ireland, which is not waste only, but waste which demoralizes while it exhausts. I ask them to show to Europe and America that we, too, can face the political problems which America had to face twenty years ago, and which many countries in Europe have been called on to face and have not feared to deal with. I ask that we shall practice as we have very often practiced, and that in our own case we should be firm and fearless in applying the doctrines we have often inculcated in others, that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap and impair, but to strengthen and consolidate, unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less upon mere written stipulations and more upon those better stipulations written on the heart and mind of man. I ask that we should apply to Ireland the happy experience we have gained in England and Scotland, where a course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory, but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and convictions and will of man, and that it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that far more than by any other method we may be enabled to secure at once the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the Empire.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

FLAG OF THE RAINBOW.

FLAG of the rainbow, and banner of stars,
Emblem of light, and shield of the lowly,
Never to droop while our soldiers and tars
Rally to guard it from outrage unholy.
Never may shame or misfortune attend it,
Enmity sully, or treachery rend it,
While but a man is alive to defend it :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag of a land where the people are free,
Ever the breezes salute and caress it ;
Planted on earth, or afloat on the sea,
Gallant men guard it, and fair women bless it.
Fling out its folds o'er a country united,
Warmed by the fires that our forefathers lighted,
Refuge where down-trodden man is invited :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

Flag that our sires gave in trust to their sons,
Symbol and sign of a liberty glorious,
While the grass grows and the clear water runs,
Ever invincible, ever victorious.
Long may it 'waken our pride and devotion,
Rippling its colors in musical motion,
First on the land, and supreme on the ocean :
Flag of the rainbow, and banner of stars.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

NIAGARA FALLS.

IT was not until I came on Table Rock and looked —great heaven! on what a fall of bright green water!—that it (*the effect of Niagara*) came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one, instant and lasting, of the tremendous spectacle was, peace—peace of mind, tranquillity; calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever.

Oh! how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glittered in those angel tears, the drops of many hues that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

* * * * *

I think, in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap and roar and tumble all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below; still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the

mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge, Light, came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

An incident in Napoleon's war with Austria.

ONCE at eve a soldier brave
 Hastened up a stony way;
 Rocks and shrubs and tangled vines
 Failed his struggling steps to stay.
 Leaping swift from crag to crag,
 Not a moment did he lag,
 Till he reached a wild ravine
 Where a sheltered fort was seen.

Then he shouted loud and clear,
 "Guard, what ho!
 Lo! the foe
 Gathers round the lowland mere!
 Man the guns and bar the gate!
 Make all ready;—watch and wait.
 Keep the pass a single day—
 Hold the Austrian foe at bay
 This brief space,
 Then our army, van and rear,
 Calling troops from far and near,
 Will apace

March to certain victory.
Ho! awake! arouse, ye dolts!
Turn the keys and draw the bolts!"

All amazed, the grenadier ,
Lists in vain response to hear.
On he wends through open door;—
Guard and garrison are fled!
All their arms upon the floor
Tell of fright and senseless dread.
Filled with shame and shocked surprise
At the sight before his eyes,
Wrathfully the soldier cries:
"Poltroons! cowards! knew ye not,
One brave Frenchman in this spot
Might a thousand foemen rout?
Single file they must deploy
Through the narrow pass. Oh! joy!
I will guard the fort!" A shout
Leaps to the soldier's lips,
As hurriedly he slips
All the bolts within their sockets,
Loads the guns and mounts the rockets,
Makes all ready for the foe.
Then he waits; and list! a rustling;
'Tis the breeze? No, 'tis the bustling
Of stealthy footsteps creeping slow.

Whiz! a rocket shoots in air.
"At your peril come! Beware!"
Shouts, in tone defiant,
This hero self-reliant.
Halts the foe; his plan betrayed;

Now he'll wait for daylight's aid
To attack the fort.
While within, the grenadier
Patient bides, with weapons near,
And courage high upwrought.

Bang! the first shot cleaves the air,
Just as Phœbus rises fair,
And smites the silent tower.
Bang, bang, bang, bang! the shots fly fast.
And bang! the fort replies at last,
And strikes with telling power.
At every shot a foeman falls,
Though singly come the musket balls,
Whereat the Austrian wonders.
No heads above the ramparts rise,
No mark the enemy descries;—
He blindly shoots and blunders.

Hour by hour until the eve,
Fought the foe with slight reprieve,
Charging the grim redoubt.
Each time there fell some comrades dead;
No wasted shot passed overhead;
And still the fort held out.

At length a herald drawing near
Confronts a simple grenadier,
To treat of terms of peace.
“If you your firing will withhold
Till daybreak,” cried the Frenchman bold,
“We will the fort release
Into your hands, on promise sure

Our garrison shall pass secure
With all their arms."
The Austrian herald bowed assent;
Each party passed the night content,
Without alarms.

At dawn the Austrian rank and file
Drew up along the close defile,
To see their brave foes pass.
How still the fort! No noise within;
No hurrying feet; no parting din;
All quiet as at mass.

Slow the rusty hinges turn;
Slow the massive gates unfold;
Then with aspect calm and stern,
Bearing weight of arms untold,
Comes a single grenadier!
As he marches past the van,
Wondering eyes on him are cast.
"Where's the garrison, my man?"
Cries the Austrian chief at last.
Proudly rose the soldier's head,
"I am the garrison," he said.

"Your name, your name?" the Austrians cry
"La Tour d'Auvergne," comes in reply.
"La Tour, La Tour," with three times three,
"Hurrah! hurrah! we honor thee!"
Cheer on cheer
Burst from every Austrian heart;
And again,
Down the glen,

The ringing echoes start.
 While the Colonel, bowing low,
 Said in accents grave :
 "I salute my gallant foe,
 The bravest of the brave."

MAIDA BUON.

BALAAM'S PARABLES.

AND he took up his parable, and said, Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, come, curse me Jacob ; and come, defy Israel.

How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed ? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied ?

For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him : lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations.

Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel ? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his !

And he took up his parable, and said, Rise up, Balak, and hear ; hearken unto me, thou son of Zippor :

God is not a man, that He should lie ; neither the son of man, that He should repent ; hath He said, and shall He not do it ? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good ?

Behold, I have received commandment to bless ! and He hath blessed ; and I cannot reverse it.

He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel ; the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them.

God brought them out of Egypt : he hath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn.

Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel : according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought?

Behold the people shall rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion : he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain.

Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and the man whose eyes are open hath said ;

He hath said, which heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open ;

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob ! and thy tabernacles, O Israel !

As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side ; as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters.

He shall pour the water out of his buckets, and his seed shall be in many waters ; and his king shall be higher than Agag, and his kingdom shall be exalted.

God brought him forth out of Egypt ; he hath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn.

He shall eat up the nations, his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows.

He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a great lion : who shall stir him up ? Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee. Balaam the son of Beor hath said, and the man whose eyes are open hath said.

He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open.

I shall see him, but not now ; I shall behold him, but not nigh ; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Seeptr shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the eorners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.

And Edom shall be a possession, Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies ; and Israel shall do valiantly.

Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion, and shall destroy him that remaineth of the eity.

And when he looked on Amelek, he took up his parable, and said, Amalek was the first of the nations, but his latter end shall be that he perish forever.

And he looked on the Kenites, and took up his parable, and said, Strong is thy dwelling-plaee, and thou puttest thy nest in a roek.

Nevertheless the Kenite shall be wasted, until Ashur shall carry thee away eaptive.

And he took up his parable, and said, Alas ! who shall live when God doeth this ?

BIBLE.

WATCH NIGHT.

WATCH, brethren, watch !
The year is dying ;

Watch, brethren, watch !

Old time is flying.

Watch as men watch the parting breath,

Watch as men watch for life or death.

Eternity is drawing nigh,

Eternity, eternity !

Pray, brethren, pray !
The sands are falling ;
Pray, brethren, pray !
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity !

Praise, brethren, praise !
The skies are rending ;
Praise, brethren, praise !
The fight is ending.
Behold ! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon be here.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity !

Look, brethren, look !
The day is breaking ;
Hark, brethren, hark !
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand,
Behold ! the Bridegroom is at hand !
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity !

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

NIGHT in the Baron's castle,
Night on the windy moor,
The best of nights for the very rich,
And the worst for the very poor ;

For the yule-log blazed in the ancient hold,
And the beggar shrank from the biting cold.

The Baron's only daughter,
The little Lady Grace,
Was better dressed than any guest,
And fairer in the face ;
But never a thought of pride had she,
As they gayly danced round the Christmas tree.

When, lo ! an ill-clad stranger
Stood in the firelight's glow ;
His head was bare, his golden hair
All wet with melting snow.
" Whence comest thou ?" the children cried,
But only a dim, sweet smile replied.

" It is the little Christ-child,"
Low spoke the Lady Grace.
" I dreamed last night that a halo bright
Shone round that very face,
And He said : Be sure you have eyes to see,
For I shall stand by your Christmas tree.

" So, when they spread the table,
A chair I bade them set
At my right hand for a guest more grand
Than all assembled yet.
And my mother said, when the servant smiled,
'Tis the second sight. Obey the child.' "

Then all the noisy children
Were silent for a space ;
But no one heard him speak a word,

Though the smile grew on his face,
Till they saw a halo pure and faint
Round the stranger's head, like a pictured saint.

In strides the stately Baron,
To view the children's cheer.
"Who has the place by the Lady Grace?
How came a beggar here?"
Said the Lady Grace: "God pardon thee!
The little Christ-child dines with me."

The Baron staggers backward
And smites upon his breast.
Before him stands, with clasped hands,
One more unbidden guest.
"Hast thou come back here from the dead,
Grace, my sister Grace?" he said.

"They told you falsely, brother;
Seven years ago, to-day,
With a father's blame and a blighted name,
I left this castle gray;
But at Christmas time of every year
I have stood outside, I have seen you here.

"My son comes always with me,
Or else I could not come.
He will ever be like a babe to me,
For he is deaf and dumb.
He slipped from sight when my head was bowed,
And I saw him next in the youthful crowd.

"Among the happy children
I left my smiling boy,
For light and heat and enough to eat

Are all he can enjoy ;
But I'll take him now, I'll go away,
And will come no more on the Christmas Day."

"Nay then," replied the Baron,
"Thou shalt not go again,
Thy seven years of toil and tears
Amid the scorn of men
Are enough, in sooth, for a lifetime long ;
And we've all done wrong—we have all done wrong."

There followed hearty greeting,
Where people wept and smiled ;
And the Lady Grace, with a warm embrace,
Welcomed the silent child.
But she wept that night on her mother's breast
That the Christ-child had not been her guest.

"Nay, grieve thee not, my daughter,
The Christ of God has come ;
But He choseth to speak through a woman weak
And a child who is deaf and dumb,
And, 'As ye have done,' in the Book, saith He,
'To the least of mine, ye have done to me.'"

HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

THEY took the little London girl from out the city
street
To where the grass was growing green, the birds were
singing sweet ;

And everything along the road so filled her with surprise,
The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.
The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek,
And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak,
Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls,
Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she did not; no, she could not; for this crippled little child
Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled,
And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain
Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.
The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky,
The soft, green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by;
But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath,
And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh! like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed,
With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed;

It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gesture and
grimace

That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like
embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in
their arms,

And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms,
And said, "Oh! what a foolish little goose you are to be
So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it, and put her arms
around

The trunk and see how firmly it was fastened in the
ground;

They told her all about the roots that clung down
deeper yet,

And spoke of other curious things she never would for-
get.

Oh! I have heard of many, very many girls and boys
Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and
toys,

Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought
to me

Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a
tree.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

FALL IN! 1860.

(From "Dr. Sevier.")

THERE came a sound of drums. Twice on such a day, once the day before, thrice the next day, till by and by it was the common thing. High-stepping childhood, with laths and broom-handles at shoulder, was not fated, as in the insipid days of peace, to find, on running to the corner, its high hopes mocked by a wagon of empty barrels rumbling over the cobble-stones. No; it was the Washington Artillery, or the Creseent Rifles, or the Orleans Battalion, or, best of all, the blue-jacketed, white-leggined, red-breeched, and red-fezzed Zouaves; or, better than the best, it was all of them together, their captains stepping backward, sword in both hands, calling ("Left! left!") "Guide right!"—"Portez armes!" and facing around again, throwing their shining blades stiffly to belt and epaulette, and glancing askanee from under their abundant plumes to the crowded balconies above.

What pomp! what giddy rounds! Pennons, cock-feathers, clattering steeds, pealing salvos, banners, columns, ladies' favors, balls, concerts, toasts—don't you recollect?—and this uniform and that uniform, brother a captain, father a colonel, unele a major; the levee covered with munitions of war, steaniboats unloading troops, troops, troops, from Opelousas, Attakapas, Texas; and a supper to this company, a flag to that battalion, farewell sermon to the Washington Artillery, tears and a kiss to a spurred and sashed lover, hurried weddings,—no end of them—a sword to such a one, addresses by such and such, serenades to Miss and to Mademoiſcelle.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since then; and yet—do you not hear them now, coming down the broad, granite-paved, moon-lit street, the light that was made for lovers glancing on bayonet and sword soon to be red with brothers' blood, their brave young hearts already lifted up with the triumph of battles to come, and the trumpets waking the midnight stillness.

Ah! the laughter; the music; the bravado; the dancing; the songs! “Voilà l' Zouzou!” “Dixie!” “Aux armes, vos citoyens!” “The Bonnie Blue Flag!”—it wasn't bonnie very long. Later the maidens at home learned to sing a little song—it is among the missing now—a part of it ran:—

“Sleeping on grassy couches;
Pillowed on hillocks damp;
Of martial fame how little we know
Till brothers are in the camp.”

By and by they began to depart. How many they were! How many, many! We had too lightly let them go. And when all were gone, and they of Carondelet street and its tributaries, massed in that old gray, brittle-shanked regiment, the Confederate Guards, were having their daily dress parade in Coliseum place, and only they of the Foreign Legion remained; when sister Jane made lint, and flour was high, and the sounds of commerce were quite hushed, and in the custom-house gun-carriages were a-making, and in the foundries big guns were being cast, and the cotton gun-boats and the rams were building, and at the rotting wharves the masts of a few empty ships stood like dead trees in a blasted wilderness, and poor soldiers' wives crowded around the “Free Market,” and grass began to spring up in the

streets—they were many still, while far away ; but some marched no more, and others marched on bleeding feet, in rags ; and it was very, very hard for some of us to hold the voice steady and sing on through the chorus of the little song:—

“ Brave boys are they !
 Gone at their country's call.
 And yet—and yet—we cannot forget
 That many brave boys must fall.”

But before the gloom had settled down upon us it was a gay dream. Among the first of those to enlist was Narcisse, the faithful servant of Dr. Sevier. Just previous to the departure of his regiment, he said to Mr. Riehling, a friend of the Doctor's : “ Mistoo Itchlin, 'ow you ligue my uniefawm? You think it suit my style? They got about two poun' of gole lace on that uniefawm. Yesseh. Me, the h-only thing—I don' ligue those epaulette. So soon ev'body see that on me, 'tis ' Lient'nan' !' in thiz place, an' ' Licut'nan' !' in that place. My de'seh, you'd thing I'm a majo'-gen'l, in fact. Well, of co'se, I don' ligue that.”

“ And so you're a lieutenant?”

“ Third! Of the Chasseurs-à-Pied! Coon he'p it, in fact; the fellehs elected me. Goin' at Pensacola to-maw. Dr. Seveeah continue my sala'y whilce I'm gone, no matteh the len'th. Me, I don' care, so long the sala'y continue, if that waugh las' ten yeah! You ah pe'haps goin' ad the ball to-nighd, Mistoo Itchlin? I dunno 'ow 'tis—I suppose you'll be aztonizh' w'en I infawm you—that ball wemine me of that battle of Wattaloo! Did you evva yeh those line' of Lawd By'on,—

'Theh was a soun' of wilbalwy by night,
W'en—'Ush-'ark!—A deep soun' stwike'—?

That by Lawd By'on. Yessesh. Well"—

The Creole lifted his right hand energetically, laid its inner edge against the brass buttons of his képi, and then waved it gracefully abroad:—

"Au 'evoi', Mistoo Itchlin. I leave you to defen' the city."

"To-morrow," in those days of unreadiness and disconnection, glided just beyond reach continually. When at times its realization was at length grasped, it was away over on the far side of a fortnight or farther. However, the to-morrow for Nareisse came at last.

A quiet order for attention runs down the column. Attention it is. Another order follows, higher-keyed, longer drawn out, and with one sharp "elack!" the sword-bayoneted rifles go to the shoulders of as fine a battalion as any in the land of Dixey.

"En avant!"—Narcisse's heart stands still for joy—"Marehe!"

The bugle rings, the drums beat; "tramp, tramp," in quick succession, go the short-stepping, nimble Creole feet, and the old walls of the Rue Chartres ring again and again with the pealing huzzas.

The old Ponchartrain cars move off, packed. Down at the "Old Lake End" the steamer for Mobile receives the burden. The gong elangs in her engine room, the walking-beam silently stirs, there is a hiss of water underneath, the gang-plank is in, the wet hawser-ends whip through the hawse-holes—she moves; elang goes the gong again—she glides—or is it the crowded wharf

that is gliding?—No.—Snatch the kisses! snatch them! Adieu! Adieu! She's off, huzza—she's off.

Now she stands away. See the mass of gay colors—red, gold, blue, yellow, with glitter of steel and flutter of flags, a black veil of smoke sweeping over. Wave, mothers and daughters, wives, sisters, sweethearts—wave, wave; you little know the future!

And now she is a little thing, her white wake following her afar across the green waters, the call of the bugle floating softly back. And now she is a speck. And now a little smoky stain against the eastern blue is all—and now she is gone. Gone! Gone!

Farewell, soldier boys! Light-hearted, little-forecasting, brave, merry boys! God accept you, our offering of first fruits! See that mother—that wife—take them away; it is too much. Comfort them, father, brother; tell them their tears may be for naught.

“And yet—and yet—we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall.”

Never so glad a day had risen upon the head of Narcisse. For the first time in his life he moved beyond the corporate limits of his native town.

“‘Ezcape fum the aunt, thou sluggud?’” “Au ’evoi’” to his aunt and the unele of his aunt. “Au ’evoi’! Au ’evoi’!”—desk, pen, book—work, care, thought, restraint—all sinking, sinking beneath the receding horizon of Lake Ponchartrain, and the wide world and a soldier's life before him.

Farewell, Byronic youth! You are not of so frail a stuff as you have seemed. You shall thirst by day and hunger by night. You shall keep vigil on the sands of the Gulf and on the banks of the Potomac. You shall

grow brown, but prettier. You shall shiver in loathsome tatters, yet keep your grace, your courtesy, your joyousness. You shall ditch and lie down in ditches, and shall sing your saucy songs of defiance in the face of the foe, so blackened with powder and dust and smoke that your mother in Heaven would not know her child. And you shall borrow to your heart's content chickens, hogs, rails, milk, buttermilk, sweet potatoes, what not; and shall learn the American songs, and by the camp-fire of the Shenandoah Valley sing "The years creep slowly by, Lorena," to messmates with shaded eyes, and "Her bright smile haunts me still." Ah, boy! there's an old woman still living in the Rue Casso Calvo—your bright smile haunts her still. And there shall be blood on your sword, and blood—twice—thrice—on your brow. Your captain shall die in your arms; and you shall lead charge after charge, and shall step up from rank to rank; and all at once, one day, just in the final onset, with the cheer on your lips, and your red sword waving high, with but one lightning stroke of agony, down, down you shall go in the death of your dearest choice.

GEO. W. CABLE.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands of form and hue,
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

When her heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I often weep when looking back
To childhood's distant day.
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

They are growing feeble now,
And time and toil have left their mark
On heart and hand and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
The sad, sad day to me
When, 'neath the daisies out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But, oh! beyond these shadowy lands,

Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
When crystal streams through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And when the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

IN CHURCH—DURING THE LITANY.

"I'M glad we got here early, Nell;
We're not obliged to sit to-day
Behind those horrid Smith girls—well,
I'm glad they go so soon away.

How does this cushion match my dress?

I think it looks quite charmingly."

Bowed sweetly to the Smith's, "Oh! yes—"

RESPONDS.—Pride, vanity, hypocrisy.

Good Lord, deliver us.

"I hate those haughty Courteney's!

I'm sure they needn't feel so fine

Above us all, for mamma says

Their dresses aren't as nice as mine.

And one's engaged; so, just for fun,

To make her jealous—try to win

Her lover—show her how 'tis done."

RESPONDS.—From hatred, envy, mischief, sin,

Good Lord, deliver us.

"To-day the rector is to preach

In aid of missionary work;

He'll say he hopes and trusts that each

Will nobly give, nor duty shirk.

I hate to give, but then one must,

You know we have a forward seat.

People can see—they will, I trust."

RESPONDS.—From want of charity, deceit,

Good Lord, deliver us.

"Did you know Mr. Gray had gone?

That handsome Mr. Rogers, too?

Dear me! we shall be quite forlorn

If all the men leave—and so few!

I trust that we with Cupid's darts

May capture some—let them beware."

RESPONDS.—Behold the sorrow of our hearts,

And, Lord, with mercy,

Hear our prayers!

KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

(From Idyls of the King.)

[Adapted.]

THE Queen, becoming conscious of the fact that her guilty love for Lancelot was known to her husband, she fled from the Court and craved admittance at the convent at Almesbury. Thither, seeking her, came the King. As she hears him approaching she falls prone to the floor, burying her face in her arms. Here, in sorrow rather than in anger, the King shows her the result of her deeds, and then bids her farewell :

“Think not that I have come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh’d thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn’d, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-molded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom’s curse with thee—

I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
'I loathe thee:' yet not less, O Guinevere!
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair Father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thiek night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or, I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
Farewell!"

And while she grovel'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Pereeived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The easement: "Peradventure," so she thought,
"If I might see his faee, and not be seen."
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.

Then more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself beame as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretched out her arms and cried aloud:
"O Arthur! * * * Gone—my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord, the King,
My own true lord! how dare I eall him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the eenturies,
And mine will ever be a name of seorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.

Let the world be ; that is but of the world.
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope ;
His hope he call'd it ; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as in the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color, which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now —ere he goes to the great Battle? none :
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest :
It surely was my profit had I known :
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

“Henceforth shall it be mine to fast and pray :
Do each low office of this holy house ;
Walk this dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransom’d us, and haler too than I ;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own ;
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord, the King.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

IF you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work—sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown ; two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up toward the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug, or wavering up or down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until sud-

denly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think it is nothing to be sneezed at.

Standing before the grandest architectural achievements, critics have differences of opinion ; but where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white, fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow-bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on a window-pane?

Where there is one discord there are ten thousand harmonies. A skyful of robins to one owl croaking ; whole acres of rolling meadow land to one place left by the grave-digger's spade ; to one mile of rapids, where the river writhes among the rocks, it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow ; water-lilies anchored ; hills coming down to bathe their feet ; stars laying their reflections to sleep on its bosom ; boatmen's oars dropping on it necklaces of diamonds ; chariots of gold coming forth from the gleaming forge of the sun to bear it in triumphant march to the sea.

Why, it is a splendid world to live in. Not only is it a pleasant world, but we are living in such an enlightened age. I would rather live ten years now than five hundred in the time of Methuselah. But is it not strange that in such an agreeable world there should be so many disagreeable people? But I know that everybody in this audience is all right. Every wife meets her husband at night with a smile on her face, his slippers and supper ready ; and the husband, when the wife asks him for money, just puts his hand in his pocket, throws

her the purse, and says: "Here you are, my darling, take all you want;" every brother likes his own sister better than any other fellow's sister, and the sister likes best the arm of a brother, when around her waist.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like eodfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the base viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He

goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordon, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four d'

rections all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coliquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

SHE WANTED TO HEAR IT AGAIN.

HE sat on a bicycle as straight as an icycle, and she on a tricycle rode by his side.

He talked like a jolly fop, and naught could his folly stop, with all kinds of jolly pop enlivening the ride.

At last, incidentally, more instinctively than mentally, he grew sentimentally saccharine sweet.

And he told with intensity of love's strong propensity, its force and immensity, its fervor and heat.

Just then o'er some hummocks he sprawled out ker-flummux, and she thought, What a lummux to tumble just then!

But he climbed to his station, while she said with elation, "Renew your narration—say it over again."

GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

IN our admiration for the manhood of General Grant—gentle, simple, truthful, yet so strong in every virtue—we are almost jealous of the goddess of fame who claims him to adorn her temple. Across the water comes the voice of the Frenchman, saying, 'Place his name next to that of Napoleon, who was greater than Cæsar.' 'No,' says the Englishman, 'put it with Wellington's, who conquered Napoleon.' 'No,' says the

Prussian, 'his place is next to Frederick's, who resisted a larger combination than ever assailed the French Emperor, and laid the foundations upon which the German empire stands.' 'No,' says the Russian, 'our Peter was the greatest; his empire is the widest, the firmest, and we gave you the strong hand of sympathy through all your struggle. Peter the Great, Grant the Great, are the names to stand side by side on the walls of the temple of fame.' 'No,' says the Hollander, 'back through the centuries was one who was the genius of resistance to oppression, one who laid the foundations of modern liberty; such only is worthy of association with Grant; William the Silent, Grant the Silent, must stand side by side and the highest.' 'Not so,' says the Jewish rabbi, 'you must go back not only through ages and centuries, but through cycles of time that have witnessed the rise and fall of empires—back to the period when Jehovah spoke directly to man amid the thunder of Sinai, when the warrior leader and statesman of Israel removed the yoke of slavery from three millions of his countrymen, even as your great captain removed the like yoke from three millions of another race. The name of Grant is worthy to follow that of our own Moses.'

"The American, prouder of the name than a subject of the Cæsars to be a Roman, with blushing appreciation replies: 'We are grateful for the honor and the place you accord our dead yet living citizen, but we have a temple not made with hands, worthier, holier, more enduring than your temple of fame, whereon the name of Grant is already engraved in love as well as honor, even with those of Washington and Lincoln, in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

MR. BEECHER AND THE WAIFS.

Plymouth Church, February 27th, 1887.

THE last Sabbath evening on which Mr. Beecher preached, he lingered for a little, as was his wont, after the congregation had retired. The organist, with one or two others, was practicing "I heard the voice of Jesus say." Just then two little street urchins entered the church and stood listening. Mr. Beecher, laying his hand on the head of one of the boys, turned his face upward and kissed him. Then with his arm about the two he left the scene of his triumphs and successes. It was a fitting close to a grand life—the old man of genius and fame shielding the ignorant wanderers, recognizing that the humblest and poorest were his brothers, and passing out into the night with the nameless little waifs.

The preacher's evening task was done ;
The crowd had gone away ;
But something pleaded with his heart
A little while to stay.

For him alone the organ pealed ;
For him alone the choir
Sang soft and low, in sweet accord,
The song of his desire :

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come, weary one, and rest,'"
What prophecy for him was there
How little any guessed !

As lovingly he lingered there,
Ere yet the music died,
There came two urchins from the street
Unfearing to his side.

The old man bowed, and lifting up
A soiled and homeless face,
He kissed it as a mother might,
Then turned to leave the place.

On either side the urchins trod ;
And on the left and right
A loving hand on either pressed ;
So out into the night.

Out, little thinking as he went
That never any more
His willing feet should inward go
That sacred threshold o'er.

And it was well ; more fit good-bye
No genius could devise :
No thoughtfulness of loving hearts,
No wisdom of the wise.

The " little ones " had always been
His chiefest joy and eare ;
With them alone let him go forth—
And God be with them there !

And down the future he shall go,
And through the enfranchised land,
A loving smile upon his lips,
A child on either hand.

THE SQUIRE'S BARGAIN.

COME, all who love a merry jest, and listen while I
tell

A tale of what in ancient days, the good old times,
befell ;

How greed and cunning both were foiled by simple
mother-wit,

And he who went abroad to spoil, returned, the biter
bit.

Was once an ancient manor-house, and Squire of high
degree ;

A true and fearless heart was his, an open hand and
free.

Content amid his own, he lived in patriarchal state,
And cheerily welcomed all within his hospitable gate.

High in the neighboring valley rose an abbey's towers
fair ;

Its bells rang morning, noon, and night, to call the
monks to prayer.

And some were good and holy men, but some, we needs
must say,

In idle pleasures, lust of gold, passed all their lives
away.

The Abbot cast a longing eye upon his neighbor's field,
Which year by year, the richest crops abundantly did
yield ;

"This land shall yet be mine," he said, "my right shall
none gainsay ;

The Abbot's word is worth a Squire's on any summer's
day."

Now see our lordly Prelate mid a pile of parchments
sit,
And twist each clause until he finds a quibble that will
fit.

"Eureka!" Writs and summonses, and soon the thing
is done.

Before the Squire has time to think, the cause is lost
and won.

Ah! now the triumph: "Yours no more this field to
plow or sow,

Good neighbor, where you scattered seed, my monks
shall reap and mow."

The Squire bowed low: "For me, if so, it is a woful
day,

As, loyal still to king and law, I dare not say you nay.

"So, since the land I loved is gone, its loss I will not
weep,

But only beg this little boon, one erop to sow and reap,
But one, and when 'tis ripe to fall beneath the mower's
hand,

Content, I'll yield my aneient rights, give up my
father's land."

"Why, no great boon," the Abbot thought. Then loud,
"I do agree,

And then when once more sown and reaped, that field
belongs to me."

'Twas signed and sealed. Well pleased withal, the
Abbot homeward rode.

The Squire his men together called, the field they
plowed and sowed.

'Twas autumn when the seed was sown, and soon the
winter's snow
Came down o'er all, to keep it warm, his white fur coat
to throw ;
And slow and sad the days went past, came frost and
sleet and rain ;
Then sunshine in the soft blue skies, and spring was
come again.

Oh ! merry were the children then ; the young lambs
leaped in play ;
The skylark carolled o'er the clouds, the robin from the
spray ;
The swelling buds grew green and burst on field and
forest tree,
And daisies white and violets were laughing on the lea.

The rivers ran, the fields began to don their dress of
green—
And soon the monks went peering round the Squire's
old land, I ween,
Their Abbot too, with Hodge, his man, to see what had
been sown,
And guess, if early grain or late, what time it should
be mown.

The crop was green ; they gazed, they sniffed : " Ha !
what new blade is here ?"
Not wheat nor barely, oats nor rye ! So much, at least,
is clear.
What seed was this ? " The Squire," grinned Hodge,
" has played you all a hoax.
To judge, Lord Abbot, by the leaf, 'tis sown with seed
of oaks."

The Abbot raged, the Abbot stormed, his wrath was all
in vain,
For signed and sealed, in black and white, the contract
told it plain,
That, when the crop was ripe to fall beneath the mower's hand,
Then only should the Squire be called to yield the
monks his land.

Now of our monks and merry Squire, not much remains
to tell.

The years rolled past, the abbey towers in crumbling
ruins fell,

Then centuries, till monk nor friar were found in all the
land,

But still that field of oaks remains untouched by mower's hand.

E. M. TRAQUAIR.

LITTLE FOXES.

THERE are a thousand foxes to one lion, and it is
hard work to watch them all the time, but eternal
vigilance is the price of a good character, and

“ Evil is caused by want of thought
As well as want of heart.”

It would be easier to be a martyr, and go down to
the block or to the stake, and have one's head cut off or
be burned to a crisp at once and be done with it, than
it is to endure eight or ten years of rheumatism. So

much the more honor to the patient victims of rheumatism than to the martyrs. I know it is easier to be President of the United States, and be a good President, too, than it is to go to sleep with the earache, or with three small mosquitoes in the room, that have made up their minds to a horrible repast of human blood. I know—out of the breadth and depth of my own experience I know whereof I affirm—I know it is an easier matter to edit a newspaper than it is to put the baby to sleep when the baby isn't feeling particularly sleepy just then. I know the little trials are the hardest; the little temptations are the strongest. The man who would scorn to steal a horse, will swear a little sometimes. The man who could not be hired to forge a note, will sometimes help to circulate a campaign lie; the man who will not commit murder will occasionally scold his wife; and the man who would scorn to lie under any other circumstances can't be trusted in a horse trade. It is easy for an honest man to refuse a bribe; it is hard for the same man to tell the truth about the size and number of the trout he caught. It is comparatively easy to obey the big commandments; it's the finer meshes of the little net that will entangle so many of us.

Then don't try to be heroes. Don't aim to be wingless saints. Don't aspire to the distinction of martyrdom. Try to be good, every-day, honest, Christian men and women, and see if you have not your hands full. Don't waste your time lion hunting, the lions never hurt anybody; but "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHAT OF THAT?

TIRED? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease?
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way.

Lonely? And what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own;
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark? Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

LULLABY SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

I'll buy for thee a sheep,
With a golden bell so fine to see,
And it shall frisk and play with thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

And cry not like a sheep
Else will the sheep dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Away and tend the sheep;
Away then, black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

PROOF POSITIVE.

I STEPPED into my room one day
And saw some children there at play.
I sought my little girl and found her
With half a dozen youngsters round her;
And from the way she slapped her rule,
I knew that they were "playing school."

I gave my little girl a kiss—
A pleasure that I never miss.

A murmur through the school-room ran,
A smile pervaded every feature,
"He must be a committee man!"
They loud exclaimed—"he kissed the teacher!"

THREE MEETINGS.

OH! the happy meeting from over the sea,
When I love my friend and my friend loves me,
And we stand face to face, and for letters read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-strange,
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both settle down as we used to be,
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh! the blissful meeting of lovers true,
'Gainst whom fate has done all fate can do,
And then dropped conquered: While over those slain,
Dead years of anguish, parting and pain,

Hope lifts her banner, gallant and fair,
 Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air,
 And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,
 Arches above them—God guards the right !

But, oh ! for the meeting to come one day,
 When the spirit slips out of its house of clay,
 When the standers-by, with a pitying sigh,
 Shall softly cover this face of mine ;
 And I leap—whither, ah ! who can know ?
 But outward, onward, as spirits must go,
 Until eye to eye, without fear, I see
 God and my lost as they see me.

DINAH MULOCK.

MIDSUMMER.

(Abbreviated from *The Vagabonds and Other Poems.*)

THROUGH all the long midsummer day
 The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
 I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
 Just where the field and forest meet,—
 Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
 The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
 And fringy roots and pebbles fret
 The ripples of the rivulet.
 I watch the mowers as they go
 Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
 With even stroke their scythes they swing,
 In tune their merry whetstones ring.
 The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
 Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
 And bright, where summer breezes break,
 The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
 Come to the pleasant woods with me;
 Quickly before me runs the quail,
 Her chickens skulk behind the rail:
 High up the lone wood pigeon sits,
 And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
 The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
 And chatters in his leafy house.
 The oriole flashes by; and look!
 Into the mirror of the brook,
 Where the vain blue bird trims his coat,
 Two tiny feathers fall and float.
 As silently, as tenderly,
 The down of peace descends on me.
 Oh! this is peace! I have no need
 Of friend to talk, of book to read:
 A dear Companion here abides;
 Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
 The holy silence is His voice:
 I lie, and listen, and rejoice

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
 And the day and the night are the same as one;
 The year grows green and the year grows brown,
 And what is it all when all is done?
 Grains of somber or shining sand,
 Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
 And a hundred ships are the same as one;
 And backward and forward blows the breeze,

And what is it all when all is done ?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one ;
And a maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done ?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And after dreaming the dreamer wakes.

ALICE CARY.

A PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVELY STORY.

THERE was once a perfectly modern girl,
With perfectly modern ways,
Who saw perfection in everything
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she said,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time,
Was perfectly awfully warm ;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town,
And the perfectly hateful teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

The lessons were perfectly fearfully long,
But never perfectly said ;
But when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attended was perfectly mag—
With a perfectly heavenly spire,
And perfect crowds go there to hear
A perfectly charming choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet,
The last, the perfectest out ;
The books she reads are perfectly good
(Just here we raise a doubt).

A ride she took was perfectly grand,
On a perfectly gorgeous day,
With a perfectly nobby friend of hers,
Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly elegant falls she'd seen
When on the way to the lake,
And the graphic description she gave us all
Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up
In a perfectly killing style,
And the perfectly terrible waves came down
In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this perfect poem,
And write to the end of time ;
But fearing to wear your patience out,
Will bring to an end my rhyme.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

“FIVE cents a glass!” Does any one think
That is really the price of a drink?

“Five cents a glass,” I hear you say,

“Why, that isn’t very much to pay.”

Ah, no, indeed! ’tis a very small sum

You are passing over ’twixt finger and thumb;

And, if that were all that you gave away,

It wouldn’t be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide

Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,

And lies a groveling heap of clay,

Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell

Who sleeps to-night in a murderer’s cell,

And feels within him the fires of hell.

Honor and virtue, love and truth,

All the glory and pride of youth,

Hopes of manhood, and wreath of fame,

High endeavor, and noble aim,—

These are the treasures thrown away

As the price of a drink from day to day.

“Five cents a glass!” How Satan laughed

As over the bar the young man quaffed

The beaded liquor; for the demon knew

The terrible work that drink would do;

And, ere the morning, the victim lay

With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;

And that was the price he paid, alas!

For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink ! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through the wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food ;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low ;
There violence deals its cruel blow ;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.
" Five cents a glass ! " Oh ! if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small !
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay ; and, whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follow the ruinous appetite.
" Five cents a glass ! " Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink ?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

GUESSING NATIONALITIES.

(From A Tramp Abroad.)

AS Harris and I sat, one morning, at one of the small round tables of the great Hote Schweitzerhof in Lucerne, watching the crowd of people, coming, going, or breakfasting, and at the same time endeavoring to guess where such and such a party came from, I said :

" There is an American party."

“Yes—but name the State.”

I named one State, he named another. We agreed upon one thing, however—that the young girl with the party was very beautiful and very tastefully dressed. But we disagreed as to her age. I said she was eighteen, Harris said she was twenty. The dispute between us waxed warm, and I finally said, with a pretense of being in earnest—

“Well, there is one way to settle the matter—I will go and ask her.”

Harris said, sarcastically, “Certainly, that is the thing to do. All you need to do is to use the common formula over here: go and say, ‘I’m an American!’ Of course, she will be glad to see you.”

Then he hinted that perhaps there was no great danger of my venturing to speak to her.

I said, “I was only talking—I didn’t intend to approach her, but I see that you do not know what an intrepid person I am. I am not afraid of any woman that walks. I will go and speak to this young girl.”

The thing I had in mind was not difficult. I meant to address her in the most respectful way and ask her to pardon me if her strong resemblance to a former acquaintance of mine was deceiving me; and when she should reply that the name I mentioned was not the name she bore, I meant to beg pardon again, most respectfully, and retire. There would be no harm done. I walked to her table, bowed to the gentleman, then turned to her and was about to begin my little speech when she exclaimed:

“I knew I wasn’t mistaken—I told John it was you! John said it probably wasn’t, but I knew I was right. I said you would recognize me presently and come over;

and I'm glad you did, for I shouldn't have felt much flattered if you had gone out of this room without recognizing me. Sit down, sit down—how odd it is—you are the last person I was ever expecting to see again."

This was a stupefying surprise. It took my wits clear away, for an instant. However, we shook hands cordially all around, and sat down. But truly this was the tightest place I ever was in. I seemed to vaguely remember the girl's face, now, but I had no idea where I had seen it before, or what name belonged with it. I immediately tried to get up a diversion about Swiss scenery, to keep her from launching into topics that might betray that I did not know her; but it was of no use, she went right along upon matters which interested her more:

"O dear! what a night that was, when the sea washed the forward boats away—do you remember it?"

"Oh! don't I!" said I—but I didn't. I wished the sea had washed the rudder and the smoke-stack and the captain away—then I could have located this questioner.

"And don't you remember how frightened poor Mary was, and how she cried?"

"Indeed I do!" said I. "Dear me, how it all comes back!"

I fervently wished it would come back—but my memory was a blank. The wise way would have been to frankly own up; but I could not bring myself to do that, after the young girl had praised me so for recognizing her; so I went on, deeper and deeper into the mire, hoping for a chance clue but never getting one. The Unrecognizable continued, with vivacity:

"Do you know, George married Mary, after all?"

"Why, no! Did he?"

"Indeed he did. He said he did not believe she was half as much to blame as her father was, and I thought he was right. Didn't you?"

"Of course he was. It was a perfectly plain case. I always said so."

"Why no you didn't—at least that summer."

"Oh! no, not that summer. No, you are perfectly right about that. It was the following winter that I said it."

"Well, as it turned out, Mary was not in the least to blame—it was all her father's fault—at least his and old Darley's."

It was necessary to say something—so I said:

"I always regarded Darley as a troublesome old thing."

"So he was, but then they always had a great affection for him, although he had so many eccentricities. You remember that when the weather was the least cold he would try to come into the house."

I was rather afraid to proceed. Evidently Darley was not a man—he must be some other kind of animal—possibly a dog, maybe an elephant. However, tails are common to all animals, so I ventured to say:

"And what a tail he had!"

"One! He had a thousand!"

This was bewildering. I did not quite know what to say, so I only said:

"Yes, he was pretty well fixed in the matter of tails."

"For a negro, and a crazy one at that, I should say he was," said she.

It was getting pretty sultry for me. I said to myself, "Is it possible she is going to stop there, and wait for me to speak? If she does, the conversation is blocked. A negro with a thousand tails is a topic which a person cannot talk upon fluently and instructively without more or less preparation. As to diving rashly into such a vast subject—"

But here, to my gratitude, she interrupted my thought by saying :

"Yes, when it came to tales of his crazy woes, there was simply no end to them if anybody would listen. His own quarters were comfortable enough, but when the weather was cold, the family was sure to have his company—nothing could keep him out of the house. But they always bore it kindly because he had saved Tom's life, years before. You remember Tom?"

"Oh! perfectly. Fine fellow he was, too."

"Yes, he was. And what a pretty little thing his child was?"

"You may well say that. I never saw a prettier child."

"I used to delight to pet it and dandle it and play with it."

"So did I."

"You named it. What was that name? I can't call it to mind."

It appeared to me that the ice was getting pretty thin here. I would have given something to know what the child's sex was. However, I had the good luck to think of a name that would fit either sex—so I brought it out:

"I named it Frances."

"From a relative, I suppose? But you named the

one that died, too—one that I never saw. What did you call that one?"

I was out of neutral names, but as the child was dead and she had never seen it, I thought I might risk a name for it and trust to luck, therefore I said—

"I called that one Thomas Henry."

She said, musingly :

"That is very singular—very singular."

I sat still and let the cold sweat run down. I was in a good deal of trouble, but I believed I could worry through if she wouldn't ask me to name any more children. I wondered where the lightning was going to strike next. She was still ruminating over that last child's title, but presently she said :

"I have always been sorry you were away at the time—I would have had you name my child."

"Your child! Are you married?"

"I have been married thirteen years."

"Christened, you mean?"

"No, married. The youth by your side is my son."

"It seems incredible—even impossible. I do not mean any harm by it, but would you mind telling me if you are any over eighteen?—that is to say, will you tell me how old you are?"

"I was just nineteen the day of the storm we were talking about. That was my birthday."

That did not help matters much, as I did not know the date of the storm. I tried to think of some non-committal thing to say, to keep up my end of the talk and render my poverty in the matter of reminiscences as little noticeable as possible, but I seemed to be about out of non-committal things. I was about to say, "You haven't changed a bit since then"—but that was

risky. I thought of saying, "You have improved ever so much since then"—but that would not answer, of course. I was about to try a shy at the weather, for a saving change, when the girl slipped in ahead of me and said :

"How I have enjoyed this talk over those happy old times—haven't you?"

"I never have spent such a half hour in all my life before!" said I, with emotion; and I could have added, with a near approach to truth, "and I would rather be scalped than spend another one like it." I was grateful to be through with the ordeal, and was about to make my good-byes and get out, when the girl said :

"But there is one thing that is ever so puzzling to me."

"Why, what is that?"

"That dead child's name. What did you say it was?"

Here was another balmy place to be in; I had forgotten the child's name; I hadn't imagined it would be needed again. However, I had to pretend to know, anyway, so I said :

"Joseph William."

The youth at my side corrected me, and said :

"No—Thomas Henry."

I thanked him—in words—and said, with trepidation :

"Oh! yes—I was thinking of another child that I named—I have named a great many, and I got them confused—this one was named Henry Thompson—"

"Thomas Henry," calmly interposed the boy.

I thanked him again—strictly in words—and stammered out :

"Thomas Henry—yes. Thomas Henry was the poor

child's name. I named him for Thomas—er—Thomas Carlyle, the great author, you know—and Henry—er—er—Henry the Eighth. The parents were very grateful to have a child named Thomas Henry.”

“That makes it more singular than ever,” murmured my beautiful friend.

“Does it? Why?”

“Because when the parents speak of that child now, they always call it Susan Amelia.”

That spiked my gun. I could not say anything. I was entirely out of verbal obliquities; to go further would be to lie, and that I would not do; so I simply sat still and suffered—sat mutely and resignedly there, and sizzled—for I was being slowly fried to death in my own blushes. Presently the enemy laughed a happy laugh and said:

“I have enjoyed this talk over old times, but you have not. I saw very soon that you were only pretending to know me, and so as I had wasted a compliment on you in the beginning, I made up my mind to punish you. And I have succeeded pretty well. I was glad to see that you knew George and Tom and Darley, for I had never heard of them before and therefore could not be sure that you had; and I was glad to learn the names of those imaginary children, too. One can get quite a fund of information out of you if one goes at it cleverly. Mary and the storm, and the sweeping away of the forward boats, were facts—all the rest was fiction. Mary was my sister; her full name was Mary ——. Now do you remember me?”

“Yes,” I said, “I do remember you now; and you are as hard-hearted as you were thirteen years ago in that ship, else you wouldn't have punished me so. You

haven't changed your nature nor your person, in any way at all; you look just as young as you did then, you are just as beautiful as you were then, and you have transmitted a deal of your comeliness to this fine boy. There—if that speech moves you any, let's fly the flag of truce, with the understanding that I am conquered and confess it."

All of which was agreed to and accomplished on the spot.

MARK TWAIN.

CHILDHOOD'S SCENES.

LONG years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of
green—

The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I strayed
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roamed with me
there,

When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so
fair—

All scattered!—all sundered by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks, that circled around,
With wild flowers, and sweet-brier, and eglantine
crowned;

I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on blue summer night:

And I thought of the trees, under which we had strayed,
Of the broad, leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names and the carvings impressed on the rind.

All eager I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

'Twas a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
“Like a tale that is told”—they had vanished away.

And methought the lone river that murmured along
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.

I paused—and the moral came home to my heart—
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless, our hopes but a gleam,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream.

Then, oh! let us look—let our prospects allure—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of change and the ruins of time.

ANON.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure ;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him:
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

THE MONTH OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

IT makes no difference that you have seen forty or fifty springs, each one is as new, every process as fresh, and the charm as fascinating as if you had never witnessed a single one. Nature works the same things without seeming repetition. There, for instance, is the apple-tree. Every year since our boyhood it has been doing the same thing; standing low to the ground, with a round and homely head, without an element of grandeur or poetry, except once a year. In the month of May, apple-trees go a-courting. Love is evermore father of poetry. And the month of May finds the orchard no longer a plain, sober business affair, but the gayest and most radiant frolicker of the year. We have seen human creatures whose ordinary life was dutiful and prosaic; but when some extraordinary excitement of grief, or, more likely, of deep love, had thoroughly mastered them, they broke forth into a richness of feeling, an inspiration of sentiment, that mounted up into the very kingdom of beauty, and for the transient hour they glowed with the very elements of poetry. And so to us seems an apple-tree. From June to May it is a homely, duty-performing, sober, matter-of-fact tree. But May seems to stir up a love heat in its veins.

The old round-topped, crooked-trunked, and ungainly boughed fellow drops all world-ways and takes to itself a new idea of life. Those little stubbed spurs, that all the year had seemed like rheumatic fingers, or thumbs and fingers, stiffened and stubbed by work, now are transformed. Forth put they a little head of buds, which a few rains and days of encouraging warmth

solicit to a cluster of blossoms. At first rosy and pink, then opening purely white. And now, where is your old, homely tree? All its crookedness is hidden by the sheets of blossoms. The whole top is changed to a royal dome. The literal, fruit-bearing tree is transfigured, and glows with raiment whiter and purer than any white linen. It is a marvel and a glory! What if you have seen it before, ten thousand times over? An apple-tree in full blossom is like a message, sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. We are never tired of looking at its profusion. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree.

The very glory of God seems resting upon it! It is a little inverted hemisphere, like that above it, and it daily mimics with bud and bloom the stars that nightly blossom out into the darkness above it. Though its hour of glory is short, into it is concentrated a magnificence which puts all the more stately trees into the background. If men will not admire, insects and birds will!

There, on the very topmost twig, that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet-singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman-candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes. If you stand at noon under the tree, you are in a very bee-hive. The tree is musical. The blossoms seem, for a wonder, to have a voice. The odor is not a rank atmosphere of sweet. Like the eups from which it is poured, it is delicate and modest. You feel as if there were a timidity in it, that asked your sympathy and yielded to solicitation. You do not take it whether you will or not, but, though it is abundant,

you follow it rather than find it. Is not this gentle reserve, that yields to real admiration, but hovers aloof from coarse or cold indifference, a beautiful trait in woman or apple-tree?

But was there ever such a spring? Did orchards ever before praise God with such choral colors? The whole landscape is aglow with orchard radiance. The hillsides, the valleys, the fields, are full of blossoming trees. The pear and cherry have shed their blossoms. The ground is white as snow with their flakes. Let other trees boast their superiority in other months. But in the month of May, the very flower-month of the year, the crown and glory of all is the apple-tree.

Therefore, in my calendar, hereafter, I do ordain that the name of this month be changed. Instead of May, let it henceforth be called in my kingdom, "The Month of the Apple Blossom."

H. W. BEECHER.

THE DEATH OF JEZEBEL.

And of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel.

But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up.

I Kings xxi, 23, 25.

AND now the end of Ahab's house had come;
 Yet Jehu's labor was but now begun—
 A labor great as that of Hercules,
 Who cleansed the Augean stable: Jehu's task
 To cleanse the deep-stained throne of Israel,
 With blood of prophets and of Naboth soiled:
 To cleanse the throne so fearfully defiled;

And wash to sweetness in the blood of sons,
The land the father's folly had made foul ;
Nor to restrict purgation, but to take
The clotted caldron of long-seething crimes,
And as a scullion to scour it clean
In the hot gore of bloody Jezebel.

She now of Jehu's coming having heard,
Betook herself unto her chamber, where
Grown old and withered, she bepaints her face ;
Upon her head puts sparkling coronel,
With bracelets bound her wrists, with pearls her hair
All richly twined.

Her toilet done, behold !
Down in the courtyard, loud with iron noise,
Stern Jehu enters with a troop of horse ;
When, as upon the huntsman with his gun,
Atowards her climbing, might the mother eagle
Look from her eyrie built upon the crag,
She looked down from her window to the court,
Filled with ferocious men and trampling steeds,
And saw grim Jehu riding through the gate.
Soon as she saw the slayer of her son
Rage rose within her, and, forgetting all
The stately, cold composure of a Queen,
She scowling cried :

“ Out of my sight, fell hound !
Usurping dog, begone ! By angry Baal,
Thou yet shalt feel a traitor's doom. Avaunt !
Rebellious wretch, king-murderer, avaunt !
Hast thou forgotten thee, to set thy foot,
Blood-steeped, to stain therewith these courts ? Here I
Alone have warrant. Thirsty bloodhound, hence !
And know me now ; thou, whom I long have known,

And fear me, too. I fear not thee, nor these ;
Nor all the recreant bands that thou canst bring,
Deserting Ramoth-Gilead. Traitor, fly !
Begone, base regicide, thou horrid bowman,
Who drew thy shaft against thy king ; who slew
My boy, my son, my darling. Thou hast slain
Him. Scorpion, thou hast stung him to his death.
Infernal dragon, to thyself take wings,
And to the uttermost of the wide world
Begone, and Baal blast thee ! May his sun
Dry up thy blood ! May fever parch thee ! Ah !
I see another murder in thy look !
Thou king-assassin, hast thou come to do
To me as thou hast done unto my son ?
Do not too much, thou overweening man,
Nor dream to exterminate the house of Ahab.
Fool, when did treason thrive ? Beware ! beware !
Jehu, remember ; say, had Zimri peace
Who slew his master ?”

Jehu naught returned ;
But, looking upward to the window, called :
“ Who there is on my side ?” And as if day
Should call on night, two coal-black eunuchs came
Forth to the window ; and again he cried :
“ Quick, seize and throw her down !” And slave-like
prompt,
They strove to seize her and to throw her down ;
But failed, for lo ! full far aback she springs,
Like the pressed panther, nimble as the squirrel,
Into the chamber, and there stood in shade,
Glaring with cat-like eyes. But glared not long ;
For to the window back they dragged and launched
her,

Sheer from the sill into the paved court,
 Whereto, like wounded sea-fowl from its cliff,
 She headlong with wild shriek of horror fell.
 Some of her blood outspurted on the wall,
 And some upon the horses ; and the hoofs
 Of Jehu's charger trod her under foot.
 Then when the sated crowd had left the court,
 Jehu went up into the banquet-room ;
 There ate and drank, till, warm with wine, he said :
 " Go down, and bury yon accursed woman ;
 She is the daughter of a king."

And down they went,
 But nothing of her found, except the skull,
 And feet and palms ; the rest of her devoured
 By dogs ; torn piecemeal ; by them borne away,
 And eaten in the portion of Jezreel,
 Even in Naboth's vineyard ; nothing left
 That one might say : " Lo ! this was Jezebel."

COMMERCE.

TRACE, for a moment, the history of eommeeree, from
 the earliest period. In the infaney of the world,
 its caravans, like giantie silk-worms, went ereeping
 through the arid wastes of Asia and Afriea, and bound
 the human family together in those vast regions, as they
 bind it together now. Its colonial establishment
 scattered the Greeian culture all round the shores of
 the Mediterranean, and earried the adventurers of Tyre
 and Carthage to the North of Europe and the South of
 Afriea. The walled cities of the Middle Ages prevented
 the arts and refinements of life from being trampled out

of existence under the iron heel of the feudal powers. The Hanse Towns were the bulwark of liberty and property in the North and West of Europe for ages. The germ of the representative system sprang from the municipal franchises of the boroughs. At the revival of letters, the merchant princes of Florence received the fugitive arts of Greece into their stately palaces. The spirit of commercial adventure produced that movement in the fifteenth century which carried Columbus to America and Vasco de Gama round the Cape of Good Hope. The deep foundations of the modern system of international law were laid in the interests and rights of commerce, and the necessity of protecting them. Commerce sparkled the treasures of the newly found Indies throughout the Western nations; it nerved the arm of civic and religious liberty in the Protestant world; it gradually carried the colonial system of Europe to the ends of the earth, and with it the elements of future independent, civilized, republican government.

But why should we dwell on the past? What is it that gives vigor to the civilization of the present day, but the world-wide extension of commercial intercourse, by which all the products of the earth and of the ocean—of the soil, the mine, of the loom, of the forge, of bounteous nature, creative art, and untiring industry—are brought, by the agencies of commerce, into the universal market of demand and supply—no matter in what region the desirable product is bestowed on man, by a liberal Providence, or fabricated by human skill. It may clothe the hills of China with its fragrant foliage; it may glitter in the golden sands of California; it may wallow in the depths of the Arctic seas; it may ripen and whiten in the fertile plains of the sunny South; it

may spring forth from the flying shuttles of Manchester in England, or Manchester in America:—the great world-magnet of commerce attracts it all alike, and gathers it all up for the service of man. I do not speak of English commerce, or of American commerce. Such distinctions belittle our conceptions. I speak of commerce in the aggregate—the great ebbing and flowing tides of the commercial world—the great gulf-streams of traffic, which flow round from hemisphere to hemisphere—the mighty trade-winds of commerce, which sweep from the Old World to the New—that vast aggregate system which embraces the whole family of man, and brings the overflowing treasures of nature and art into kindly relation with human want, convenience, and taste.

E. EVERETT.

AN OLD ROUNDSMAN'S STORY.

SO you're a writer, and you think I could
Tell you some story of the Christmas-time—
Something that happened to myself, which you,
Having the rhyming knack, might put in rhyme?

Well, you are right. But of the yarns I mind
The most are best untold, they are so sad;
My beat's the shadiest in town, you know,
Amongst the very poor and very bad.

And yet from one of its worst places, where
Thieves gather who go round with murd'rous knives,
A blessing came one Christmas Day that brought
My wife and me the sunshine of our lives.

The night before, I had at last run down

Lame Jim, the captain of a river gang,
Who never had been caught, although his deeds
Were such that he deserved for them to hang.

And as he sprang upon the dock I sprang

Like lightning after him, and in a trice
Fell through a trap-door, and went sliding down
Upon a plank as slippery as ice.

I drew my pistol as I slid, and when

I struck the earth again, "Hands up!" I cried;
"I've got you now," and at the same time flashed
The light of a dark lantern every side.

I'd landed in a big, square room, but no

Lame Jim nor any other rough was there;
But from some blankets spread upon the floor
A child looked up at me with wond'ring stare—

A little girl with eyes that shone like stars,

And sweet, pale face, and curly, golden head.
"Why did you come so fast? You woke me up,
And scared me, too," in lisping words she said.

"But now I am not scared, for I know you.

You're Santa Claus. My stocking's on the wall.
I wish you Merry Christmas. Where's my toys?
I hope you've brought a lovely cup and ball."

I never was so taken 'back, I vow;

And while I speechless stood, Jim got away.
"Who are you, pretty one?" at last I asked.

"I? Don't you know? Why, I am little May.

“My mother died the other night, and went
To Heaven ; and Jim, my father, brought me here
It isn't a nice place ; I'm 'fraid of it,
For everything's so lonely and so queer.

“But I remembered it was Christmas Eve,
And hoped you'd find me, though I thought because
There was no chimney you might not. But oh !
I'm glad you did, dear Mr. Santa Claus.”

Well, Captain Jim escaped—the law, I mean,
But not a higher power ; he was drowned.
And on his body near his heart, poor wretch,
The picture of his baby girl was found.

And that dear baby girl went home with me,
And never was a gift more precious given ;
For childless had that home been many years,
And so she seemed sent to it straight from Heaven.

God's ways are wonderful. From rankest soil
There often grows a flower sweet and bright.
But I must go, my time is nearly up.
A Merry Christmas to you, and good-night.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

MANHOOD.

LIFE'S best prizes are won, not by adroitness nor sharpness, not by skill or strength, but by that grandest thing known on earth, Manhood. Honorable, educated, active, cultivated manhood is to rule this world.

Always there have been bad men, corrupted, degraded, but sharp and cunning, who have made great gains by

great frauds, or crafty swindling, and have held some sort of position in the world in spite of their want of character, for there are parasites and money worshipers who honor and applaud the man of money without caring to know how he came by his possessions. But these are the exceptions.

The true man is, yet, the thing most prized by the great world. True manhood is the wisest, sharpest, strongest, most clear-sighted, far-sighted contestant in the battle-field of life. Manhood carries the sharpest sword, gains the truest success, and wears the brightest crown. No one is, or can be, the best preacher, the best lawyer, the best physician, or the best business man, who is not truly, grandly, gloriously, and unselfishly a man.

If you would climb to the high places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have the sublimest old age, you must conquer the base elements of nature, you must have every atom of the dross of dishonesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, if necessary.

You must become as sound as twenty-four karat gold, as true as best steel. You must prove yourself as reliable as the course of nature, as incorruptible as sunlight, as pure and sweet in your personality as the breezes of heaven. You must scorn all meanness, loathe all false pretense, be afraid of every kind of dishonesty, and hate a lie as you would hate the devil himself. You must determine stoutly to be what you would appear.

There is a premium on men like that. The great world, disgusted with frauds and pretenders, and shams of all kinds, will know such a man as soon as he appears. It will prize him, honor him, reward him, make him famous, and render him immortal.

GEORGE K. MORRIS.

LITTLE MAID WITH LOVERS TWAIN.

(From The Century.)

WAS ever a soul so pestered? dear me! what shall
I do?

I thought there was none like Robin and loved him leal
and true;

I thought there was none like Robin, but now that
Jamie's here,

I look at Robin and Jamie and both of them are dear!
And whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as
yet.

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart
shall set!

Was ever a soul so worried? I would na do a wrong;
But there is Robin and Jamie—I canna to both belong;
Yet when a-walking with Robin, I think him the finest
lad,

And when Jamie comes a wooing, I canna for long be
sad!

And whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as
yet.

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart
shall set!

Was ever a soul so beat about? I dinna, canna see,
How that Robin and Jamie can both belong to me!
For Robin's like the sunshine with eyes of sunny light,
And Jamie's like the darkness with eyes of dusky night.
Yet whether the old or new love wins, I canna tell as
yet.

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see which way my heart
shall set!

Was ever a soul so badgered? Whichever way I turn,
Whether to Robin or Jamie, the truth I canna learn.

A many a thing in Robin helps me to hold him near,
And a many a thing in Jannie makes him as passing
dear!

And betwixt the old and new love, my heart is sore
beset!

Alack! Aweel! I'll wait and see, I will na wed as yet!

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

JEM'S LAST RIDE.

HIGH o'er the snow-capped peaks of blue the stars
are out to-night,

And the silver crescent moon hangs low. I watched it
on my right,

Moving above the pine-tops tall, a bright and gentle
shape,

While I listened to the tales you told of peril and
escape.

Then, mingled with your voices low, I heard the rum-
bling sound

Of wheels adown the farther slope, that sought the
level ground;

And, suddenly, from memories that never can grow
dim,

Flashed out once more the day when last I rode with
English Jem.

'Twas here, in wild Montana, I took my hero's gauge!
From Butte to Deer Lodge, four-in-hand, he drove the
mountain stage;

And many a time, in sun or storm, safe mounted at his
side,
I whiled away with pleasant talk the long day's weary
ride.

Jem's faithful steeds had served him long, of mettle
true and tried,
One sought in vain for trace of blows upon their glossy
hide ;
And to each low command he spoke, the leader's ner-
vous ear
Bent eager, as a lover waits his mistress's voice to hear.

With ringing crack the leathern whip, that else had
idly hung,
Kept time for many a rapid mile to English songs he
sung ;
And yet, despite his smile, he seemed a lonely man to be,
With not one soul to claim him kin on this side of the
sea.

But after I had known him long, one mellow evening
time
He told me of his English Rose, who withered in her
prime ;
And how, within the churchyard green, he laid her
down to rest
With her sweet babe, a blighted bud, upon her frozen
breast.

"I could not stay," he said, "where she had left me all
alone !

The very hedge-rose that she loved, I could not look
upon!

I could not hear the mavis sing, or see the long grass
wave,

And every little daisy-bank seemed but my darling's
grave!

“ Yet, somehow—why, I cannot tell—but when I wan-
dered here,

I seemed to bring her with me, too, that once had been
so dear!

I love these mountain summits, where the world is in
the sky,

For she is in it, too—my love!—and so I bring her
nigh.”

Next week I rode with Jem again. The coach was full
that day,

And there were little children there, that pleased us
with their play.

A sweet-faced mother brought her pair of rosy, bright-
eyed girls,

And boy, like one I left at home, with silken yellow
curls.

We took fresh horses at Girard's, and as he led them
out—

A vicious pair they seemed to me—I heard the hostler
shout,

“ You always want good horses, Jem! Now you shall
have your way!

Try these new beauties; for we sold your old team yes-
terday!”

O'er clean-cut limb and sloping flank, arched neck and
tossing head,
I marked Jem run his practiced eye, though not a word
he said ;
Yet, as he clambered to his seat, and took the reins
once more,
I saw a look upon his face it had not worn before.

The hostler open flung the gates. " Now, Tempest, show
your pace ! "

He cried. And with a careless hand he struck the
leader's face.

The horse, beneath the sportive blow, reared as if poison
stung,
And, with his panic stricken mates, to a mad gallop
sprung !

We thundered through the gate, and out upon the stony
road ;

From side to side the great coach lurched, with all its
priceless load ;

Some cried aloud for help, and some, with terror frozen
tongue,

Clung, bruised and faint in every limb, the weaker to
the strong !

And men who oft had looked on death, unblanched,
by flood or field,

When every nerve, to do and dare, by agony was
steeled,

Now moaned aloud, or gnashed their teeth in helpless
rage,

To die, at whim of maddened brutes, like vermin in a
cage !

Too well, alas! too well I knew the awful way we went;
The little stretch of level road, and then the steep
 descent;
The boiling stream that seethed and roared far down
 the rocky ridge,
With death, like old Horatius, grim waiting at the
 bridge!

But, suddenly, above the din, a voice rang loud and
 clear,
We knew it well, the driver's voice—without one note
 of fear!
Some strong, swift angel's lips might thrill with such a
 clarion cry;
The voice of one who put for aye all earthly passion
 by.

“Still! for your lives, and listen! See yon farmhouse
 by the way,
And piled along the field in front the shocks of new
 mown hay!
God help me turn my horses there! And when I give
 the word,
Leap on the hay! Pray, every soul, to Him who Israel
 heard!”

Within, the coach was still! 'Tis strange, but never
 till I die,
Shall I forget the fields that lay, the color of the sky,
The summer breeze that brought the first sweet perfume
 of the hay,
The bobolink, that in the grass would sing its life away.

One breathless moment bridged the space that lay between, and then

Jem drew upon the straining reins with all the strength of ten!

“Hold fast the babes!” More close I clasped the fair boy at my side.

“Let every nerve be steady now!” and “Jump for life!” he cried.

Saved! every soul! Oh! dizzy—sweet life rushed in every vein,

To us, who from that fragrant bed rose up to hope again!

But, ’mid the smiles and grateful tears that mingled on each cheek,

A sudden, questioning horror grew, that none would dare to speak!

Too soon the answer struck our ears! One moment’s hollow roar

Of flying hoofs upon the bridge—an awful crash that tore

The very air in twain—and then, through all the world grown still,

I only heard the bobolink go singing at his will!

I was the first man down the cliff. There’s little left to tell!

We found him lying, breathing yet and conscious, where he fell.

The question in his eager eyes I answered with a word: “Safe!” Then he smiled and whispered low some words I scarcely heard.

We would have raised him, but his lips grew white with agony.

"Not yet! It will be over soon!" he whispered. "Wait with me!"

Then—lower—smiling still! "It is my last ride, friends; but I

Have done my duty, and God knows I do not fear to die!"

He closed his eyes. We watched his life slip like an ebbing tide,

Far out upon the Infinite, where all our hopes abide.

He spoke but once again, a name not meant for mortal ears—

"My Rose!" She must have heard that call amid the singing spheres!

MARY A. STANSBURY.

MRS. PICKETT'S MISSIONARY BOX.

(Abridged.)

"THAT there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it, with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlor mantel, "That there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Maleolm, the things I've been alearnin' of, ever sence Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' sot it out on the dinin'-room shelf, an' told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginnin' of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now—my niece, you know. I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she came in with them two boxes, an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She knowed I warn't the missionary kind. I do' no but she done it just for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scrapin' along with my boarders, an' rents was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. Then Mary Pickett she come home from school, where she'd been ever since she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her to get an education, so's to teach; an' she got a place in the grammar school an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about missions to that school till she was full of 'em, and the very fust meetin' day after she come, she walked out in the kitchen, an' says she:

"'Aunty, a'n't you comin' to missionary meetin', down to the church?' says she. 'I'll meet you there after school,' says she.

"An' if you'll believe me, Mis' Malcolm, I was that riled that I could have shook her! I says:

"'Pretty doin's 'twould be for me to go traipsin' off to meetin's an' leave the i'nin' an' the cookin' an' set alongside o' Lawyer Stapleton's wife hearing about—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home and see to their work,' says I. But law! nothin' ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She just laughed an' said 'Good-bye,' an' I stayed an' puttered over the kitchen

work till I was hot as fire inside an' out; an' 'long about five o'clock, baek she come with them two boxes.

" 'I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy,' says she, settin' of it down, an' when I see what it was, I jest stood an' stared. 'Twarn't that one there, 'twas one jest like it, an' it had a motto written onto one end, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?'

" 'Well, you're smart!' says I, an' Mary she jest dropped into a ehair an' laughed till I couldn't help laughin' too. 'Great benefits I have,' says I, standin' with my arms akimbo an' lookin' that box all over. 'Guess the heathen won't get much out o' me at that rate!'

" 'I s'pose that depends on how much you render,' says Mary, says she. 'You might try at a cent apiece for awhile, jest for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,' says she.

" 'Bout's many as grapes off of bean vines, I'd get!' says I, for I was more than usual low-spirited that night.

" Well, the box sot there all that week, an' I used to say it must be kinder lonesome with nothin' in it, for not a cent went in it till next missionary meetin' day. I was settin' on the baek steps ge'tin' a breath of fresh air when Mary come home, an' I ealled out to her to know what them geese talked 'bout to-day. That was the livin' word I ealled 'em—'them geese!' Well, she come an' set down along o' me, an' begun to tell me about the meetin', an' it was all about Injy an' the widders there, poor ereturs, an' they bein' abused an' starved an' not let to think for themselves—you know all about it better'n I do—an' before I thought I up an' said :

“ ‘ Well, if I be a widder, I’m thankful I’m where I can earn my own livin’, an’ no thanks to nobody an’ no one to interfere.’

“ ‘ Then Mary she laughed an’ said there was my fust benefit. Well, that sorter tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go clear off to Injy to find ’em, an’ I dropped in one cent, an’ it rattled round a few days without any company. I used to shake it every time I passed by the shelf, an’ the thought of them poor things in Injy kep’ a-comin’ up before me, an’ I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, an’ felt as if I’d oughter put in another. An’ next meetin’, Mary she told me about Japan, an’ I thought about that till I put in another because I warn’t a Jap. An’ all the while I felt kinder proud of how little there was in that box. Then one day when I got a chance to turn a little penny sellin’ eggs, which I warn’t in the habit of, Mary brought the box in where I was countin’ of my money, an’ says:

“ ‘ A penny for your benefit, Aunt Mirandy,’ an’ I says:

“ ‘ This a’n’t the Lord’s benefit;’ an’ she answered:

“ ‘ If ’ta’nt His, whose is it?’ an’ she begun to hum over somethin’ out of one of the poetry books that she was always readin’ of:

‘ God’s grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.’

“ ‘ Well, I dropped in the penny, an’ them words kep’ ringin’ in my ears, till I couldn’t help putting more to it on account of some other things I never thought of callin’ the Lord’s benefits before. An’ by that time, what with Mary’s tellin’ me about the meetin’s, an’ me

most always findin' somethin' to put in a penny for, to be thankful that I warn't it, an' what with gettin' interested about it all, an' sorter searchin' round a little, now an' then to think of somethin' or other to put in a cent for, there really come to be quite a few pennies in the box, an' it didn't rattle near so much when I shook it.

"But one day I was standin' over the i'nin'-board, an' Mary was opposite to me, but all of a sudden, instead of her, I seemed to see my Liakim's face, that had been dead ten year, an' him a-leanin' down over our little baby, that only lived two weeks—the only one I ever had. Seemed to me I couldn't get over it, when that baby died. An' I seemed to see Liakim smilin' down at it, an' it lyin' there, all soft an' white—such a pretty baby—an' before I knew it, I was droppin' tears all over the starched clothes, an' I turned round an' went an' put another cent in that box, for the look on Liakim's face when he held her that time. All the rest of the day I kep' seein' that little face before me, an' thinkin' how I had her for my own an' how I knew she was in glory—I'd only felt it hard that I couldn't keep her before that—an' before I went to bed I went out in the dinin'-room, an' I put in a little bright five-cent piece for my baby, because I couldn't bear to count her just like everything else, an' I found myself cryin' because I hadn't enough money just then to spare anythin' bigger. I suppose it was from thinkin' about her so much, that that night I dreamed about mother. I could see her as plain, an' father with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was a kissin' of 'em both, I heard some one sayin', 'As one whom his mother comforteth.' An' I woke up, an' I was sayin', 'O Lord! I am a wicked, ungrateful woman!'

"I don't suppose you could understand, you that's a minister's wife, an' thankful to the Lord, in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' an' cryin', an' yet not all sorry for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I jest prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent apiece!' I kep' sayin'. 'A centapieec for all His benefits!' Why, they come over me that night while I laid there prayin', till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all round me. In the mornin' I went up to the box, feelin' meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for mother, an' a cent for father, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things that I'd been forgettin' in them hard times. An' when I couldn't spare no more, I went to work, an' do believe I was a different woman after that.

"So it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had it, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top an' said :

"'That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one!' and Mary she cried when I said it.

"So when the next missionary day come I went too, an' I took my box, an' I says, 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if ever there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I'm the one; for I've been a-keepin' count of my mereies at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special

to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I says, beginning to cry, 'for when I begun to find out what I had to be thankful for, I says to myself, 'Mean you'd oughter feel, an' mean you shall feel! You'll jest finish up this here box the way you begun!' An' here't is,' I says, 'an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies.' So I set down, eryin' like a baby, an' Mis' Stapleton she begun to count, with the tears a-runnin' down her own cheeks, an' before she got through, we were all eryin' together, for there was three hundred and fifty blessed cents in that box, not eountin' the little five-cent piece, that nobody knew what it meant.

"'An' now,' says I, 'for merey's sake, give me another box, but don't let it have that motto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart!'

"So they give me this one, with 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' an' I went home with the new box, that's standin' there on the shelf, an' life's been a different thing to me sence that day, an' that's why that missionary box is worth its weight in gold."

ALICE M. EDDY.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

KING DAVID'S limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood
With his faint people for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words, and as the sun
Rose up in heaven he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—where bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he prayed,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there
Before his God for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave, and as the folds
Sank to their still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
The mighty Joab stood beside the bier
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang, but the bent form
Of David entered; and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with the dead.

The King stood still
Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair !
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee !
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill
Like a rich harp-string yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘ my father ! ’ from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom !

“ But death is on thee ! I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young ;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !

“And now, farewell! ’Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
 And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have ealled thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!”

He eovered up his faee, and bowed himself
 A moment on his child; then, giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he elapsed
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer,
 And, as if strength were given him of God,
 He rose up ealnly, and eomposed the pall
 Firmly and deeently—and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. WILLIS.

A TRAGEDY ON PAST PARTICIPLES.

[Showing how easily the English language may be simplified by elimi-
 nating verbal irregularities.]

SALLY SALTRE she was a teacher and taught,
 And her friend, Charley Chureh, was a preacher
 who praught,
 Though his friends all called him a sereeeher who
 s Craught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
 And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking and wunk;
 While she, in turn, fell to thinking and thunk;

And hastened to woo her, and sweetly he would,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do, then he dooded.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke ;
So he managed to let the truth leak and it loke.

He asked her to ride to church, and they rode ;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they
 glode,
And they came to the place to be tied and were toed.

And homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove ;
And as soon as they wished to arrive they arrove,
For whatever he couldn't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal then he stole ;
At the feet where he wanted to kneel there he knole,
And he said: " I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While time on his swift circuit was winging and wung,
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to eateh and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch and had
 snaught—
Was the one she now liked to scratch and had sraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he took to teasing and cruelly tose
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

“Wretch!” he cried, when she threatened to leave him
and left,
“How could you deceive me as you have deceit?”
And she answered: “I promised to cleave and I’ve
cleft!”

C. A. S.

THE BURIAL OF THE OLD FLAG.

THERE is not in all the north countrie,
Nor yet on the Humber line,
A town with a prouder record than
Newcastle-upon-the-Tyne.
Roman eagles have kept its walls;
Saxon, and Dane, and Scot
Have left the glamor of noble deeds,
With their names, on this fair spot.
From the reign of William Rufus,
The monarchs of every line
Had a grace for loyal Newcastle
The city upon the Tyne.

By the Nuns’ Gate, and up Pilgrim Street,
What pageants have held their way!
But in seventeen hundred and sixty-three,
One lovely morn in May,
There was a sight in bonnie Newcastle!
Oh! that I had been there
To hear the call of the trumpeters
Thrilling the clear spring air,

To hear the roar of the cannon,
And the drummer's gathering beat,
And the eager hum of the multitudes
Waiting upon the street!

Just at noon was a tender hush,
And a funeral march was heard;
With arms reversed and colors tied
Came the men of the Twenty-third,
And Lennox, their noble leader, bore
The shreds of a faded flag,
The battle-flag of the regiment,
Shot to a glorious rag;
Shot into shreds upon its staff,
Torn in a hundred fights,
From the torrid plains of India
To the cold Canadian heights.

There was not an inch of bunting left;
How could it float again
Over the faithful regiment
It never had led in vain?
And oh! the hands that had carried it!
It was not cloth and wood:
It stood for a century's heroes,
And was crimson with their blood;
It stood for a century's comrades.
They could not cast it away,
And so with a soldier's honors
They were burying it that day.

In the famous old North Humber fort,
Where the Roman legions trod,

With the roar of cannon and roll of drums
They laid it under the sod.
But it wasn't a tattered flag alone
They buried with tender pride ;
It was every faithful companion
That under the flag had died.
It was honor, courage, and loyalty
That thrilled that mighty throng
Standing bare-headed and silent as
The old flag passed along.

So when the grasses had covered it
There was a joyful strain ;
And the soldiers, stirred to a noble thought,
Marched proudly home again.
The citizens went to their shops once more,
The collier went to his mine ;
The shepherd went to the broomy hills,
And the sailor to the Tyne ;
But men and women and children felt
That it had been well to be
Just for an hour or two face to face
With honor and loyalty.

MARY A. BARR.

BRAVE AUNT KATY.

IT was Ned Thornton's eighteenth birthday. A year previous, when he had received the merry congratulations of friends upon a similar event, he was a rollicking, fun-loving, clean-hearted, and popular boy as ever

banded a bat or tossed a snow-ball. Within twelve months from that day he had fallen from his high estate and become that saddest of earthly sights to pure eyes, "a fast young man."

As he lounged carelessly over the counter of a drinking-saloon, waiting for the glass of beer just ordered, and wondering why the fellows whom he was to have met there by appointment were so "slow," he seemed as impervious to any tender emotion as though his handsome face and form had been carved out of granite.

As he stood tapping on the smooth marble, and thinking of the wild debauch which had been planned for the coming evening, a glass door in his rear opened; he heard a sigh, and turning, confronted an old, wrinkled, black woman.

With a scrubbing-brush in one hand and a small pot of sand in the other, she stood an instant, steadily scanning him from head to foot.

"Hallo, aunty! Have you an idea of scouring me?" he asked.

"De outside is peart and smart lookin' enuff, sir; it's inside whar de great stain is dat I can't tech," she replied, never removing her earnest gaze.

The blood mounted to Ned's forehead until his eyes flashed at what he considered her insolence.

"What do you mean, you old fool? I'll teach you the proper way to address me; I'll—"

"Stop, stop, honey!" she exclaimed, laying the back of the brush, with her hand still clasping it, upon his coatsleeve. "I'se already drest you more times dan you kin count. 'Twon't help you none to 'buse and searify old Katy. I'se long wanted a chance at you, an' now I'll speak my mind. You is mos' a man now, you is;

but, honey, it 'pears to me no time since your two-year-old birfday, when dese arms kerried you on a pillar night an' day for mos' a week. Your mother was worn out nussin' you, for you was dredful sick. One day when you laid on my lap jis' as white and limpsey as a wet elof, she leened ober you a-prayin' an' a-cryin', an' said:

“ ‘Jis' let my precious boy lib, dear Lord, an' I gib him to your serviece for eber an' eber.’

“ He, de good Master, took her home to Him soon arter dat, and I nussed you a year longer, 'cordin' to my promise to her. De Lord heard dat prayer, an' you is mos' a man. Whose strenf you wastin' now, yours or de Lord's? Who you 'long to, yourself or He? Why is you bringin' disgrace on the name of your dead mother? Who is you scandalizin' and reproachin' all de time? De dear Lord, your best frien'. O Neddy! ole missus' little boy, Neddy!”

At that instant, the bar-tender, who had been providentially detained, approached with the foaming “bit-ters,” and at the same moment in rushed, laughing and shouting, three of the wildest lads in town. Old Katy vanished as they came near.

“ Been treating Old Fifteenth, Ned?” said Max Murrey, the ringleader of the “Fearless Four,” as Ned had dubbed his party of intimates. “You look as sober as though you had swallowed her. Four slings, Pete,” nodding to the waiter, “and make them as stiff as a bristle. What the mischief is wrong, Ned? I can't understand you!” he continued, as Ned, with his hands thrust into the depths of his poekets, and a grave face from which all color had fled, stood just where Aunt Katy had left him.

None but the tender, pitying Christ knew the nature of the struggle which had commenced so suddenly, yet violently, in Ned's heart, nor the flock of beautiful memories which were pouring in upon his awakened soul. Words can no more convey an idea of their power and swiftness, than they could show to a blind man the soft blue of a summer sky.

"Lord help me!" he breathed, and already the giant's grip seemed loosening.

"None for me, Max," as his astonished friend held the tempting glass to his very lips.

"Are you sick, Ned? You're gray as ashes," said Hugh Brown.

"Yes, boys; I'm sick of myself," and covering his face with his cap he wept like the boy that he was, notwithstanding his attempts at bravado.

A few weeks after this occurrence, at a Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, there entered, two by two, a well-known Bible-class of young men, and bringing up the rear, with heads erect, and firm, ringing footsteps, came the "Fearless Four," led by Ned Thornton.

Aunt Katy, brave old missionary Aunt Katy, had done her work well. Love for a perishing soul had prompted her desire to rescue it, and unquestioning faith in the God she served had given her the needed courage.

MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

A SONG FOR THE CONQUERED.

I SING the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the
battle of life ;

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife.

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the re-
sounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the
chaplet of fame.

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary,
the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
desperate part ;

Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away ;

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped
at, who stood at the dying of day

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied,
unheeded, alone,

With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all
but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its
pæan for those who have won—

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to
the breeze and the sun

Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying
feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on
the field of defeat,

In the shadow 'mongst those who are fallen, and
wounded and dying, and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-
knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only
the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished
the demon that tempts us within ;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize
that the world holds on high ;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—
if need be to die."

Speak, History ! Who are life's victors ? Unroll thy
long annals, and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors who
won the success of the day ?
The martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans who fell at
Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians of Xerxes ? His judges, or Socrates ?
Pilate, or Christ ?

WILLIAM W. STORY.

THE CITY OF IS.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

IN the weird old days of the long ago
Rose a city by the sea ;
But the fishermen woke, one startled dawn,
On the coast of Brittany,
To hear the white waves on the shingle hiss,
And roll out over the city of Is,
And play with its sad débris.

For the town had sunk in a single night!
And 'twas only yesterday
That the bride had blushed in her young delight,
That the priest had knelt to pray,
That the fisher cried his wares in the street,
And all the life of the city complete
Went on in its old-time way.

And still the city lies under the sea,
With each square and dome and spire
Distinct as some cherished fair memory
Of a vanished heart's desire,
That once like a beautiful palace stood
Rock-based to defy the wind and the flood,
Time's crumble and tempest's ire.

And as the sweet memory, buried deep,
O'erswept by the flooding years,
Will still all its shadowy old life keep
With ghosts of its joys and tears,
So still, in the wave-drowned city of Is,
The people live over, in ease or bliss,
Their shadowy hopes and fears.

When the sea is rough—so the sailors say—
And the sunny waves are green,
And the winds with the white-caps are at play,
The tips of the spires are seen,
And peering far down through the luent deep,
They glimpses catch of the city asleep,
Agleam with its fairy sheen.

Or on boats becalmed, when the lazy swells
Sleep, lulled by the idle air,

They hear, sweet-toned, the low music of bells
Roll, calling the town to prayer.
So ever the shadowy joy of old
Rings on, and forever the bells are tolled
To echo some soul's despair.

Each life is a sea still sweeping above
Some sunken city of Is—
The long-cherished dream of a cherished love
That only in dreams we kiss.
What yesterdays are sunk deep in the soul
Above whose lost treasures to-day's waves roll
To mock what our sad hearts miss!

Oh! the glimpses are rare of the submerged past!
They gleamed in the light awhile,
To mock us with visions that may not last,
Of faces that used to smile.
And now and then from the busy to-day
The echoing tones of the far away
Our listening hearts beguile.

But not in the sunken city of Is
Shall the heart its treasures see.
No pilgrims forlorn to an old-time bliss
And a vanished past are we;
For all the glad music of olden times
Is only faint echoes of grander chimes
That ring in the time to be!

M. J. SAVAGE.

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

FRÄULEIN, the young schoolmistress, to her pupils
said one day,

“Next week, at Pffingster holiday, King Ludwig rides
this way ;

And you will be wise, my little ones, to work with a will
at your tasks,

That so you may answer fearlessly whatever question
he asks.

It would be a shame too dreadful if the King should
have it to tell

That Hansel missed in his figures, and Peterkin could
not spell.”

“Oho ! that never shall happen,” eried Hansel and
Peterkin too ;

“We’ll show King Ludwig, when he comes, what the
boys in this school can do.”

“And we,” said Gretchen and Bertha, and all the fair
little maids

Who stood in a row before her, with their hair in flaxen
braids,

“We will pay suh good attention to every word you
say,

That you shall not be ashamed of us when King Lud-
wig rides this way.”

She smiled, the young schoolmistress, to see that they
loved her so,

And with patient eare she taught them the things it was
good to know.

Day after day she drilled them till the great day came
at last,
When the heralds going before him blew out their sound-
ing blast ;
And with music, and flying banners, and the clatter of
horses' feet,
The King and his troops of soldiers rode down the vil-
lage street.

Oh! the hearts of the eager children beat fast with joy
and fear,
And Fräulein trembled and grew pale as the cavalcade
drew near ;
But she blushed with pride and pleasure when the les-
sons came to be heard,
For in all the flock of the boys and girls not one of
them missed a word.
And King Ludwig turned to the teacher with a smile
and a gracious look ;
“ It is plain,” said he, “ that your scholars have care-
fully conned their book.

“ But now let us ask some questions, to see if they under-
stand :”
And he showed to one of the little maids an orange in
his hand.
It was Christel, the youngest sister of the mistress fair
and kind—
A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely and pure a
mind.
“ What kingdom does this belong to ?” as he called her
to his knee ;
And at once—“ The vegetable,” she answered quietly.

“Good,” said the monarch, kindly, and showed her a piece of gold;

“Now tell me what this belongs to—the pretty coin that I hold?”

She touched it with careful finger, for gold was a metal rare,

And then—“The mineral kingdom!” she answered with confident air.

“Well done for the little mädchen!” And good King Ludwig smiled

At Fräulein and her sister, the teacher and the child.

“Now answer me one more question”—with a twinkle of fun in his eye:

“What kingdom do I belong to?” For he thought she would make reply,

“The animal;” and he meant to ask with a frown if that was the thing

For a little child like her to say to her lord and master, the King?

He knew not the artless wisdom that would set his wit at naught,

And the little Christel guessed nothing at all of what was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the brightness in her face,

Like a sunbeam on a lily, seemed to shine all over the place.

“What kingdom do you belong to?” her innocent lips repeat;

“Why, surely, the kingdom of Heaven!” rings out the answer sweet.

And then for a breathless moment, a sudden silence
fell,

And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as they
looked at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sudden a
shout—

“Well done! well done for little Christel!” and the
bravos rang about.

For the King in his arms had caught her, to her wonder-
ing, shy surprise,

And over and over he kissed her, with a mist of tears
in his eyes.

“May the blessing of God,” he murmured, “forever
rest on thy head!

Henceforth, by His grace, my life shall prove the truth
of what thou hast said.”

He gave her the yellow orange, and the golden coin for
her own,

And the school had a royal feast that day whose like
they had never known.

To Fräulein, the gentle mistress, he spoke such words of
cheer

That they lightened her anxious labor for many and
many a year.

And because in his heart was hidden the memory of
this thing,

The Lord had a better servant, the Lord had a wiser
King!

MRS. MARY E. BRADLEY.

OUR CHOIR.

THERE'S Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria,
With Obadiah
And Zedekiah
In our choir.

And Jane Sophia soprano sings
So high you'd think her voice had wings
To soar above all earthly things,
When she leads off on Sunday.
While Ann Maria's alto choice
Rings out in such harmonious voice,
That sinners in the church rejoice
And wish she'd sing till Monday.

Then Obadiah's tenor high
Is unsurpassed beneath the sky ;
Just hear him sing " Sweet by-and-bye,"
And you will sit in wonder ;
While Zedekiah's bass profound
Goes down so slow it jars the ground
And wakes the echoes miles around,
Like distant rolling thunder.

Talk not to us of Patti's fame,
Or Nicolini's tenor tame,
Or Cary's contralto—but a name—
Or Whitney's pond'rous basso !
They sing no more like Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria, Obadiah,
And Zedekiah in our choir,
Than cats sing like Tomasso !

THE FADING LEAF.

“WE all do fade as a leaf.” The sad voice whispers through my soul, and a shiver ereeps over from the church-yard. “How does a leaf fade?” It is a deeper, richer, stronger voice, with a ring and an echo in it, and the shiver levels into peace. I go out upon the October hills and question the genii of the woods. “How does a leaf fade?” Grandly, magnificently, imperially, so that the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departing; thus the forests make answer to-day. The tender bud of April opens its bosom to the wooing sun. From the soft airs of May and the clear sky of June it gathers greenness and strength. Through all the summer its manifold lips are opened to every passing breeze, and great draughts of health course through its delicate veins, and meander down to the sturdy bark, the busy sap, the tiny flower, and the maturing fruit, bearing life to the present, and treasuring up promise for the future.

Then its work is done, and it goes to its burial—not mournfully, not reluctantly, but joyously, as to a festival. Its grave-clothes wear no funereal look. It robes itself in splendor. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. First there is a flash of crimson in the low lands, then a glimmer of yellow on the hill-side, then, rushing on, exultant, reckless, rioting in color, grove vies with grove, till the woods are all aflame. Here the sunlight streams through the pale gold tresses of the maple, serene and spiritual, like the aureole of a saint; there it lingers in bold dalliance with the dusky orange of the walnut. The fierce heart

of the tropics beats in the blood-red branches that surge against deep, solemn walls of cypress and juniper. Yonder, a sober, but not sombre, russet tones down the flaunting vermilion. The intense glow of scarlet struggles for supremacy with the quiet sedateness of brown, and the numberless tints of year-long green come in everywhere to enliven and soothe and subdue and harmonize. So the leaf fades—brilliant, gorgeous, gay, rejoicing—as a bride adorned for her husband, as a king goes to his coronation.

But the frosts come whiter and whiter. The nights grow longer and longer. Ice glitters in the morning light, and the clouds shiver with snow. The forests lose their flush. The hectic dies into sere. The little leaf can no longer breathe the strength-giving air, nor feel juicy life stirring in its veins. Fainter and fainter grows its hold upon the protecting tree. A strong wind comes and loosens its last clasp, and bears it tenderly to earth. A whirl, an eddy, a rustle, and all is over—no, not all, its work is not yet done. It sinks upon the protecting earth, and, Antæus-like, gathers strength from the touch, and begins a new life. It joins hands with myriads of its mates, and takes up again its work of benevolence. No longer sensitive itself to frosts and snows, it wraps in its warm bosom the frail little anemones, and the delicate spring beauties that can scarcely bide the rigors of our pitiless winters, and, nestling close in that fond embrace, they sleep securely till the spring sun wakens them to the smile of blue skies and the song of dancing brooks. Deeper into the earth go the happy leaves, mingling with the moist soil, drinking the gentle dews, cradling a thousand tender lives in theirs, and springing again in new forms—an

eternal cycle of life and death “ forever spent, renewed forever.”

We all do fade as a leaf. Change, thank God, is the essence of life. “ Passing away ” is written on all things, and passing away is passing on from strength to strength, from glory to glory. Spring has its growth, summer its fruitage, and autumn its festive in-gathering. The spring of eager preparation waxes into the summer of noble work ; mellowing, in its turn, into the serene autumn, the golden-brown haze of October, when the soul may robe itself in jubilant drapery, awaiting the welcome command, “ Come up higher,” where mortality shall be swallowed up in life. Let him alone fear who does not fade as the leaf—him whose spring is gathering no strength, whose summer is maturing no fruit, and whose autumn shall have no vintage.

GAIL HAMILTON.

THE BACHELORS.

[Abridged.]

THE naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their
features ;

The Benedicks think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough :—

The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam ;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more—
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And everywhere known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's ball ;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo, and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending :
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at
whist ;
And they whirl and they twirl, and they whisk, and are
brisk,
And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their
eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flatterer, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping, and jumping, and stumping, and thump-
ing—
Sounding and bounding around and around,
And sliding and gliding with minuet pace—
Pirouetting, and sitting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing ;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day ;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows,
Or, what's proper, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie ! fie ! sirs, for
shame—

At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.

But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told—
He then repents at last !

When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty—in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine ;
And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates ;
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cozing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away ;
And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and sauffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty ;

Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and
stumbling ;
Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering
Waking, and aching, and quaking, and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary, and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning ;
And crying, and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
But wealth, and ill-health, and his pelf, and himself.

Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil,
But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about making his will ;
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.
Nobody mourns him, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries ;
For, whether a fool, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen ! mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife ;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
Attested by all who are in at the death.

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

LITTLE TOMMY and Peter and Arehy and Bob
Were walking, one day, when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."

Said Arehy: "I've got it; so there!"

Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide in four parts
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy, "I'll have it myself."

Said Peter: "I want it, I say."

Said Arehy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought,
('Tis sad and distressing to tell !)
And Arehy held on with his might and his main,
Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urehins it flew,
And then, down a green little hill
That apple it rolled and it rolled and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switchng her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two--
That apple was seen nevermore !

"I wish," whimpered Arehy and Peter and Tom,
We'd kept it and eut it in four."

SYDNEY DYER.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC

THE MOUSE TRAP.

A FARCE.

(Copyright secured.)

[Abridged from Harper's Magazine of December, 1886, by kind permission of the publishers.]

IN her drawing-room, Mrs. Amy Somers, young, pretty, stylish, in the last evanescent traces of widowhood, stands confronting Mr. Willis Campbell. She has a newspaper in her hand, folded to the width of a single column, which she extends toward him with an effect of indignant menace.

Mrs. Somers.—Then you acknowledge that it is yours?

Campbell.—I acknowledge that I made a speech before the Legislative Committee on behalf of the anti-suffragists. You knew I was going to do that. I don't know how they've reported it.

Mrs. Somers (with severity).—Very well, then; I will read it. "Willis Campbell, Esq., was next heard on behalf of the petitioners. He touched briefly upon the fact that the suffrage was evidently not desired by the vast majority of educated women."

Campbell.—You've always said they didn't want it.

Mrs. Somers.—That is not the point. (Reading:) "And many of them would feel it an onerous burden, and not a privilege."

Campbell.—Well, didn't you—

Mrs. Somers.—Don't interrupt! (Reading :) "Which would compel them, at the cost of serious sacrifices, to contend at the polls with the ignorant classes, who would be sure to exercise the right if conferred."

Campbell.—That was your own argument, Amy. They're almost your own words.

Mrs. Somers.—That isn't what I object to. (Reading :) "Mr. Campbell then referred in a more humorous strain to the argument, frequently used by the suffragists, that every taxpayer should have the right to vote. He said that he objected to this, because it implied that non-taxpayers should not have the right to vote, which would deprive of the suffrage a large body of adoptive citizens, who voted at all the elections with great promptness and assiduity. He thought the exemption of women from some duties required of men by the State fairly offset the loss of the ballot in their case, and that until we were prepared to send ladies to battle we ought not to oblige them to go to the polls. Some skirmishing ensued between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Willington, on the part of the suffragists, the latter gentleman affirming that in great crises of the world's history women had shown as much courage as men, and the former contending that this did not at all affect his position, since the courage of women was in high degree a moral courage, which was not evoked by the ordinary conditions of peace or war, but required the imminence of some extraordinary, some vital, emergency."

Campbell.—Well, what do you object to in all that?

Mrs. Somers (tossing the paper on the table and confronting him with her head lifted and her hands clasped

upon her left side).—Everything! It is an insult to women.

Campbell.—Woman, you mean. I don't think women would mind it. Who's been talking to you, Amy?

Mrs. Somers.—Nobody. It doesn't matter who's been talking to me. That is not the question.

Campbell.—It's the question I asked.

Mrs. Somers.—It isn't the question I asked. I wish simply to know what you mean by that speech.

Campbell.—I wish you knew how pretty you look in that dress. (Mrs. Somers involuntarily glances down at the skirt of it on either side, and rearranges it a little, folding her hands again as before.) But perhaps you do.

Mrs. Somers (with dignity).—Will you answer my question?

Campbell.—Certainly. I meant what I said.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! you did? Very well, then! When a woman stands by the bedside of her sick child, and risks her life from contagion, what kind of courage do you call that?

Campbell.—Moral.

Mrs. Somers.—And when she remains in a burning building or a sinking ship—as they often do—and perishes, while her child is saved, what kind of courage is it?

Campbell.—Moral.

Mrs. Somers.—When she seizes an axe and defends her little ones against a bear or a wolf that's just bursting in the cabin door, what kind of courage does she show?

Campbell.—Moral.

Mrs. Somers.—Or when her babe crawls up the track, and she snatches it from the very jaws of the cow-catcher—

Campbell.—Oh! hold on, now, Amy! Be fair! It's the engineer who does that: he runs along the side of the locomotive, and catches the smiling infant up and lays it in the mother's arms as the train thunders by. His name is usually Hank Rollins. The mother is always paralyzed with terror.

Mrs. Somers.—Of course she is. But in those other cases how does her courage differ from a man's? If hers is always moral, what kind of courage does a man show when he faces the cannon?

Campbell.—Immoral. Come, Amy, are you trying to prove that women are braver than men? Well, they are. I never was in any danger yet that I didn't wish I was a woman, for then I should have the courage to face it, or else I could turn and run without disgrace. All that I said in that speech was that women haven't so much nerve as men.

Mrs. Somers.—They have more.

Campbell.—Nerves—yes.

Mrs. Somers.—No, nerve. Take Dr. Cissy Gay, that little, slender, delicate, sensitive thing: what do you suppose she went through when she was studying medicine, and walking the hospitals, and all those disgusting things? And Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon: do you mean to say that she has no nerve, facing all sorts of audiences, on the platform, everywhere? Or Rev. Lily Barber, living down all that ridicule, and going quietly on in her work—

Campbell.—Oh! they've been talking to you.

Mrs. Somers.—They have not! And if they have, Dr. Gay is as much opposed to suffrage as you are.

Campbell.—As I? Aren't you opposed to it, too?

Mrs. Somers.—Of course I am. Or I was till you made that speech.

Campbell.—It wasn't exactly intended to convert you

Mrs. Somers.—It has placed me in a false position. Everybody knows, or the same as knows, that we're engaged—

Campbell.—Well, I'm not ashamed of it, Amy.

Mrs. Somers (severely).—No matter! And now it will look as if I had no ideas of my own, and was just swayed about any way by you. A woman is despicable that joins with men in ridiculing women.

Campbell.—Who's been saying that?

Mrs. Somers.—No one. It doesn't matter who's been saying it. Mrs. Mervane has been saying it.

Campbell.—Mrs. Mervane?

Mrs. Somers.—Yes, Mrs. Mervane, that you're always praising and admiring so for her good sense and her right ideas. Didn't you say she wrote as logically and forcibly as a man?

Campbell.—Yes, I did.

Mrs. Somers.—Very well, then, she says that if anything could turn her in favor of suffrage, it is that speech of yours. She says it's a subtle attack upon the whole sex.

Campbell.—Well, I give it up! You are all alike. You take everything personally in the first place, and then you say it's an attack on all women. Couldn't I make this right by publishing a card to acknowledge your physical courage before the whole community, Amy? Then your friends would have to say that I had recognized the pluck of universal womanhood.

Mrs. Somers.—No, sir; you can't make it right now. And I'm sorry, sorry, sorry I signed the anti-suffrage petition. Nothing will ever teach men to appreciate women till women practically assert themselves.

Campbell.—That sounds very much like another quotation, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—And they must expect to be treated as cowards till they show themselves heroes. And they must first of all have the ballot.

Campbell.—Oh!

Mrs. Somers.—Yes. Then, and not till then, men will acknowledge their equality in all that is admirable in both. Then there will be no more puling insolence about moral courage and vital emergencies to evoke it.

Campbell.—I don't see the steps to this conclusion, but the master-mind of Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon reaches conclusions at a bound.

Mrs. Somers.—It wasn't Mrs. Harmon.

Campbell.—Oh! well, Rev. Lily Barber, then. You needn't tell me you originated that stuff, Amy. But I submit for the present. Think it over, my dear, and when I come back to-morrow—

Mrs. Somers.—Perhaps you had better not come back to-morrow.

Campbell.—Why?

Mrs. Somers.—Because—because I'm afraid we are not in sympathy. Because if you thought that I needed some vital emergency to make me show that I was ready to die for you any moment—

Campbell.—Die for me? I want you to live for me, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—And the emergency never came, you would despise me.

Campbell.—Never.

Mrs. Somers.—If you have such a low opinion of women generally—

Campbell.—I a low opinion of women!

Mrs. Somers.—You said they were eowards.

Campbell.—I didn't say they were eowards. And if I seemed to say so, it was my misfortune. I honestly and truly think, Amy, that when a woman is roused, she isn't afraid of anything in heaven or on—

He stops abruptly, and looks toward the corner of the room.

Mrs. Somers.—What is it?

Campbell.—Oh! nothing. I thought I saw a mouse.

Mrs. Somers.—A mouse! (She flings herself upon him, and elutehes him with convulsive energy. Then suddenly freeing him, she leaps upon a chair, and stoops over to hold her train from the floor.) Oh! drive it out, drive it out! Don't kill it. Oh—e-e-e-e! Drive it out! Oh! what shall I do? O Willis! love, jump on a chair! O horrid little dreadful reptile! Oh! drive it out! Drive it, drive it, drive it out!

Campbell (going about the room in deliberate examination).—I can't find it. I guess it's gone into its hole again.

Mrs. Somers.—No, it hasn't! It hasn't got any hole here. It must have come in from somewhere else. Have you driven it out?

Campbell.—I've done my best. But I can't find it, and I can't drive it out till I do find it.

Mrs. Somers.—It's run into the fireplace. Rattle the tongs! (Campbell obeys, Mrs. Somers meanwhile covering her face.) Ow—ugh—e-e-e-e! Is it gone?

Campbell.—It never was there.

Mrs. Somers.—Yes, it was, Willis. Don't tell me it wasn't! Where else was it if it wasn't there? Look under that book table!

Campbell.—Which one?

Mrs. Somers.—That one with the shelf coming down

almost to the carpet. Poke under it with the poker! U-u-g-h! Is it gone now?

Campbell.—It wasn't there.

Mrs. Somers.—Poke hard! Bang against the mop-board! Bang!

Campbell (poking and banging).—There! I tell you it never was there.

Mrs. Somers (uncovering her face).—Oh! what shall I do? It must be somewhere in the room, and I never can breathe till you've found it. Bang again!

Campbell.—Nonsense! It's gone long ago. Do you suppose a mouse of any presence of mind or self-respect would stay here after all this uproar? (Advancing toward her and extending his hand).—Come, Amy; get down now. I must be going.

Mrs. Somers (in horror).—Get down? Going?

Campbell.—Certainly. I can't stay here all day. I've got to follow that mouse out into the street and have him arrested. It's a public duty.

Mrs. Somers.—Don't throw ridicule on it! (After a moment :) You know I can't let you go till I've seen that mouse leave this room. Go all round and stamp in the corners. (She covers her face again.) Ugh!

Campbell.—How are you going to see him leave the room if you won't look? He's left long ago. I wouldn't stay if I was a mouse. And I've got to go, anyway.

Mrs. Somers (uncovering her face).—No! I beg, I command you to stay, or I shall never get out of this room alive. You know I sha'n't. (A ring at the street door is heard.) O dear! what shall I do? I've told Jane I would see anybody that called, and now I daren't step my foot to the floor! What shall I do?

Campbell (with authority).—You must get down. There's no mouse here, I tell you; and if people come and find you standing on a chair in your drawing-room, what will they think?

Mrs. Somers.—I can knecel on it. (She drops to her knees on the chair.) There!

Campbell.—That's no better. It's worse.

Jane appears at the drawing-room door and falters at sight of Mrs. Somers kneeling on her chair. That lady beckons her to her, frowning, shaking her head, and pressing her finger on her lip to enforce silence, and takes the cards from her while she says in a whisper:—Yes. All right, Jane! Go straight back and tell them you forgot I had gone to bed with a perfectly blinding headache; and don't let another soul into the house. Mr. Campbell saw a mouse and I can't get down till he's caught it. Go!

Jane (after a moment of petrification).—A mouse! In the room, here? Oh! my goodness gracious me! (She leaps upon the chair next to Mrs. Somers, who again springs to her feet.)

Mrs. Somers.—Did you see it? Oh—e-e-e-e!

Jane.—W-o-o-o-o! I don't know! Where was it? Oh! yes, I thought— (They clutch each other convulsively and blend their cries, at the sound of which the ladies in the reception-room below come flocking upstairs into the drawing-room.)

The Ladies (at sight of Mrs. Somers and her servant).—What is it? what is it?

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! there's a mouse in the room. Oh! jump on chairs!

Ladies (springing upon tables and chairs screaming).—Where is it? where is it? where is it?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. I didn't see it. But, oh! it's here somewhere. Mr. Campbell saw it, but he can't even budge it; and—

Campbell (desperately).—Ladies, there isn't any mouse here! I've been racketing round here with the shovel and tongs all over the room, and the mouse is gone. You can depend upon that. You're as safe here as you would be in your own rooms.

Mrs. Somers.—How can you say such a thing? No, I won't be responsible if anything happens. The mouse is in this room. No one has seen it go out, and it's here still. (To Campbell:) You are placing us all in a very ridiculous position.

Campbell.—I am sorry for that; I am, indeed. I give you my word of honor that I don't believe there's any mouse in the room.

Mrs. Somers.—Jane just saw it.

Campbell.—She thought she saw it, but I don't think she did. A lion would have been scared out by this time.

A ring at the door is heard.

Mrs. Somers.—There, Jane, there's some one ringing! You must go to the door.

Jane (throwing her apron over her head).—Oh! please, Mrs. Somers, I can't go! I'm so afraid of mice!

Mrs. Somers.—Nonsense! you must go. It's perfectly ridiculous your pretending not.

Jane.—Oh! I couldn't, Mrs. Somers! I was always so from a child. I can't bear 'em.

Mrs. Somers.—This is disgraceful. Do you mean to say that you won't do what I ask you? Very well, then, you can go! You needn't stay the week out; I will pay you, and you can go at once. Do you understand?

Jane.—Yes, I do, and I'd be glad to go this very minute, but I don't dare to get down.

Mrs. Somers.—But why shouldn't you get down? There isn't the least danger. Is there any danger now, Mr. Campbell?

Campbell.—Not the least in the world. Mouse gone long ago.

Mrs. Somers.—There!

Jane.—I can't help it. There are so many in the dining-room—

Mrs. Somers.—In my dining-room? Oh! my goodness! why didn't you tell me before?

Jane.—And one ran right over my foot.

Mrs. Somers.—Your foot? Oh! I wonder that you live to tell it. Why haven't you put traps? Where's the cat?

Campbell.—Go to the door, Jane, and I'll keep beating the carpet to frighten the mouse back.

All the Ladies.—Yes; go, Jane, and we'll rush after you to the door.

Mrs. Somers.—E-e-e-e! Keep beating the carpet, Willis! Hard, hard, hard!

All the ladies, except Mrs. S., leap down from their perches and rush screaming out of the drawing-room, followed by Jane, with a whoop that prolongs itself into the depths of the basement, after the retreating wails and hysterical laughter of the ladies have died out of the street door.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! wasn't it splendid? It was a perfect success.

Campbell (leaning on his poker and panting with exhaustion).—They got out alive. And now, Amy, don't you think you'd better get down?

Mrs. Somers (in astonishment).—Get down? Why, you must be crazy. How can I get down if it's still there?

Campbell.—What?

Mrs. Somers.—The mouse.

Campbell.—But it isn't there, my dear. You saw for yourself that it wasn't there.

Mrs. Somers.—Did you see it run out?

Campbell.—No; but—

Mrs. Somers.—Very well, then, it's there still. Of course it is. I wouldn't get down for worlds.

Campbell.—Oh! good heavens! Do you expect to spend the rest of your life up there in that chair?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. I shall not get down till I see that mouse leave this room.

Campbell (desperately).—Well, then, I must make a clean breast of it. There never was any mouse here.

Mrs. Somers.—What do you mean?

Campbell.—I mean that when we were talking—arguing—about the physical courage of women, I thought I would try a mouse. It's succeeded only too well. I'll never try another.

Mrs. Somers.—And could you really be guilty of such a cruel—

Campbell.—Yes.

Mrs. Somers.—Shameless—

Campbell.—I was.

Mrs. Somers.—Despicable deception?

Campbell.—It was vile, I know, but I did it.

Mrs. Somers.—I don't believe it. No, rather than believe that of you, Willis, I would believe there were a million mice in the room.

Campbell.—Amy, indeed—

Mrs. Somers.—No; if you could deceive me then, you

can deceive me now. If you could say there was a mouse in the room when there wasn't, you are quite capable of saying there isn't when there is. You are just saying it now to get me to get down.

Campbell.—Upon my honor, I'm not.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! don't talk to me of honor. The honor of a man who could revel—yes, revel—in the terrors of helpless women—

Campbell.—No, no; I'd no idea of it, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—You will please not address me in that way, Mr. Campbell. You have forfeited all right to do so.

Campbell.—I know it. What I did was very foolish and thoughtless.

Mrs. Somers.—It was very low and ungentlemanly. I suppose you will go away and laugh over it with your—associates.

Campbell.—Why not say my ruffianly accomplices at once, Amy? No, I assure you, that unless you tell of the affair, nobody shall ever hear of it from me. It's too disastrous a victory. I'm hoist by my own petard, caught in my own mouse-trap. There is such a thing as succeeding too well.

Mrs. Somers.—I should think you would be ashamed of it. Suppose you have shown that women are nervous and excitable, does that prove anything?

Campbell.—Nothing in the world.

Mrs. Somers.—Very likely some of us will be sick from it. I dare say you think that would be another triumphant argument.

Campbell.—I shouldn't exult in it.

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know when I shall ever get over it myself. I have had a dreadful shock.

Campbell.—I'm sorry with all my heart—I am indeed. I had no conception that you cared so much for mice—despised them so much.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh! yes, laugh, do! It's quite in character. But if you have such a contempt for women, of course you wouldn't want to marry one.

Campbell.—Yes, I should, my dear. But only one.

Mrs. Somers.—Very well, then! You can find some other one. All is over between us. Yes! I will send you back the precious gifts you have lavished upon me, and I will thank you for mine. A man who can turn the sex that his mother and sister belong to into ridicule can have no real love for his wife. I am glad that I found you out in time.

Campbell.—Do you really mean it, Amy?

Mrs. Somers.—Yes, I mean it. And I hope it will be a lesson to you. If you find any other poor, silly, trusting creature that you can impose yourself upon for a gentleman as you have upon me, I advise you to reserve your low, vulgar, boyish tricks till after she is helplessly yours, or she may tear your hateful ring from her finger and fling it— (She attempts to pull a ring from her finger, but it will not come off) Never mind! I will get it off with a little soapsuds; and then—

Campbell.—Oh! no, my dear! Come, I can allow for your excitement, but I can't stand everything, though I admit everything. When a man has said he's played a silly part he doesn't like to be told so, and as for imposing myself upon you for a gentleman—you must take that back, Amy.

Mrs. Somers.—I do. I take it back. There hasn't been any imposture. I knew you were not a gentleman.

Campbell.—Very good! Then I'm not fit for a lady's

company, and I don't deny, though you're so hard upon me, that you're a lady, Amy. Good-bye. (He bows and walks out of the room.)

Mrs. Somers (sending her voice after him in a wail of despair).—Willis!

Campbell (coming back).—Well?

Mrs. Somers.—I can't let you go. (He runs toward her, but she shrinks back on her chair against the wall.) No, no!

Campbell (hesitatingly).—Why did you call me back, then?

Mrs. Somers.—I—I didn't call you back; I just said—Willis.

Campbell.—This is unworthy—even of you.

Mrs. Somers.—Oh!

Campbell.—Do you admit that you have been too severe?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. What did I say?

Campbell.—A number of pleasant things; that I was a fraud, and no gentleman.

Mrs. Somers.—Did I say that?

Campbell.—Yes, you did.

Mrs. Somers.—I must have been very much incensed against you. I beg your pardon for—being so angry.

Campbell.—That won't do. I don't care how angry you are if you don't call me names. You must take them back. I'll own that I've been stupid, but I haven't been ungentlemanly. I can't remain unless you do.

Mrs. Somers.—And do you think threatening me is gentlemanly?

Campbell.—That isn't the question. Do you think I'm a gentleman?

Mrs. Somers.—You're what the world calls a gentleman—yes.

Campbell.—Do you think I'm one?

Mrs. Somers.—How can I tell? I can't think at all, perched up here.

Campbell.—Why don't you get down, then?

Mrs. Somers.—You know very well why.

Campbell.—But you'll have to get down some time. You can't stay there always.

Mrs. Somers.—Why should you care?

Campbell.—You know I do care. You know that I love you dearly, and that I can't bear to see you in distress. Shall I beat the carpet, and you scream and make a rush?

Mrs. Somers.—No; I haven't the strength for that. I should drop in a faint as soon as I touched the floor.

Campbell.—Oh! good heavens! What am I going to do, then?

Mrs. Somers.—I don't know. You got me into the trouble. I should think you could get me out of it.

Campbell (after walking distractedly up and down the room).—There's only one way that I can think of, and if we're not engaged any longer, it wouldn't do.

Mrs. Somers (yielding to her curiosity, after a moment's hesitation).—What is it?

Campbell.—Oh! unless we're still engaged, it's no use proposing it.

Mrs. Somers.—Can't you tell me without?

Campbell.—Impossible.

Mrs. Somers (looking down at her fan).—Well, suppose we are still engaged, then? (Looking up :) Yes, say we are engaged.

Campbell.—It's to carry you out.

Mrs. Somers (recoiling a little).—Oh! do you think that would be very nice?

Campbell.—Yes, I think it would. We can both scream, you know.

Mrs. Somers.—Yes?

Campbell.—And then you fling yourself into my arms.

Mrs. Somers.—Yes?

Campbell.—And I rush out of the room with you.

Mrs. Somers (with a deep breath).—I would never do it in the world. But if I were a man—

Campbell.—Well?

Mrs. Somers.—Well, in the first place, I wouldn't have got you wrought up so.

Campbell.—Well, but if you had! Suppose you had done all that I've done, and that I was up there in your place standing on a chair, and wouldn't let you leave the room, and wouldn't get down and walk out, and wouldn't allow myself to be carried, what should you do?

Mrs. Somers (who has been regarding him attentively over the top of her fan, which she holds pressed against her face).—Why, I suppose if you wouldn't let me help you willingly—I should use violence.

Campbell.—You witch! (As he makes a wild rush upon her, the curtain, which in the plays of this author has a strict regard for the conveniences, abruptly descends.)

W. D. HOWELLS.

TWO DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

A COLLOQUY.

(From the Century.)

Ada.—Poor papa has a toothache this morning, Edith. I don't think it is a good time to speak about the ermine cloaks. The bill can be sent quietly in to the office.

Edith.—Yes, it's as well not to trouble him about them, especially as I have to ask him for money for those opera tickets.

Ada.—Supposing you ask for enough to cover our matinée party next Saturday. Poor papa so dislikes drawing checks, and it's too bad to trouble him twice. Only be sure you make it large enough. There's the lunch at Delmonico's, you know.

Edith.—You think that's better than a dinner at the Cafe Brunswick afterward?

Ada.—No, I don't; I prefer the dinner; but you see—poor papa——

Edith.—Really, it will do him good to dine alone once in a while. He often says we make his head spin with our chatter. I don't doubt he'll enjoy his dinner better for the silence.

Ada.—Very likely he will. Oh! and I have an idea. Why couldn't we invite old Cousin Martha to dine with him on Saturday night? She's got to be asked some time this week, you know—she goes Monday—and she is such a pill. It would be a good time to get it over.

Edith.—Would it do, though, when we are both away? Why not have her to-night?

Ada.—But you won't be here to-night. You are going on that sleighing party, and I'm sure I never could

stand her alone. We might ask her for to-morrow if you thought best.

Edith.—Indeed and I don't. You'll be away yourself then at the Philharmonie, and I can't abide her any more than you. Upon the whole, I don't see any harm in asking her for Saturday. We can explain to her that we felt that it would be a comfort to poor papa to have her company while we were away.

Ada.—What time shall we ask her for?

Edith.—We'll have to say half-past five. She'll never dare be out alone in the street later than that.

Ada.—Yes, but papa is never home till six on Saturday nights, you know.

Edith.—That's only because he takes a walk before coming home. We must tell him Cousin Martha is coming and that he must be here to meet her.

Ada.—Shall we tell him this morning?

Edith.—Certainly not, if he has the toothache. You might know better than to annoy him when he's ill. Poor papa! It's time enough to tell him Saturday morning after it has all been positively arranged with Cousin Martha.

Ada.—Who's to see her home? She's sure to ask.

Edith.—Let me see. We should be back just in time to send her round in the carriage. But it's a pity to keep Monks out just for her.

Ada.—And he does get so sulky if he has to drive any of the side-street relations. Send Suzanne with her.

Edith.—It's Suzanne's night out.

Ada.—Harriet, then.

Edith.—You are so thoughtless, Ada! You might remember that Harriet has that jacket of mine in hand, and you know how slow she is. She'll never get it done

till the last minute as it is ; I can't have her taken off. I must have it for Sunday morning.

Ada.—I don't see, then, but what poor papa will have to go round with Cousin Martha.

Edith.—Well, that's just the thing. It will make up for his shorter walk in the afternoon. It would be a pity he shouldn't have his full amount of exercise, when it's all he gets the whole week through.

Ada.—So it is ! Poor papa ! It is a pity he has to work so hard. But you know he objects to going out in the evening.

Edith.—It won't harm him in the least. Night air is better than no air. Besides, if he objects, he can send her home in a hack, can't he ? It is a shame if all the time he spends at the office doesn't bring in enough to send a guest home on wheels when it's necessary. Don't encourage him in counting his dollars too closely. It will lead to miserliness before we know it, and then where shall we be ?

Ada.—True enough. Perhaps, then, we had better persuade him to buy a new coat. His is fearfully shabby about the seams.

Edith.—His office coat, do you mean ? Oh ! it doesn't at all matter what he looks like down town, you know. And poor papa so hates going to the tailor. Don't bother him unnecessarily. He really needs a new frock coat, though. I was so ashamed last night when Tom Jones caught him in here in that shiny one. He must have another at once.

Ada.—I spoke to him about it ages ago. But he said we should have to put up with it a while longer. Stocks were bad or something.

Edith.—Oh ! if there really isn't money to spare, of

course we mustn't force him into extravaganees. Let him take his own time, then. Only he had better keep out of the parlor in the evenings until after calling hours. It does look so to have one's father getting seedy. We might suggest to him that his feet are damp—they're sure to be any night, poor papa!—and get him to put on his slippers earlier. He'd never think of coming in here then.

Ada.—By the way, his slippers are in such a state! I had to get one for Mollie Van Buren the other day, when she wanted to show me the new slipper figure for the german, and I was so mortified. I had to pretend I couldn't find those he was wearing, and that this was an old one.

Edith.—I noticed it at the time. Very quick of you; I don't think she suspected, so there's no harm done. It's a shame of papa to let his slippers get to such a pass. What would he ever do without us to take care of him?

Ada.—It mightn't be a bad idea to get him a pair for Christmas. One has to have a little present for him then, you know. Why don't you work him a pair?

Edith.—Goodness, I haven't time. There's the screen for Julia Murray only half embroidered (I spent eleven dollars on silks for it yesterday, my dear!), and I have planned a perfect love of a sofa-cushion for Miss Fitz-Hugh that will take every spare moment left. Why don't you work him a pair?

Ada.—As if I had more time than you! There's no end of work on Tom's cigar case yet, and I've begun a lot of things besides. One can't be receiving attentions all the time, you know, without giving some return besides thanks.

Edith.—Why not just buy a pair, then? Poor papa won't know the difference. I saw some cloth ones lined

with flannel at Maey's the other day. They're awfully cheap, and every one knows it's only because they're warm that one buys them. That's the beauty of such cheap things. When they're so very cheap as all that, every one knows they must have some especial good in them, or you wouldn't get them, and so it's not set down to meanness.

Ada.—Well, you had better get them, then, as soon as possible, before any one else sees those atrocious old ones.

Edith.—Why should I bother about them any more than you? They're not for me.

Ada.—Nor for me either, are they? I'd like to see myself wearing such guys! But if you'll get the slippers I'll write to Cousin Martha—tedious old chatterbox. It's lucky we don't have to ask her more than once a year, and she lives so miserably at home that our ordinary dinner will be quite good enough for her. You needn't provide anything extra.

Edith.—I had ordered rather a nice dinner for Saturday—that was when we thought of asking Albert Fitz-Hugh and his cousin in after the play. There was a form of jellied quails for one thing. It seems too bad to waste it on just Cousin Martha and poor papa. Besides, he's so fond of the dish that if we weren't here to restrain him, he wouldn't leave a scrap of it.

Ada.—Countermand it.

Edith.—I shall, of course. Or, rather, I'll keep it over till Sunday night. Papa's always at Will's then. Besides, some one's sure to drop in to Sunday night's tea, and it looks well to be caught with a nice little supper on the table when it's known no one's expected. Is poor papa's toothache very bad to-day, Ada?

Ada.—Quite too bad to risk the ermine cloaks on it.

Edith.—Oh! of course. But the check?

Ada.—I can't say, really. You might try a little laudanum with him first.

Edith.—But I do so hate the smell of laudanum. Is there nothing else?

Ada.—Why not wait for the check? You don't need it to-day, and his toothache is sure to wear off by to-morrow.

Edith.—Let's hope so, for really I want a lot of money. And if it doesn't?

Ada.—He must have the tooth out. We really can't suffer so from his toothaches. These attacks are getting periodical.

Edith.—Don't you think, all things considered, it might be as well, any way, to have it out before Saturday?

Ada.—The sooner the better, poor papa, of course.

Edith.—You had better speak to him about it at once, then.

Ada.—No, I'll write and make the appointment with the dentist. You can speak to him about it.

Edith.—I would rather you did.

Ada.—And I would rather you did.

Edith.—I won't.

Ada.—I won't.

Edith.—But some one must. Suppose we both do?

Ada.—Oh! well, perhaps that's the surest plan. Poor papa! What would he do if he hadn't us to look after him?

Edith.—Come on, then.

Ada.—All right.

Both together.—Poor papa!

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

TABLEAUX.

ANNE BOLEYN'S REJECTION OF HENRY VIII'S
FIRST GIFT.

CHARACTERS.

Anne Boleyn.—Lord Rochford (her father).

COSTUMES.

ANNE BOLEYN.—Robe of crimson velvet.

LORD R.—Velvet coat and knee breeches; silk stockings; pumps; lace frills, etc.

SCENE.

Anne Boleyn's chamber at Hever Castle. Only a portion of it is shown, therefore any very elegant furniture available will answer. A couch, or handsomely carved chairs, ottomans, footstool, screens, or a dressing-table with gilt glass, lace trimmings, tall gilt or silver candlesticks, jewel caskets, etc. Quantity of furniture will depend upon the size of the stage. It must not be crowded. Chair right—Anne Boleyn seated at left centre—three-quarter view to audience. Lord Rochford right centre, on one knee before her, profile to audience. He holds in his left hand an open jewel-case, and in his right a demi-crown, or circlet. His expression shows satisfaction and pride. Her whole attitude expresses repugnance and refusal—head turned aside, left hand raised to screen her eyes from the glare of the jewels, and right hand extended with vertical gesture.

The jewel is formed in a half circle pointed at one edge, like a crown, and may be made of pasteboard covered with gilt paper, and thickly studded with bits of colored glass or tinsel, to represent gems. A frosting of diamond dust will make it sparkle.

DISCOVERING A LEAK.

CHARACTERS.

Mistress.—Servant.—Servant's Mother.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Ordinary kitchen furniture. A number of packages representing groceries; loaf of bread and pound of butter; old basket; long cloak and large bonnet.

SCENE.

The kitchen. Table centre, against rear wall, piled with packages. Servant's mother seated to right of it, wearing large bounet and long cloak, and holding the basket, containing several packages, in her lap, in such a manner as to show it is carried underneath the cloak. Servant stands in front of table, a loaf of bread in her hands, which she is in the act of putting into the basket when arrested by the entrance of her mistress. Mistress in street costume, entering door left. Facial expression of all indicates surprise and consternation.

THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

CHARACTERS.

The Post Mistress.—The Spinster.—The Young Girl.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

A square table; table cloth; fifty or sixty letters folded in old style and sealed; old-fashioned high-back chair; another chair; wooden stool—three-legged one if possible; placard with "Post-office" printed conspicuously at the top; an imitation counter; pens, ink, paper, and blotting-pads.

The scene is represented behind the counter. A door to rear left represents the post-office entrance, and in front of it is placed the counter. Upon it are pens, ink, paper, and blotting-pads. Underneath is a basket to

receive the drop-letters. Post-office notice hangs on rear wall. Should this part of the tableau be too difficult to arrange, or impracticable, it may be dispensed with and only the foreground scene used.

To the right of the stage place the table. At it is seated, on the high-back chair, the Post Mistress facing audience. Letters are piled and strewn over the table, as though being sorted; stool is partly pushed under the table in front; cloth awry and caught on it.

To the left of the stage place the other chair, side-wise; and, as though just having risen from it, stands the Spinster. She faces the Post Mistress, profile to audience. In her right hand she holds to the light (presumably coming from window beside the Post Mistress) a sealed letter, which it is evident she is trying to read. Her expression is important; shows effort and great eagerness, which is made more manifest by her rising partly on tip-toe. Between the Spinster and the Post Mistress stands the Young Girl, full face to audience. One hand rests on the corner of the table, the other supports the uplifted arm of the Spinster, whose left hand rests against it. Her expression is of profound interest, eyes uplifted and parted lips.

The Post Mistress is turned facing the Spinster, three-quarter face to audience. Her left arm rests on the table, and the forefinger of her right hand is placed upon her lips, as though to enjoin secrecy.

Well adapted costuming will add greatly to this tableau, although any antique or striking country dress will answer. We suggest a cap and shawl for the Post Mistress, who should be represented as middle-aged; the Spinster, tall and slender; the Young Girl, short and stout.

THE DOUBTFUL BANK NOTE.

CHARACTERS.

Middle aged Man.—Old Woman and Child.

COSTUMES.

MAN.—Shirt sleeves turned back ; butcher's apron and spectacles.

OLD WOMAN.—Old-fashioned scoop bonnet with cape ; cloak ; figured dress (waist and skirt of different material) ; check apron ; skirts very short ; white stockings and low shoes ; basket and umbrella.

CHILD.—If a girl, plain chintz dress and doll. If a boy, colored shirt and suspenders ; half length loose pants ; express wagon or kite.

SCENE.

May be either a country store or a cobbler's shop. If the store—which will be most effective—it should contain a little of everything. Kitchen, store-room, and pantry may be rifled to furnish stage properties, and none of their contents rejected. It will be necessary to have a counter, or imitation one formed of tables and covered with a plain shade of muslin. On it should be scales, ball of string, and wrapping-paper. Place counter to rear of the stage—tubs, buckets, baskets, brooms, etc., stand on the floor. Rope, brushes, poultry, hams, etc., hang upon hooks. If arranged as a cobbler's shop, low wooden bench, with cobbler's tools, thread, wax, and a number of old shoes is all the stage furniture necessary. With either setting figures are arranged as follows :

Man stands at front centre facing audience. He is turned partly to left, as though to catch the light from window right, and holds in both hands, as if testing and carefully scrutinizing a five-dollar bank note. On his left, facing audience, stands the Old Woman, basket and umbrella in left hand held high as her waist ; right

hand beyond the cloak, with open palm showing eagerness. Face uplifted to his with a most anxious and woe begone expression.

Child stands to right of the man gazing upward with childish curiosity, neglected toy in its hand. Adult figures present three-quarter view to audience. Child profile.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

CHARACTERS.

The Dame and the Maiden.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Table, two chairs, and footstool (quaint old furniture if possible), pot of growing plants piece of knitting, a very elegant white silk gown and pair of old-fashioned spectacles.

COSTUMES.

Scotch peasant's dress. Old Dame should wear the snood with white under eap showing round the face. The Maiden is in house dress without either snood or plaid. (They may hang upon the wall with good effect.) She should wear an apron of some plaid material.

SCENE.

Living-room of peasant's cottage. Table right; upon it the flower-pot and knitting. Large arm-chair left. Silk robe thrown across it. Another chair beside the table. Upon it is seated the Maiden, facing audience. Her right foot upon the stool and hands clasped upon her knee. Expression extremely sad, but very resolute. Old Dame stands slightly back of her, bending toward her with pleased look and persuasive manner. In her left hand she holds to view the sleeve

of the silken robe, and in her right the spectacles, as though just having taken them off after examining the dress.

Stage should be so arranged that the figures will be directly in the centre—close together. Right hand of the Dame touches the dress of the Maiden.

The following verse from the old Scotch ballad may be read by an unseen person while the tableau is shown :

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey frisk and fair.
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride on forest green !
But yet she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldeen.

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Claudius and Cynthia. Very thrilling.
Closing Year, The. Lofly and impressive.
Dutchman's Serenade, The. Humorous.
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Good-night, Papa. A touching temperance piece.
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Laughin' in Meetin', by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Humorous, suited to church occasions.
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Lines to Bary Jade. Humorous.
Maud Muller, by John G. Whittier. Always popular.
National Monument to Washington. Suited to Washington's Birthday.
Old Forsaken Schoolhouse, The. Reminiscent.
Painter of Seville, The. Very popular.
Parrhasius and the Captive, by N. P. Willis. Highly dramatic.
Poor Little Jim. A pathetic story of the mines.
Power of Habit, The, by John B. Gough. Strong temperance piece.
Promise, The. Religious.
Reaching the Early Train. Humorous.
Reply to Mr. Corry. A masterpiece of oratory.
Reverie in Church. Humorous. For church entertainment.
Rock of Ages. Contains singing parts.
Senator's Dilemma, The. Amusing.
Three Fishers, The. Pathetic.
Tom Sawyer's Love Affair, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Vagabonds, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Very popular.
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Wax Work. Humorous.
Woman, by Alfred Tennyson. A graceful tribute.

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Angels of Buena Vista, The, by John G. Whittier. Very dramatic.
Annuity, The. Scotch humor.
Baggage Smasher, The. Humorous.
Battle of Bunker Hill, The. Patriotic.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, by George H. Boker. Thrilling description.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe. Religious.
Black Horse and His Rider, The. A stirring patriotic declamation.
Burning Prairie, The, by Alice Carey. Dramatic.
Cause of Temperance, The, by John B. Gough. Strong temperance piece.
Centennial Oration. Eloquent.
Christmas Sheaf, The. A Norwegian Christmas story.
Clarence's Dream. Intensely dramatic.
Contentment. Religious, trustful.
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Deacon Munroe's Story. Humorous characterization.
Dora, by Alfred Tennyson. A powerful story.
Dot Lambs Vot Mary Haf Got. German dialect.
Faith and Reason. Moral.
Fire The. Dramatic.
Gambler's Wife, The. Pathetic and tragic.

Ghost, The. Quaint Yankee humor.
Grandmother's Story. Her account of Bunker Hill.
Great Beef Contract, The, by Mark Twain. Intensely humorous.
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Kentucky Belle. A pleasing incident of the Civil War.
Leap Year Wooing, A. Humorous.
Love Your Neighbor as Yourself. Amusing.
Maiden's Last Farewell, The. Humorous.
Man's a Man for a' That, A, by Robert Burns. Scotch dialect.
Mark Antony Scene. Always popular.
Modest Wit, A. Humorous.
Negro Prayer, A. Dialect.
Ode to the Legislature, by John G. Saxe. A fine satirical poem.
Our Own. Moral and pathetic.
Rationalistic Chicken, The. Philosophic humor.
Raven, The. Always popular.
Rest, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual.
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Tommy Tuft, by Henry Ward Beecher. A deeply pathetic religious story.
Tribute to Washington. For Washington's Birthday.
Union, The. A patriotic poem.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 5

Ager, The. A humorous parody on the "ague."
Archie Dean. A vivacious, coquettish selection.
Betty Lea. A pleasing old-time courtship.
Brave at Home, The. A tribute to woman.
Bride of the Greek Isle, by Mrs. He-
 maus. Lofty and dramatic.
Budge's Version of the Flood. Child
 characterization. Very amusing.
Catiline's Defiance. Strongly emo-
 tional.
Centennial Hymn, by John G. Whit-
 tier. Religious and patriotic.
Course of Love Too Smooth. A hu-
 morous courtship.
Dedication of Gettysburg, by Abra-
 ham Lincoln. A patriotic gem.
Flood of Years, The, by William Cul-
 len Bryant. A lofty oratorical poem.
Good Reading. A tribute to true elo-
 cution.
Hans and Fritz. Humorous.
How We Hunted a Mouse. Humor-
 ous.
John and Tibble's Dispute. Scotch
 humor.
Last Hymn, The. Exciting. Suited
 for church recalling. Parts to be sung.
Leak in the Dyke, The. Stirring story
 of Holland.

Lost and Found. A pathetic story of
 the Welsh mines.
Magdalena; or, The Spanish Duel.
 Spirited, mock-heroic, humorous.
Maiden Martyr, The. A touching
 incident. A fine church selection.
Membranous Croup, by Mark Twain.
 Very funny.
Only a Baby. For mothers' meeting.
Over the Hills and Far Away, by Miss
 Mulock. A beautiful bit of pathos.
Prisoner of Chillon, The, by Lord
 Byron. Intensely emotional and dra-
 matic.
Ready For a Kiss. Child charac-
 terization.
**Samantha Smith Becomes Josiah
 Allen's Wife.** Humorous.
Schoolmaster's Guests, The, by
 Will Carleton. Humorous.
Swallowing a Fly, by T. De Witt Tal-
 mage. Humorous.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, by J. G. Hol-
 land. Temperance.
**Uncle Daniel's Introduction to a Mis-
 sissippi Steamer.** One of the best
 negro dialect selections ever written.
Vaudois Missionary, The. For
 church entertainment.
Where Is Papa To-night? Tender,
 pathetic, patriotic, and religious.
Why Biddy and Pat Married. Irish
 humor.

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Artemus Ward's London Lecture.
 Intensely humorous.
Asleep at the Switch. Thrilling ex-
 perience of a switchman.
Battle of Ivry, The, by T. B. Mac-
 caulay. A strong dramatic, historic
 poem.
Bridge of Sighs, The, by Thomas
 Hood. A pathetic and popular poem.
Cane-Bottomed Chair, The, by Will-
 iam M. Thackeray. Reminiscent.
Children's Hour, The, by H. W. Long-
 fellow. A pretty picture of homelife.
Day at Niagara, A, by Mark Twain.
 Humorous.
Doctor Marigold, by Charles Dickens.
 Sometimes known as "Cheap Jack."
 Good for characterization.
Dukite Snake, The. An intensely
 dramatic story.
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 Hercules."** Fine dramatic de-
 scription.
Father Phil's Collection. One of the
 best Irish pieces ever written.
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 of rustic humor.
Jane Conquest. A dramatic story of
 great power.

Little Ailla, by Fannie Fern. A touch-
 ing story.
Little Hatchet Story, The, by R. J.
 Burdette. Humorous characteriza-
 tion.
Malibran and the Young Musician.
 Intensely interesting and pathetic.
Miss Edith Helps Things Along. A
 smart child's pert remarks.
Nae Luck About the House. Scotch
 dialect.
Old Sergeant, The. A touching story
 of the Civil War.
Oratory, by Henry Ward Beecher. A
 plea for its culture.
Ride of Jennie McNeal, The, by Will
 Carleton. A stirring story of early
 days.
Robert of Lincoln, by William Cullen
 Bryant. Introducing bird songs.
Satan and the Grog-Seller. A
 strong temperance selection.
Songs in the Night. A humorous
 sleeping-car incident.
St. John the Aged. Spiritually im-
 pressive.
Thanksgiving, A. Suited to the day
 Tom. A dramatic story of a dog.
Tribute to East Tennessee. Intensely
 eloquent.
Valley Forge. Good for teaching.
Zekle, by James Russell Lowell. An
 old-time Yankee courtship.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 7

Auld Lang Syne, by Robert Burns. Never grows old.
Builders, The, by H. W. Longfellow. A choice gem.
Crescent and the Cross, The, by T. B. Aldrich. A good church selection.
Cuddle Doon. A pleasing Scotch home sketch.
Daisy's Faith. A popular child piece.
Death of the Old Year, The, by Alfred Tennyson. A good New Year piece.
Death of the Owl Squire, The. A stirring, dramatic poem.
Fair Play for Women, by George William Curtis. An eloquent plea.
Glove and the Lions, The, by Leigh Hunt. Dramatic.
Gray Honors the Blue, The. Patriotic. For Decoration Day.
Hannah Binding Shoes, by Lucy Larcom. A sad but pleasing story.
How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed his Fence, by Mark Twain. Funny.
Leper, The, by N. P. Willis. Strongly dramatic.
Lighthouse May. A tale of heroism.
Masters of the Situation, by James T. Field. Excellent for teaching.
Master's Touch, The. Lofty, spiritual.
Milking Time. Rustic humor.
Mine Kevrine. Dialect. Funny.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 8

After Death, by Edwin Arnold. Spiritual. For church or Sunday-school.
American Specimen, An, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Arrow and the Song, The. A choice gem.
Bald-headed Man, The. Laughable.
Bay Billy. Suited to Decoration Day.
Beecher on Eggs. Humorous.
Better in the Morning. Touching.
Bessie Kendrick's Journey. Very pathetic story of a bereaved child.
Car! A spirited escape from wolves.
Christmas Carol, A. For Christmas. Part to be chanted.
Coney Island Down der Pay. Very funny.
Defence of Lucknow, The. Stirring.
Emigrant's Story, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Thrilling incident of a prairie storm.
Fire-Bell's Story, The. A tale of heroism.
First Quarrel, The, by Tennyson. A dramatic and pathetic story.
Gran'ma Al's Does. Child dialect.
Her Letter, by Bret Harte. Story of early California.
How Ruby Played. A humorous rustic description of Rubenstein's playing.
International Episode, An. A good encore.

Mont Blanc Before Sunrise, by S. T. Coleridge. Sublime description.
Night Before Christmas, The. A lively Christmas selection.
Night After Christmas, The. A humorous sequel to the foregoing piece.
Old Grimes. Mock-serious.
Old Robin, by J. T. Trowbridge. An intensely interesting story.
Our Traveled Parson, by Will Carleton. Humorous and pathetic.
Owl Critic, The, by James T. Fields. Fine humor.
Paradise. A good selection for encore.
Royal Princess, A. A fine dramatic poem.
Saving Mission of Infancy, The. Interesting and uplifting.
Sheriff Thorne, by J. T. Trowbridge. An interesting story, showing the influence of woman.
Ship of Faith, The. Excellent negro dialect.
Sister and I. Passion and pathos.
Serly Tim's Trouble. Lancashire dialect. Very pathetic and touching.
That Hired Girl. Humorous.
Tom's Little Star. Experiences of a stage-struck woman. Humorous.
Voice in the Twilight, The. Suited to church or Sunday-school.
Wounded Soldier, The. Pathetic incident of a dying soldier.

King's Missive, The, by John G. Whittier. A story of early New England.
Little Feet. Very pathetic.
Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Nations and Humanity, by George William Curtis. Oratorical.
Nebuchadnezzar. Negro dialect.
Order for a Picture, An, by Alice Carey. A popular pathetic selection.
Over the Hill from the Poorhouse, by Will Carleton. A sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."
Practical Young Woman, A. Humorous.
Reckoning with the Old Year. A good New Year selection.
Reply to Hayne, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical. Good for teaching.
Rest, by George MacDonald. Suited to religious entertainments.
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Vashti, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Very popular.

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Aged Stranger, The. By Bret Harte. Humorous.
Awfully Lovely Philosophy. Characterization of a gushing girl.
Baby's Kiss. An incident of the Civil War.
Bertha in the Lane. Pleasing pathos.
Brier Rose. A thrilling Norwegian story.
Child on the Judgment Seat, The. Moral and spiritual.
Christmas Ballad, A. Pathetic and stimulating.
Connor. A strong, pathetic, popular story.
Fisherman's Wife, The. A sad story with a happy ending.
First Party, The. Humorous and musical.
Horatius at the Bridge, by T. B. Macaulay. Heroic.
Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots. Regretful yet hopeful.
Lookout Mountain. German dialect. A pathetic incident of the civil war.
Master Johnny's Next-door Neighbor. By Bret Harte. Boy character.
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Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince. Yankee dialect. Humorous.
Palace o' the King, The. Scotch dialect.

Rover's Petition. By James T. Fields. A good child's piece.
Sailing of King Olaf, The. Dramatic, elevating, strong.
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Terpsichore in the Flat Creek Quarters. Plantation fun.
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Thoughts for a New Year. Eloquent.
Tribute to Washington. Patriotic. Saved to Washington's Birthday.
Truth of Truths, The. By Ruskin. Good for teaching.
Unnoticed and Unhonored Heroes. By Channing. Oratorical.
White Squall, The. By W. M. Thackeray. Vigorous and humorous.
Widow and her Son, The. By Washington Irving. Pathetic and beautiful.
William Goetz. Humorous story of a goat.
Words of Strength. By Schiller. Encore.
Yorkshire Cobbler, The. Dialect. Temperance piece.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 10

Armageddon. By Edwin Arnold. Religious.
Balaklava. A dramatic battle piece.
Blind Lamb, The. By Celia Thaxter. A pleasing child's story with a moral.
Caught in the Quicksand. By Victor Hugo. Dramatic.
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Death of Roland, The. Historic, strong.
Despair. By Tennyson. A dramatic story of great power.
Dick Johnson's Picture. Temperance.
Drifting. By T. Buchanan Read. Musical, pleasing, popular.
Eulogy on Garfield. By James G. Blaine. An eloquent tribute.
Herve Riel. By Robert Browning. A strong dramatic poem.
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Jamie. Dramatic and strongly pathetic.
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Law of Death, The. By Edwin Arnold. Pathetic.
Little Dora's Soliloquy. Child talk.
Little Rocket's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Lost Found, The. By H. W. Longfellow. From "Evangeline."
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Old Year and the New, The. A New Year's selection.
Phantom Ship, The. By Celia Thaxter. A terrible tale of a slave ship.
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Rizpah. Pathetic. Parts to be sung.
Schoolmaster Beaten, The. By Charles Dickens. Dramatic characterization.
Shriving of Guinevere, The. By S. Weir Mitchell. Dramatic and pleasing.
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True Story of Little Boy Blue. A pleasing child's selection.
Wayside Inn, The. By Adelaide A. Proctor. A pleasing, pathetic story.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 11

Apostrophe to the Ocean, by Byron. Superior for vocal training.
Bobolink, The. Lively and humorous. Good for bird-tones.
Catching the Colt. For young folks.
Child Martyr, The. A story of Scotch persecution.
Clown's Baby, The. A pleasing frontier story.
Convict's Soliloquy, The. Intensely dramatic.
Death of Little Dombey. Pathetic.
Dutchman's Snake, The. Amusing.
Echo and the Ferry, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful descriptive poem.
Flash.—The Fireman's Story, by Will Carleton. A humorous story.
Foxes' Tails, The; also known as **Sandy MacDonald's Signal**. Scotch. Very amusing. Exceedingly popular.
Freckled-faced Girl, The. A humorous characterization of a pert young girl.
Front Gate, The. A humorous story as told by the gate.
Froward Duster, The, by R. J. Burdette. Very funny.
Grandmother's Apology, The, by Tennyson. Old lady characterization.
Jerry. A spirited story of an Irish newsboy.
Lisping Lover, The. Humorous. Encore.

Little Gottlieb's Christmas, by Phoebe Cary. A German Christmas story.
Mice at Play. A very amusing story.
Mona's Waters. Dramatic and pathetic.
Nicodemus Dodge, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
No Kiss. Retaliation. Encore.
Old Year and the New, The, by Josephine Pollard. For New Year.
One Flower for Nelly. A touching Easter story.
Queen Vashiti's Lament. Pathetic passion.
Rock Me to Sleep. Musical, tender.
Romance of a Hammock. Clever humor.
Shadow of Doom, The. Dramatic.
Song of the Mystic, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual and of rare beauty.
Sunday Fishin'. Dialect, amusing.
Supposed Speech of John Adams. Patriotic, standard.
Telephonic Conversation, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Thora. A Norwegian love-story.
Ticket-o'-Leave, by George R. Sims. A stirring story.
Wedding of Shon Maclean. A stirring story of a Scotch wedding.
Where's Annette? Dramatic, thrilling.
Wonders of Genealogy, The. Things are somewhat mixed.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 12

Aunt Doleful's Visit. Mock consolation.
Aux Italiens, by Lord Lytton. Singing parts. Very popular.
Ballad of Cassandra Brown, The. An elocutionary travesty.
Battle Flag at Shenandoah, The. A tale of heroism.
Bells, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Excellent for vocal drill.
Bells Across the Snow. A short Christmas poem.
Bishop's Visit, The. A boy's piece.
Blind Poet's Wife, The. Intensely interesting.
Book Canvasser, The. Humorous.
Brother's Tribute, A. Lofty patriotism. Dramatic.
Country School, The. A lively school scene.
Duelist's Victory, The. A noble revenge.
Engineer's Making Love, The, by R. J. Burdette. Courting on the rail.
Fall of Pemberton Mill, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Unusually strong and popular.
Felon's Cell, A. Very dramatic.
Fly's Cogitations, A. Amusing.
Good-bye. A feminine good-bye.
How Girls Study. Impersonation.
How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks. A tale of Christmas in a mining camp.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Spiritual and beautiful. Parts to be sung.
Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair. Very amusing.
Lasca. Incident of a Texas cattle ranch. Dramatic and pathetic.
Legend of the Beautiful, by H. W. Longfellow. Strongly spiritual.
Lincoln's Last Dream. Pathetic.
Maister and the Bairns, The. Scotch. Spiritual.
Newsboy's Debt, The. Pathetic and touching.
Old Letters. Sad memories they recall.
Over the Orchard Fence. The old farmer's story.
Poor-House Nan. A strong temperance piece.
Popular Science Catechism. Humorous. Explanation of the opera.
Receiving Calls. Trying experience of a minister's wife. Humorous.
Santa Claus in the Mines. A touching Christmas story.
Serenade, The. Encore.
She Cut His Hair. Funny.
Skeleton's Story, The. Very dramatic.
Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn. Irish. Very amusing.
Terrible Spierience, A. Negro dialect.
Total Annihilation. Encore.
Wendell Phillips. A noble tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 13

Ancient Miner's Story, The, by Will Carleton. The emptiness of riches.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution. Humorous.
At Last, by John G. Whittier. Spiritual.
Aunt Polly's George Washington. Negro dialect; humorous.
Banford's Burglar Alarm. Amusing.
Canada. A tribute to her people.
Chase, The. Very dramatic.
Child's Dream of a Star, A. Pathetic.
Chopper's Child, The, by Alice Cary. A wholesome Thanksgiving lesson.
Ego et Echo, by John G. Saxce. Humorous. Affords vocal opportunities.
Griffith Hammerton. A pathetic and stimulating Scotch story.
In the Signal Box, by George R. Sims. A thrilling and pathetic story of a station master.
Jehoshaphat's Deliverance. A lofty, poetical, and inspiring description.
Lady Rohesi, The. Amusing.
Little Quaker Sinner, The. The vanity of dress.
Lead the Way. Inspiring.
Legend of the Organ Builder. One of the most popular selections ever written.
Let the Angels Ring the Bells. A ringing Christmas poem.
Lord Dundreary in the Country. An amusing extract.

Marit and I. A pleasing love story.
Mary's Night Ride, by George W. Cable. Dramatic and very popular.
"Marry Me, Darling, To-night." Irish, humorous. Encore.
Memorial Day. Patriotic.
Methodist Class Meeting, A. Yorkshire dialect.
Mine Children. German dialect.
Mother and Poet, by Mrs. Browning. Dramatic, pathetic, and popular.
New Cure for Rheumatism, A, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Old Continentals, The. Patriotic.
Old Man Goes to Town, The. An old farmer's pathetic story.
Only. A good temperance piece.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's, by James Whitcomb Riley. Very popular.
Playing School. A child's piece. Encore.
Public Speech. Instructive.
Regulus to the Carthaginians. Familiar but always popular.
Song of the American Eagle. Patriotic.
Spring Poet, The. Humorous.
Two Stammerers, The. Very amusing.
Uncle Ben. A spirited child's story. Very pathetic.
V-a-s-e, The. Very funny.
Yosemite, The. A sublime description.
Zarafi. Heroic and stirring.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 14

Ballad of the Wicked Nephew, by James T. Fields. Humorous.
Battle of Morgarten, by Mrs. Hemans. A poem of Swiss heroism.
Be a Woman, by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M. On the duty of mothers.
Bill and Joe, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pleasing humor.
Brudder Yerkes's Sermon. Negro dialect.
Child is Father to the Man, The. A touching child's story. Scotch.
Cow and the Bishop, The. Humorous.
Culprit, A. Very amusing.
Daniel Gray, by J. G. Holland. Moral.
Day is Done, The, by Longfellow. Reflective and very beautiful.
Death of Steerforth, The, by Charles Dickens. Dramatic.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Finding of the Cross, The. For missionary meetings.
Going for the Cows. Country sights and sounds.
Her Laddie's Picture. Touching.
Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding. A very amusing boy's piece.
June, by James Russell Lowell. A fine poem.
Jupiter and Ten. Amusing. Encore.
King Harold's Speech to His Army. Heroic.

Life Boat, The. Very pathetic.
Miseries of War, The. Oratorical.
Mither's Knee, A. Scotch.
Money Musk. Description of a Negro dance.
Mother's Portrait, A. Very pathetic.
"Nearer Home." Tender, spiritual.
Night Watch, The. Very dramatic.
Pockets. Good description.
Romance of the Road-Loft, A. A musical courtship.
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, by Mrs. Browning. Pleasing description.
School Boy on Corns, A. Humorous.
Second Trial, A. A touching story of a little sister's sympathy and love.
Sister Agatha's Ghost. An interesting Yorkshire story.
Smile and the Sigh, The. Encore.
Sweetest Picture, The, by Alice Cary. Tender and beautiful.
Tear of Repentance, A. Beautiful description.
Tender Heart, The. Encore.
Three Leaves from a Boy's Diary. Amusing. Good boy's piece.
Victor of Marengo, The. Soul-stirring.
What We Did with the Cow. Amusing.
Widow Cummiskey, The. Sharp Irish wit.
Ulysses, by Tennyson. Fine description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 15

Bachelors, The. Amusing.
Bartholdi Statue, The. Eloquent.
Becalmed. A dramatic poem.
Brave Aunt Katy. Religious.
Commerce, by Edward Everett. A lofty tribute.
Concord Love Song, A. Encore.
David's Lament for Absalom, by N. P. Willis. Pathetic and popular.
Death of Jezebel, The. Very dramatic.
Der Oak und der Vine. German dialect.
Fading Leaf, The, by Gail Hamilton. A beautiful description of Nature
Fall In! 1860, by George W. Cable. A spirited description.
Flag of the Rainbow. Patriotic.
Grant's Place in History. A high tribute.
Gray Champion, The, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Historic, interesting.
Guessing Nationalities, by Mark Twain. Exceedingly clever humor.
In the Children's Hospital, by Tennyson. Spiritual and pathetic.
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen, by William E. Gladstone. Eloquent.
Jem's Last Ride. Exciting.
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, by Tennyson. A lofty, dramatic, and pathetic extract.
Kiss Deferred, The. A pleasing and popular poem.

Little Foxes, by R. J. Burdette. An instructive semi-humorous selection.
Little Maid With Lovers Twain. A dilemma. Scotch.
Lullaby. For little folks. May be sung or recited.
Manhood, by George K. Morris. Uplifting and inspiring.
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs. A tender tribute to the great preacher.
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box. For church or missionary meetings.
Music in Camp; frequently called **Music on the Rappahannock.** An incident of the Civil War.
Old Roundsman's Story, An. For Christmas.
Our First Experience with a Watch-dog, by Frank R. Stockton. Amusing.
Perfectly, Awfully, Lovely Story, A. An æsthetic exaggeration.
Price of a Drink, The. Temperance.
She Wanted to Hear it Again. Encore.
Song for the Conquered, A. Instructive and helpful.
Three Kings, The, by Longfellow. A fine Christmas selection.
Tragedy on Past Participles, A. Amusing. For educational meetings.
Two Runaways, The. Negro dialect. Very amusing.
Watch Night, by Horatius Bonar. Religious. New Year's Eve.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 16

Æsthetic Craze, The. Humorous.
Back from the War, by T. De Witt Talmage. Good for G. A. R. occasions.
Battle Hymn, The. Lofty, impressive. Good for teaching.
Calis. The nature of a ministerial call. Amusing.
Chariot Race, The, by Lew Wallace. From "Ben Hur." Exciting, popular.
Christening, The. An amusing mistake in the baptism of a child.
Cicely Croak. A pleasing story of rustic courtship.
Curse to Labor, The, by T. V. Powderly. A strong plea for temperance.
Day of Judgment, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. An amusing incident.
Decoration Day. A patriotic tribute.
Elf Child, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. "The Gobble-uns 'll Git You." Popular.
First View of the Heavens. Lofty description.
From the Shore of Eternity. Reflective and impressive.
General Grant's English, by Mark Twain. A stirring vindication.
Guinevra. Dramatic, thrilling.
Jimmy Hoy. One of the very best of Samuel Lover's laughable Irish stories.
Legend of the Earth, by Jean Rameau. A lofty description of the creation.

Lily Servoss's Ride, by Judge Tourgee. A thrilling Ku-Klux story.
Lost Child, The. An exciting poem.
Message of the Dove, The. An inspiring Easter story.
Mourner a la Mode, The, by John G. Saxe. An amusing satire.
New South, The, by H. W. Grady. Patriotic, graphic, glowing.
Old Fireplace, The. Pleasing pictures of childhood.
Old Man and Jim; An Old Sweet-heart of Mine. Two of James Whitcomb Riley's most popular readings.
Portrait, The, by Lord Lytton. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Swan Song, The. An exceedingly touching and powerful story.
Tell-Tale Heart, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Dramatic confession of a murderer.
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. For Thanksgiving Day.
Topsy's First Lesson. From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very amusing.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wendell Phillips. An eloquent tribute.
Two Queens in Westminster. A strong, historic poem.
Uncle, The. Intensely dramatic.
While We May. Pathetic, tender.
Wisdom Dearly Purchased, by Edmund Burke. Lofty patriotism.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 17

Army of the Potomac, by Joaquin Miller. For G. A. R. meetings.
Aunt Melissy on Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge. A story of intoxicated turkeys.
Aunt Sylvia's First Lesson in Geography. Amusing. Negro dialect.
Boat Race, The. A spirited description. The girls' crew wins.
Courting and Science. For teachers' meetings. Humorous.
Dead on the Field of Honor. Lofly description.
Easter Morning, by Henry Ward Beecher. Eastertide selection.
First Thanksgiving, The. A ringing, musical poem.
Garfield Statue, The, by Grover Cleveland. An eloquent tribute.
Heavenly Guest, The, by Celia Thaxter. A poem for church occasions.
How We Fought the Fire, by Will Carleton. Amusing.
Inge, the Boy King. A dramatic story of ancient Norway.
Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience. Very funny.
John Burns, of Gettysburg, by Bret Harte. Patriotic, yet amusing.
Land of Thus-and-So, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. For little folks.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, by Longfellow. A beautiful legend.

Lexington, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A stirring, lofty, and patriotic poem.
Little Match Girl, The. A touching Christmas story for children.
Lord Dundreary's Riddles. Droll humor. Dude imitation.
Lost. An intensely strong and dramatic temperance selection.
Low-backed Car, The. By Samuel Lover. Humorous and musical.
Minuet, The. Introducing the minuet step. Very popular.
Miss Witch hazel and Mr. Thistlepad, by R. J. Burdette. How a city girl learned to farm.
Monk's Magnificat, The. Introducing a chant. Lofty and spiritual.
Mother-in-Law, The, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The bitterness of love.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut. A very amusing and popular piece.
Nurse Winnie Goes Shopping. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Ride of Collins Graves, The. Thrilling incident of a bursting dam.
Rover in Church. A pleasing story for children.
Sent Back by the Angels. Pathetic.
Usual Way, The. A good encore.
Walpole's Attack on Pitt. Oratorical.
What is a Minority? by John B. Gough. Eloquent.
Wild Night at Sea, A. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 18

Absolution, by E. Nesbit. An exceptionally strong and popular poem.
Abigail Fisher. Rustic dialect.
Appeal for Temperance, by Henry W. Grady. An eloquent address.
At the Stage Door. Touching kindness of an actress.
Auctioneer's Gift, The. A short, affecting story.
Bad Boy's Diary, A. He would be a prestidigitator.
Blind Man's Testimony, The. A short Scripture story.
Charity Grinder and the Postmaster-General. A humorous mistake.
Cowboy's Sermon, The. Some Scripture truths plainly stated.
Come and be Shone. Humorous account of a lively hoothlack.
Daniel Periton's Ride, by Albion W. Tourgee. A thrilling incident.
Defence of the Bride, The. A strong dramatic story.
Death Bridge of the Tay, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story.
Famished Heart, A. A story worth repeating.
Gets There, by Charles Follen Adams. Homely truths in German dialect.
How Ben Fargo's Claim was Jumped. An interesting frontier incident.
Imph-m. A popular bit of Scotch dialect.

Little Charlie's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. A dramatic incident of the Revolution.
New Series of Census Questions. Humorous.
Noses. A boy's composition. Amusing.
O'Grady's Goat. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Packet of Letters, A. Clever humor.
Pilgrims, The, by Chauncey M. Depew. A tribute to the New England fathers.
She Liked Him Rale Weel. Pleasing Scotch dialect.
Squarest Un Among 'Em, The. A touching newsboy's story.
St. Martin and the Beggar, by Margaret E. Sangster. For Sunday-schools.
Tastes, by James Whitcomb Riley. Rustic humor. Encore.
Timothy Horn. His unique courtship.
Tobe's Monument. One of the most pathetic and popular stories ever written.
Two Christmas Eves, by E. Nesbit. A dramatic and pathetic poem.
Volunteer Organist, The, by S. W. Foss. Rustic, pathetic, and popular.
Wanted to See His Old Home. Affecting story of an old negro.
Whistling Regiment, The. An incident of the Civil War. Popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 19

Address to the Toothache, by Robert Burns. Humorous Scotch dialect.
Ballad of the Wayfarer, by Robert Buchanan. Pathetic and pleasing.
Beware, by Longfellow. Encore.
Bridget O'Flanagan. Irish humor.
Cola, Hard Cash. Encore.
Courting in Kentucky. Rustic, humorous, taking.
Divided, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful and pathetic descriptive poem.
Doctor's Story, The. Amusing.
Dream of Fair Women, A, by Tennyson. Fine description.
Drop of Water, The. Very dramatic.
Dumb Savior, The. A powerful temperance story.
Getting On. An old man's reveries.
Glacier Bed, The. A thrilling story of an Alpine guide.
Her Laugh—In Four Fits. Encore.
How Uncle Podger Hung a Picture, by Jerome K. Jerome. Very laughable.
Jacqueminot-Rose Sunday. A pleasing hospital incident.
Joe Sieg. A story of an heroic railroad engineer.
Lady of Shalott, The, by Tennyson. Popular with the best readers.
Lost Lesson, The. A touching school scene.

Lecture by the New Male Star. Efforts of a female reporter. Humorous.
Mary Alice Smith, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint story.
Midnight in London. Vivid description of the great city by gaslight.
Mother's Mending Basket. A delightful home picture.
Oh, the Golden, Glowing Morning! For Easter day.
Queer Boy, A. Humorous.
Reuben James. A tribute to the courage of a sailor.
Siege of the Alamo. Patriotic.
Summerset Folks, The. Encore.
Swipesy's Christmas Dinner. How the newsboys "chipped in."
Toboggan Slide, The. An embarrassing situation.
Tola of Mustard Seed, The, by Sir Edwin Arnold. A sad but beautiful lesson.
Tragedy in the Sunshine, A. Dramatic.
Tray. An interesting story of a dog's brave deed.
True Bostonian at Heaven's Gate, A. Encore.
Twilight at Nazareth. Fine description.
War-horn of the Elfings, by William Morris. Beautiful description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 20

All Things Shall Pass Away. An interesting Persian tale.
Aunt Phillis's Guest. Spiritual.
Billy. Who wasn't good like his brother Daniel.
Boys Wanted. A good piece for boys.
Bridget's Soliloquy. Dialect. Entertaining.
Casualty, A. Touching story of a bootblack.
Condensed Telegram, The. Humor.
Coaching the Rising Star. A striking lesson in dramatic elocution.
Doctor's Story, The, by Bret Harte. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Early Start, An. A minister's program not completely carried out.
Elopement in '75. A stirring love story of the Revolution.
Fortunes of War, The. A sad story of the Civil War.
Following the Advice of a Physician. Very amusing.
Getting Acquainted. Encore.
He Worried About It, by S. W. Foss. Droll humor.
Hullo. Cheering. Very popular.
I Will Not Leave You Comfortles. A pathetic tale of mountain life.
Josiah. Country courtship. Encore.
Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet. She describes the play in true Irish fashion.
Little Margery. Childhood's faith and trust.

Little Busy Bees. How they gather honey at a church fair.
Me and Jim. Rustic characterization: pathetic, strong.
Millais's "Huguenots". A pathetic love story of the eve of St. Bartholomew.
Naughty Kitty Clover. For little girls.
Not in the Programme. An affecting incident in the life of an actress.
Obstructive Hat in the Pit. Very amusing.
Perfect Wife, The. A valuable lesson. Suited for church fairs.
Poor Rule, A. Encore.
Rajput Nurse, A, by Edwin Arnold. A thrilling Eastern story.
Riding on a Rail. Amusing incidents on a train.
Skimpsey. A thrilling and pathetic story of a horse jockey.
Song of the Market Place. A powerful picture of poverty, pity, music, and charity.
Tale of Sweethearts, A, by George R. Sims. A thrilling heart story. Dialect.
Their First Spat. A young couple's first quarrel. Humorous.
Uncle Noah's Ghost. How he searched for and found it. Amusing.
Wedding, The, by Southey. The dark side of the picture.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 21

Babies, by Jerome K. Jerome. Humorous.
Because. Encore.
Benediction. The, by Francois Coppée. A strong poem introducing a chant.
Betrothed, The, by Rudyard Kipling. Difficult of choosing. Humorous.
Brial of Malahide, The. Heroic and pathetic.
Clive, by Robert Browning. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Contentment. Reflections of a lazy man.
Crossing the Bar, by Tennyson. One of his latest and most beautiful poems.
Cry in the Darkness, The—The Sentinel's Alarm. A story of Indian treachery.
Deacon's Downfall, The. How he was converted by a sweet soprano.
Dreamin' o' Home. Pathetic.
Emergency, An. A kind heart often found under a coarse coat.
Flag at Shenandoah, The, by Joaquin Miller. Faithful unto death.
H'anthem, The. Encore.
Herod. Highly dramatic.
Her Perfect Lover. Encore.
Italian's Views of the Labor Question. Dialect. Humorous.
Lydia's Ride. An incident of the British occupation of Philadelphia.
Men at Gloucester. Dramatic rescue of men at sea.

Napoleon's Advice to an Actor. A hint to readers and actors.
Old Canteen, The. A mother's story of her two sons who took opposite sides in the war.
Old Vote for "Young Marster," An. A good story. Negro dialect.
Overboard. Pathetic description of a man washed overboard at sea.
Papa Was Stumped. He couldn't do fractions.
Puzzie, A. Encore.
Revenge, The, by Tennyson. An heroic sea-fight.
Seaweed. A beautiful fanciful poem.
Sir Hugo's Choice. A strong story of love and duty.
Sisterly Scheme, A. How a young girl supplanted her older sister. Very popular.
St. Patrick's Day. Irish dialect.
Stranded Bugle, The. A pleasing, fanciful poem.
Thar Was Jim. Pathetic.
That Sugar-Plum Tree. For children.
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky. Fine negro characterization.
Uncertain Pledge, An. Encore.
Unregistered Record, An. A negro jockey's story of a mad race.
What Else Could He Do? Encore.
Winnie's Welcome. A jolly Irish piece.
Woman's Career. Clever humor.
Worse than Marriage. Encore.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 22

Ah Yet's Christmas. Apathetic story of a little Chinese boy.
Big Enough Family, A. A little boy's opinion of babies.
By the Alma. A story of Scotch heroism.
Deacon's Week. The. Good for Missionary occasions.
Easter with Parepa, An. A powerfully pathetic Easter story.
Fall in. For G. A. R. occasions.
Fate of Sir John Franklin, The. A pathetic poem of Arctic adventure.
Gowk's Errand and What Cam'O't, A. A very amusing story done in Scotch.
Hagar. A dramatic picture of the departure of Hagar from Abraham's tent.
Hilda. A strong story of the power of a woman's love.
Hilda's Little Hood, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson. A pleasing poem.
His Sister. Encore.
Hunt, The. A spirited description.
Joan of Arc's Farewell. Lofty and pathetic.
Jock Johnston, the Tinkler. A story of love and chivalry.
Leap-year Mishaps. As told by an old maid.
Little Black Phil. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Lost Puppy, The. A humorous poem.

Marguerite. For Decoration Day. Pathetic and tender.
Mr. Kris Kringie, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. A touching Christmas story.
Mr. Potts' Story, by Max Adeler. Mrs. Potts curbs her husband's tendency to exaggeration.
My Double and How He Undid Me, by Edward Everett Hale. Humorous.
Mysterious Portrait, The. Amusing.
My Vesper Song. Parts to be sung.
Not Ashamed of Ridicule. An excellent boy's story.
Old Wife, The. Pathetic.
On the Other Train. Very pathetic and popular.
Rural Infelicity. Amusing.
Scallywag. Teaches a good lesson.
Soul of the Violin. A strong, pathetic story of an old musician.
Teacher's Diadem, The. Appropriate for Sabbath-schools.
Teaching a Sunday-school Class. A young lawyer's first experience. Humorous.
Them Oxen. Great-grandmother's story of how the oxen drew two hearts together.
Wind and the Moon, The, by George MacDonald. For Children.
Work, Work Away. Instructive and stimulating.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 23

Bells of Brookline, The. How they announced the end of the Civil War.
Benefits of the Constitution, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical and patriotic.

Busy. A bad spell and its results.
Chickadee, The. For children. Opportunity for bird notes.

Close of the Battle of Waterloo, by Victor Hugo. Full of dramatic power.

Count Gismond, by Robert Browning. Dramatic and chivalric.

Dance of Death, The, by Sir Walter Scott. A weird battle description.

Dead Pussy Cat, The. Child characterization.

Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve. A spirited Norse Christmas story.

Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab. A thrilling and dramatic Easter tale.

Execution of Andre. Vivid description.

Execution of Sydney Carton, by Charles Dickens. An intensely dramatic story of the French Revolution.

How We Kept the Day, by Will Carleton. For 4th of July. Humorous, rollicking.

Influence of Great Actions, The, by Daniel Webster. Instructive, eloquent.

Jimmy Brown's Attempt to Produce Freckles. Very amusing.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 24

Art of Bookkeeping, The, by Thomas Hood. A humorous and exceedingly ingenious play upon words.

Ballad of Beau Brocade, The. Ancient tale of highwaymen of the last century.

Battle of Bannockburn, The. Vivid description.

Battle of Zaralla, by Ouida. A thrilling picture.

Black Zeph's Pard. A miner's tale. Pathetic.

Change of Heart, A. Encore.

Colored Philosophy. Negro dialect. Humorous.

Constantius and the Lion, by George Croy. Dramatic and thrilling.

Courting of T'nowhead's Bell, The. An amusing Scotch prose piece.

Crime Revealed by Conscience, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical.

Death of Carver Doon, The, by R. D. Blackmore. Very dramatic.

Execution of Lady De Winter, by Alexander Dumas. A gruesome tale.

Foreign Views of the Statue. Thoughts suggested to the immigrants on first seeing Bartholdi's statue. Amusing and very popular.

Getting the Right Start by J. G. Holland. Excellent advice to young men.

How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost. A touching and thrilling story of the rescue of a child from under the horses' feet.

Literary Nightmare, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny and very popular.

My Fountain Pen, by Robert J. Burdette. Most amusing.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. A beautiful paraphrase.

Owyhee Joe's Story. A tale of the Wild West.

Phæbe's Exploit. How a little girl saved a train.

Saunders McGlashan's Courtship. A very popular piece of Scotch humor.

Saved by a Boy. Teaches a lesson of honesty. For little folks.

Tommy's Dead. Pathetic.

True Eloquence. A fine definition.

Used-to-be, 'he, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint and fanciful poem.

Warwick, the King Maker, by Lord Lytton. Historic and dramatic.

When de Darkey am a-Whistlin' in de Co'n. A plantation song.

What Miss Edith Saw from Her Window. Humorous.

When I Was a Boy, by Eugene Field. Pleasing memories of boyhood.

When the Light Goes Out. Wholesome advice in pleasing doses.

Whirling Wheel, The. Cheer to the heavy laden.

Wreck of "The Northern Belle," by Edwin Arnold. A tale of the treacherous sea. Dramatic.

Incident of the French Camp, An. Pathetic and dramatic.

John Brown's Cody. An incident of the Civil War.

Mammy Gets the Boy to Sleep. Negro dialect. Amusing.

Miss Eva's Visit to the Ogre. A very pleasing story for children.

Murder of Nancy Sykes, The, by Charles Dickens. Highly dramatic.

One-legged Goose, The. A plantation story. Exceedingly funny.

Organ-tempest of Lucerne, The. A beautiful description.

Point Sublime, Colorado Cañon. Lofty and impressive description.

Rock-a-by Lady, The, Eugene Field. A pleasing song for little folks.

School-boys' Strike, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.

Seein' Things, by Eugene Field. Bed-time experiences.

Spelling Bee at Angel's, by Bret Harte. Incidents attending a frontier spelling bee.

Strike at Colchester, The. How the women went on a strike—and how they returned. Amusing.

Tribute to Our Honored Dead, A, by H. W. Beecher. Oratorical.

Washington's Address to His Troops. Patriotic and inspiring.

When Summer Says Good-by. Rollicking humor. Negro dialect.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 25

Ape and the Thinker, The. Humorous.
Back in War Days. An inspiring story for Decoration Day.
Calf Path, The. Amusing and suggestive.
Chrysanthemum, The. Clever humor.
Cuba Libre, by Joaquin Miller. Spain's cruelty and injustice set forth.
Death of Robespierre, by George Lippard. Dramatic and realistic.
Delayed in Transmission. How an unruly tongue blocked an important message.
Dr. Lanyon's Narrative. Dramatic extract from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Execution, The. An exciting story of My Lord Tomnoddy. Humorous.
Extending Credit. Encore.
Fiddle 'Told, The. A touching story of a convict's liberation.
Fight with the Aurochs, The. A thrilling tale of cruelty, heroism, and love, from "Quo Vadis."
Finnigin to Flannigan. An exceedingly clever bit of Irish humor.
From the Valley o' the Shadder. Affection for a kitten and its consequences.
Grand Advance, The. Heroic incident of the Civil War.
He Understood. Encore.

How June Found Massa Linkum. A very pathetic piece.
I Go Fishin'. Humorous.
King's Decree, The. Norseland chivalry. A fine poem.
Little Bugler's Alarm, The. A touching story of the Kaffir War.
Little Visitor, A. For young folks.
My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning. A strong narrative poem.
Night, by Jeremie K. Jerome. Beautiful description.
Offering for Cuba, An. A tale of Spanish cruelty.
Napoleon Bonaparte and Touissant L'Ouverture. A strong prose selection.
'Ostler Joe, by George R. Sims. A story of unfaltering love.
Practical Regeneration. An excellent church selection.
Recessional, by Rudyard Kipling. A beautiful spiritual poem.
Rizpah, by Tennyson. Strongly dramatic.
Settin' up with Peggy McKeag. From "The Laimers." Clever Scotch humor for church occasions.
Stop Yer Kickin'. Full of cheer.
What's the Difference? Encore.
Widow Mysie, The, by Robert Buchanan. A fine piece of humor.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 26

After the Fourth of July. Young America's appreciation of Independence Day.
Avalanche of Drugs, An. Very humorous.
Battle of Dundee, The. A humorous incident of the Boer War.
Battle of Manilla. A vivid poetic description.
Billy, He's in Trouble. Droll humor.
Black Death of Bergen, The, by Lord Dufferin. A weird Norse tale.
Bull of Bashan, A. Dramatic story of a Mexican rancher.
Cavalry Charge, The. A stirring martial poem.
Corporal Dick's Promotion, by Conan Doyle. Intensely dramatic and pathetic.
Dave Flint's Temptation. A strong temperance story. Scotch dialect.
Emir's Game of Chess, The. A strong oriental tale.
Every-day Case, An. A pathetic story of real life.
Happy Farmer, The. Droll humor.
How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute. Heroic and pathetic story of a newsboy.
How the Captain Saved the Day. Patriotic and pathetic.
How they Stopped the Run, by Anthony Hope. Exciting run on a bank.

His Finish. A good golf story.
Indian Attack, The. A thrilling rescue.
I Vunder Vy? German humor.
Lucky Jim. A convict's sad experience.
Lullaby, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Sleep song, Negro dialect.
Mission of a Song, The. Descriptive, religious, tender.
My Sweetheart. Pleasing.
Ole Mistis. A pathetic and thrilling story of the race track.
Organist, The. Impressive and touching.
Reasonable Doubt, A. In which a juryman discovers that a long-lost son is being tried for his life.
Ride by Night, The. A thrilling story of the Civil War.
Rock and the Sea, The. Eloquent description.
Story the Doctor Told, The. A strong tale of a mother's self-sacrifice.
Sunset, by Shelley. A sublime description.
Thanksgiving Guest, The. A strong, pathetic Thanksgiving story.
That "Fellow" Who Came on Sundays. Humorous. Encore.
When de Co'n Pone's Hot. Bright and cheery. Dialect.
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